PLEASANT HOURS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL

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FOR

HOME AND SCHOOL.

Dialogues, Pantomimes, Mock Trials, Tableaux, Charades, Illustrated Ballads, and Memorial Day Exercises.

A COLLECTION OF VERY CHOICE RECITATIONS FROM THE BEST SOURCES, SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES, FROM THE KINDERGARTEN TO THE COLLEGE, AND FOR HOME, SCHOOL, LITERARY OR BENEVOLENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ROBERT GRAHAM,

EX-STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION FOR WISCONSIN. PROFESSOR IN NORMAL SCHOOL, OSHKOSH, WIS.

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PREFACE.

Were any apology needed for the publication of this book it would be found in the fact that it is what it purports to be, "*Pleasant Hours for Home and School.*" The compiler has had years of experience in school work, and during that time has given much attention to rhetorical work and to evening entertainments. While teaching pupils have come to him for a "piece to speak" and in choosing for them he has exercised thought and care. The earnestness and pleasure with which pupils have done their work have led him to believe that some measure of success has attended his efforts.

Believing that children are much alike and that those selections which have proved suitable for his pupils will be the same for others he has been induced to offer these selections to the wearied mother whose little ones have come to her with a request for something to speak, to the perplexed teacher who feels that declamations, dialogues, and recitations must be rendered and yet has difficulty in making suitable selections, to the literary society in search of instructive and amusing material for an evening's entertainment, and to the ambitious youth or maiden who desires to plan and carry out a pleasant surprise for the friends assembled at the home.

The high moral tone of the selections and the

total absence of everything that is in the least objectionable will commend the work to all who desire to place only the best before young people. Lessons of temperance, religion, patriotism, kindly feeling, and love for home abound, while the compiler has not forgotten "laughter's happy land" in which we all delight to roam. Selections have been taken from standard authors, from authors of less renown, and from anonymous sources, but amidst it all this thought has been kept in mind: What will the children be most apt to speak? Many selections have been changed by abridgement or by rewriting, simply to better fit them to the abilities of the speakers and to the limits of this work. Thanks are due and are hereby tendered to the publishers of copyrighted articles for their kindness in allowing selections to be drawn from their works.

Actual experience has proved the fitness of these selections and they are offered to the public with the hope and the belief that they will make many hours in the home and in the school both pleasant and profitable.

The Compiler.

INTRODUCTION.

A hand-book of selections proper for recitation, and suited to the different grades of pupils in the schools, will be regarded and received as a great help by teacher, pupil and parent, especially if such selections are in style and character worthy to have a place in the memory of the child.

"As in life, so in one's studies, the most beautiful and humane thing is, so to blend the grave and gay, that the one may not settle down to melancholy, nor the other degenerate into levity." The times seem auspicious in a public demand that the *recitation* shall be of a kind culled from the gems of thought, "from grave to gay, from lively to sublime," such that the memorizing and recital shall prove not only a pleasing, but profitable exercise—bearing in it such germinal qualities as shall develop in the youthful mind a taste for good reading.

Sir John Herschel says, "Give a man a taste for good reading, and the means of gratifying it, and he can hardly fail of being a happy man. He is placed in contact with the best society of every period, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity."

The selections given in this volume have been made with great care, with the express object in view, to give a *variety* of worthy pieces for four

distinct grades: (1) For beginners, or little folks, simple, natural and full of interest. (2) For the older pupils. The third department is especially adapted to the needs of the advanced pupils while in school, or of those who may desire intellectual recreation and profit after having left school. The fourth department consists of selections particularly suited to general school or Sunday school exercises, or to benevolent, temperance, or home entertainments in which it is desired to have several participate. This part contains many pleasant features not ordinarily found in works of this nature and scope, and is exceptionally fitted to meet the needs of every cultured community.

After the book is in hand, it may not be amiss to say that the benefits to be derived from it will very largely depend on its proper use, and hence a few suggestions are made.

A parrot recitation is of no value to the reciter, but rather a *positive harm.*

To be of value the recital must be *intelligent.*

Two inquiries meet the pupil at the outset. (1) What is the *thought of the author?* and (2) *how shall it be expressed?*

Wm. von Humboldt says, "The essence of language lies in the living utterance. Written language is only an imperfect and mummy-like embalming, of which the highest use is that it may serve as a means of reproducing the living utterance.

"It is only by spoken words, that life is breathed into the soul of the hearer."

Under the analysis of the thought, which should always be first, should be determined the meaning of the word as found in the sentence, its grammatical relation to other words, and a careful examina-

tion of all references to time, place, biography and history. To illustrate:

Who shall say that a deeper, richer and truer rendition of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" would not be made with a knowledge of Scottish life, and of the fact that Burns, in this wonderful poem, was portraying a scene which occurred in his own father's home; or that "The Leper" would not be more vividly rendered by a study of the terrible disease and the horrible fate of the afflicted one; or that "Home, Sweet Home," or the "Star Spangled Banner" would not have a new meaning when the circumstances and surroundings of the authors when the poems were composed, were known?

Therefore the analysis of the thought should be thoroughly made before attempting the expression.

How shall the thought be expressed?

This will include the correct pronunciation of the words—a no mean accomplishment—and distinctness of utterance, so that the words shall be dropped "like beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organ." To do this will require much time and patience on the part of instructor and pupil, but, be assured, *it will pay the cost.*

The *natural rendering* of the selection in respect to rate, inflection, emphasis, gesture and tones of emotion, must now receive careful and specific attention, to which may be added a grace of movement and position when before the audience.

The detail in application, with specific directions for each of the foregoing particulars, must be relegated to the instructor and to works specially prepared, as the limits of this introduction preclude extended discussion.

Suffice it to say that it is essential to a success-

ful rendition of the expression, that after a careful analysis of the thought, there should be a competent instructor, a cultivated ear, patient industry, and great care not to strain the voice.

Reading as elocutionary, is a thing of beauty and importance, not natural, but acquired. It is based on positive law like any other science or art.

As the master in music, or sculpture or painting must give time, and earnest, patient study and practice, so must he do, who would excel in elocution.

Given these, the average mind and voice may be enabled to render the thoughts of others naturally, effectively and gracefully.

Should this volume prove an aid to teachers and parents, and be a means of stimulating the youth of our land to a more thorough and systematic study of the thoughts of others, and to a more chaste and natural style of delivery, and thus be a means of inspiring them to *breathe life* into the written words of others, it will have accomplished the task assigned to it, and the author will "be content."

ROBERT GRAHAM.

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PLEASANT HOURS.

PART I.

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

IFE, after all, is a kindly affair,
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care,
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling,
Don't be suspicious, and selfish and cold,
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate,
Why should you think you will find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate;
Try loving.

DEW DIAMONDS.

A million little diamonds twinkled on the trees,
And all that the little maidens said, "A jewel if you please?"

But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE DUCKS.

One little black duck, one little gray,
Six little white ducks running out to play;
One white lady duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim.
One little white duck running from the water,
One very fat duck, pretty little daughter,
One very grave duck, swimming off alone,
One little white duck, standing on a stone.
One little lady duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim.
One lazy black duck, taking quite a nap,
One precious little duck, on mamma's lap.

"YOU CAN'T COME IN SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard
You must not drink a drop,
For if you never should begin
You'll never have to stop.
The taste for drink, good people say,
Is hard in driving out;
My friends, in letting in that taste,
Why, what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief
You shut your door, and lock it,
And hang the key upon a nail,
Or put it in your pocket.
So, lest king appetite within

His horrid rule begin, sir,
Just shut your lips, and lock them tight,
And say, "You can't come in, Sir."

OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a sole may lose,
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet;
They both need heeling, both are sold,
And both in time are turned to mold.
With shoes the last is first, with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new,
When men wear out, they're men-dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth,
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out. Now would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes?

BOYS.

Sturdy little farmer boys, tell me how you know
When 'tis time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow.
Do the hens with yellow legs
Scold you when you look for eggs?
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?
Do the pigs in concert squeal,
When you bring their evening meal?
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.
Do you find it pretty hard
Clinging to the top-sail yard?
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll go?
Do they let you take a light
When you go aloft at night?
Tell me little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.

Little boys, of every kind, tell me how you know
That 'tis time ere school begins, rather ill to grow,
Does the pain increase so fast
It is terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce, when too late to go?
Do you think I am a dunce?
Wasn't I a school boy once?
Tell me all you little boys, for I'd like to know.

KEEP TRYING.

If a boy should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.

The brave heart wins the battle,
Because through thick and thin
He'll not give up as conquered,
He fights, and fights to win.

So boys don't get discouraged
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last, you will avail.
Be stubborn against failure,
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who kept on trying,
Have made the world's best men.

CRACKED.

'Twas a set of resolutions, as fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion, by Nettie, and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written, in letters broad and dark,
To look as grand as the others, Miss Baby Grace, her mark.
"We'll try always to help our mother;
We won't be selfish to each other;
We'll say kind words to every one,
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun,
We won't be cross and snarly too,
And all the good we can, we'll do."
"It's just as easy to keep them," the children gladly cried.
But mamma smiled, as she answered, "Wait darlings, until you have tried."
And truly the glad New Year, wasn't his birthday old,
When three little sorrowful faces, a sorrowful story told.

"And how are your good resolutions?" we asked
of Baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder, on her dear
little dimpled face;
Quick came the merry answer, she never an in-
stant lacked,
"I don't fink much of 'ems broken;
But I dess 'ems about all cracked."

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-bye" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away,
And turns with a sigh, that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out in the world
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.

If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

QUESTIONS.

BY WM. M. GIFFIN, N. J.

(Only geographical answers to be given.)

What has a mouth but cannot bite?
What has an arm but cannot write?
What has a foot but cannot walk?
What has a head but cannot talk?
What has a bank with no money in?
What has a top that cannot spin?
What has a neck but has no head?
What never sleeps but has a bed?
What hook will never catch a fish?
What has a basin but not a dish?
Where are the locks keys do not turn?
Where are the capes that are not worn?
What has a branch but has no leaves?
What has no locks but has some keys?
What always falls but gets no scratches?
What is the ball that no one catches?
What is quite long but is not tall?
What has a base but plays no ball?
What are the poles that nobody climbs?
Where are the boys to answer these rhymes?

LITTLE KITTY.

Once there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie Grey;
But mousie hears her softly step,
And quickly runs away.
—*Songs and Rhymes for Little Ones.*

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny, hidden from the sight,
Then two pretty leaflets, struggling toward the light,
Soon a bud appearing, turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine, washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter, every happy hour;
Kissed by golden sunshine, washed by silvery shower.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,—
One gathered nuts; the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed:
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my friends; their locks are turned gray;
One, as a governor, sitteth to-day,
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days, as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play.
Living, uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER.

There was a little grasshopper
Forever on the jump;
And as he never looked ahead,
He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day,
As they were in the stubble,

"If you don't look before you leap
You'll get yourself in trouble."

The silly little grasshopper
Despised his wise old mother,
And said he knew what best to do,
And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields—
An unknown path he took—
When, oh! he gave a heedless jump,
And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank—
A floating straw he seizes
When quick a hungry trout darts out,
And tears him all to pieces.

* * * * * *

Good little boys and girls heed well
Your mother's wise advice;
Before you move, look carefully,
Before you speak, think twice.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool—

Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

Master Bullfrog, on a log,
Taught them how to say, "Ker-chog!"

Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

Showed them how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last.

Not one lesson they forgot,
Not one dunce among the lot.

Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

A SCHOLAR.

Yes, I am five years old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
For one so old to go
To school, and learn to read and spell;
And I am doing *very* well;
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell
How many things I know.

Well, if you'll only take a look—
Yes, this is it—the last I took,
Here in my pretty picture-book,
Just near the purple cover;—
Now listen—Here are one, two, three
Wee little letters, don't you see?
Their names are D and O and G;
They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*

—*St. Nicholas.*

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

There is a little saying
Which you'll find is always true,

My little boy, my little girl—
A saying that's for you;
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright:
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you!
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And watchers of the heavenly world,
God's angels, pure and white,
In joy or sorrow at your course,
Are keeping out of sight.

Bear this in mind, my little one,
And let your aim be high;
You do whatever you may do
Beneath some seeing eye.
Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;

A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin.
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake.
That worships God, and him alone;
And bows no more than at his throne.
And trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God.
And thus can smile at curse or ban,
This is the soul that makes a man."

THE WIND.

WORDSWORTH.

What way does the Wind come? What way does
he go?
He rides over the water and over the snow,
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England that knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk;
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the
place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left for a bed to beggars and thieves.

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And crackled the branches and strewn them about.

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right into the slates, and with a huge scattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle,
But let him rage round; he does us no harm—
We build up the fire, we're snug and we're warm;
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;
Here's a cosy warm house for you and for me.

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Little builders! build away!
Little builders! build to-day!
Build a temple pure and bright,
Build it up in deeds of light;
Lay the corner strong and deep,
Where the heart the truth shall keep;
Lay it with a builder's care,
For the temple resteth there.

If you want an honored name,
If you want a spotless fame,
Let your words be kind and pure,
And your temple shall endure;

Wisdom standeth at the door,
Come and see her priceless store;
Virtue gently guides your feet
Where the good and holy meet.

Set the pillars firm and strong,
Raise them with the worker's song;
Toil is prayer, and toil is praise,
Keep this worship all your days;
Let your life be loving deeds,
Go and help when sorrow pleads;
Let the tear of pity fall
When you hear the mourner call.

Little builders! build away!
There is work for you to-day;
Deeds of mercy and of truth,
Making bright the hours of youth;
Work, and pray, and joyous sing,
Ever fast to virtue cling,
And a temple so sublime
Shall outlast the years of time.

THE THREE LITTLE BUGS.

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly room for two,
And one was yellow, and one was black,
  And one like me or you—
The space was small, no doubt for all,
  But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly crumbs for two,
And all were selfish in their hearts,
  The same as I or you.
So the strong ones said, "We'll eat the crumbs,
  And that s what we will do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarreling,
The white, the black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the winds across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from off the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there were none in the basket—
Ah, pity 't is 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rug from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them too.

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The white, the black, and the gold;
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

—*Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones.*

"GRAN'MA AL'US DOES."

I want to mend my wagon
And I has to have some nails,
Jus' two free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences
We're making never was;

I wis' you'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma allus does.

I wants some bread and butter
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mustn't have none
Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it
Tell you what I knows,
It's right to put on sugar
Gran'ma allus does.

HANDS.

MARY K. HANLEY.

I gazed on the hand of an infant,
Chubby, dimpled, fair,
Grasping the golden sunbeams,
Or toying with mamma's hair;
And smiled on the tiny creature,
At the gate of human life;
Entering, crowing, laughing,
On the field of earthly strife.

And saw it, the hand of beauty,
Decked with gems of gold,
The hand of a promising maiden
With her destiny all untold;
She meets her king, her lover,
Yields up her woman's heart,
And in the old, old play of life,
Begins her unstudied part.

The play, alas! proved tragic,
I saw her poor bent head,
The widowed, weeping mother,

With all ambition dead.
Let the boy she rears to manhood
Gaze on her hardened palm,
And own the hand of beauty
Held never so great a charm.

Go out in the world and struggle
That her toil-worn hand may rest,
Crown her with a lifelong love,
The purest and the best;
And should her second childhood
Come to her weary heart,
Let her grasp again the sunbeams
That from affection dart.

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

1. Be honest, be honest, I say;
Be honest at work, be honest at play;
The same in the dark as when in the light;
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.

2. The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy;
This virtue, indeed, your time should employ;
Let knowledge display integrity, too,
And you'll seldom say, "I've nothing to do."

3. But work calls for action, muscle and will;
Boys must "get up and get," their station to fill;
And boys should be active as ever they can—
A dull, stupid boy grows up a dull, stupid man.

4. But simple activity will not suffice;
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise.
They make all the moves the industrious do,
But don't care a fig to push business through.

5. The next thing in order—avoiding display—
Is, boys should be careful to hear and obey,
Not even presuming to make a reply,
Not muttering, say, "I'll go by and by,"
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.

6. Again: Be not fitful, but stick to your work,
Never let it be said that you are a shirk;
But when any task is fairly begun,
Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

7. Be honest, be wise, and industrious too;
Be active, obedient, obliging, and true;
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man.

—*Uncle Amasa in the Baptist.*

TO THE BOYS.

HENRY DOWNTON.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,

Words and temper, I ween,
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shammings,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the greatest charms one can possess. Young people should cultivate them assiduously. Money cannot buy them. There is only one way to obtain good manners, and that is by daily, constant practice. Always use good manners at home and at school, then you need not be alarmed when among strangers, for it will be perfectly natural to be polite and respectful to all.

Remember, that politeness is of great value, yet costs nothing but your own pains to acquire, and that

"To be polite is always to do and to say,
The kindest things, in the kindest way."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread,
For the young unwary feet;
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul astray
Into the broad and flowery way,
Until the ruin be complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss and woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light;
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little, and day by day.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Here are questions in physics and grammar
That would puzzle you somewhat I know;
Can you tell what is meant by inertia?
Can you clearly define rain and snow?

Do you know there's a valve in the bellows?
Can you tell why your clock is too slow?
Why the pendulum needs looking after?
Perhaps it is swinging too low.

"They was going up town in the evening,"
Do you call that bad grammar, I say?
I'm sure Mary Jones and her mother
Say worse things than that every day.

But I s'pose "*was*" should be in the plural,
To agree with its old subject "*they*,"
According to rule—my! I've lost it,
There's two per cent. gone right away.

And now, only look at the parsing,
It will surely take in every rule;
And down at the end more false syntax,
With authorities given "in full."

Arithmetic, my! how I hate it,
I'm stupid at that in the class,

So how, in the name of creation,
Can I be expected to pass?

Here's a ten-acre lot to be fenced in,
Here is duty to find on some tea;
Here's a problem in old aligation,
And a monstrous square-root one I see.

Can you tell who defeated the Indians?
Do you know who was killed in a duel?
Do you know what the first tax was raised on?
And how some just thought it was cruel?

Perhaps I may pass on an average,
If three-fourths are right I'll get through;
But my teacher calls such standing shabby,
So what is a poor boy to do?

—*Annie H. Streeter in Buffalo Express.*

THE DONATION PARTY.

They carried the pie to the parson's house
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilt tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees

With his wife—but not to pray ;
Oh, no, 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Remember in all things, that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up, the first seed put into the ground, the first dollar saved, the first example performed, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things. They make a beginning, and show that you are in earnest and mean to do what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping along who might have held up his head and prospered if he had only made a beginning! "Well begun is half done," is an old but true saying. Try it boys, and prove that a good beginning is half of the battle.

WHAT WE LEARN AT SCHOOL.

(For five little children.)

(All.) Fathers, mothers, see us now,
As we make a pretty bow.
Next we'll tell you, each in turn,
What it is we here do learn.

(1st.) First we're taught in kindly way,
We our teacher should obey ;
When we strive to do the right
We are happy morn and night.

(2d.) And we try to keep in mind,
We to others should be kind ;

For we know that all through life
We must shun dispute and strife.

(3d.) Then, to meet another need,
Ev'ry one learns how to read.
As you all can see at once
No one means to be a dunce.

(4th.) Now we spell, and now we write,
'Till we know each word at sight;
Thus you see how well we learn
Each new thing to which we turn.

(5th.) Now to add and take away,
This we learn from day to day;
How to bound our State we know;
East or south, the way we go.

(All.) But we have no time to tell
All the things we've learned so well,
So we ask you, one and all,
At our school again to call.

THE BLUES.

Trip lightly over trouble;
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make it double,
By dwelling on it long.

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark.

While stars are mighty shining,
And heaven is overhead,

Encourage not repining,
But look for joy ahead.

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word: Be true! Be true!
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you.
'Tis the very same word: Be true! Be true!
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night;
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

DISCONTENT.

Down in the fields one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who thought to hide herself—
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

The buttercups must always be
The same all-tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Altho' their gold is duller!

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you won't mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Tho' swallows leave us out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would go all wrong
With one too many daisies!"

A BOY'S COMFORTS.

A boy don't have much comfort in life any way when the grown folks begin to get after him! A boy has an awful lot of work to do. There is going errands—that's about the hardest and longest job in the world. It's astonishing the time it takes to go an errand. Now, when I'm sent to the neighbors for yeast, it seems as though it would take all day. I can't exactly explain it, but there are such a lot of things coming up in the way all the time. First there's a chippie on the telegraph wire; sometimes I pick up nearly a ton of stones to throw at a chippie, but he won't fly away. Seems as he was stuffed, and glued on, he stays and stays there, and I can't hit him. Of course that takes time. Then if another fellow goes with me that takes more time. Did you ever notice it takes two boys longer to go an errand than it does one? That's because two boys see more things to stop for than one does.

My mother says she wishes I *would* find some

way to get over the ground quicker, so I've been trying to find a way, and I think I've found it. Do you know how to make a "cart-wheel"? Well, I won't show you here, but you just go along with hands and feet over and over sideways like a wheel. I'm getting it down fine so I can go pretty fast, and beat Tommy Jones all to pieces; it's fun too, I tell you. Nothing for a boy like combining business and pleasure; for a boy don't have many comforts.

GENIE'S ALMANAC.

Monday to wash all my dolly's clothes,
Lots to be done as you may suppose,
Tuesday to iron and put away,
That takes a body the live-long day.
Wednesday to darn, to fix, and to mend,
Plenty of sewing, you may depend.
Thursday, if shining, we visiting go,
Then we are dressed in our best, you know.
Friday, oh then we go out to shop,
Once you get started, 'tis hard to stop.
Saturday, polish, scrub and bake,
Tired out, hardly can keep awake.
Sunday, oh, that day of all is the best,
Glad it is here, now we can rest.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Child Jesus comes from heaven to-night,
To save us from Sin's keeping,
On manger's straw, in darksome night,
The blessed lies sleeping.
The star smiles down, the angels greet,
The oxen kiss the baby's feet.

Take courage, soul, in grief cast down,
  Forget the bitter dealing;
A child is born in David's town,
  To touch all souls with healing.
Then let us go and seek the child,
Children like him, meek, undefiled,
  The holy child Jesus.

A WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
  A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
  And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
  Full many a budding flower;
Which, had a smile but owned its birth
  Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
  A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring
  A heart may heal, or break.

DICK'S SUPPER.

MRS. E. T. CORBITT.

Dick looked out of the window one night,
The moon shone bright,
The round, full moon, so silvery white.
  "See," cried Dick, "it looks so sweet,
  I'm sure it must be good to eat—
Suppose I take it down to-night,
  Just for a treat,
And try one little, little bite!"

Then Dick climbed up on the chimney—so,
The moon hung low,
Bright as silver and pure as snow;
  He snatched it quickly, and cried, "Ho! ho!
  It makes me think of my birthday cake,
All covered with sugar;
  A bite I'll take—
Just one, and nobody 'll know!"

But Dicky's mouth was, oh! so wide,
That the moon had nearly slipped inside—
He took such a monstrous bite, you see;
  But it wasn't nice—
  It was colder than ice,
And it made his tooth ache terribly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he began to cry,
"I wouldn't have the thing, not I!"
Quickly he hung it again in the sky,
Slid down the chimney and went to bed.
Then under the blankets he tucked his head,
"For I know," so he said,
"If any one thought I had bitten the moon,
I'd be whipped very soon!"

ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin!
  And it calmly lay
In the shining light
  Of a bright noonday.

Only a boy,
  He saw the pin,
And fixed on it a look intent
  Till boy and pin alike were bent.

Only a chair—
It had no business standing there.
The boy he put on a fiendish grin,
And on the seat of that chair he fixed that pin.

Only a man,
He sat on that chair,
And as he rose—
So did his hair.

Only a yell!
But an honest one;
It lacked all elements of fun,
And man, and boy, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

A CAPITAL.

A man must have a capital before he can start in any business, if it is nothing more than keeping a peanut stand. The capital need not always be money; it may be brains, a sound education, a trade or profession, or it may be nothing but a stock of energy for any kind of honest labor. Either of these are good capitals. The world wants young men who know how to do something, and can do it well. There is always a demand for good lawyers, good physicians, teachers, butchers, bakers, or candlestick makers; but there is none for the lazy young man who only knows how to part his hair in the middle or dance the latest waltz step, whose stock of information extends only to the latest style in tailoring, or the latest race or prize fight. These are the young men that are always complaining of the world, who find nothing in life worth living for. They are dissatisfied with everything and everybody,

themselves included, and it is no wonder. They have nothing to be satisfied with; they are bankrupt young men; they have no capital.

THE BAREFOOT BOY THAT DRIVES THE CATTLE HOME.

'Tis evening, and the round, red sun sinks slowly in the west;
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest;
The crickets chirrup in the grass, and bats wheel to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go.
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them, and on the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy said to himself, "I was that millionaire,
I'd have a palace for my home and never know a care;
There is no wish that heart could frame I would not gratify,
There would not be in all the land a happier man than I!
What joy 'twould be to lead a life where cares would never come,
And be no more the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man sighs unto himself: "My wealth I'd gladly give
Could I live another life than that which I now live—

Could I leave behind the dust, and glare, and tumult of the town,
And sleep at night without a care if stocks went up or down.
O, I'd give my palace and my yacht that sails the ocean foam,
To be once more the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home."

DO YOU GUESS IT IS I?

The following is a very effective recitation for a young child. Have the little one laugh, cry and point to eyes, nose, mouth, show fingers, etc., and it never fails to please the audience:

I am a little thing,
I am not very high;
I laugh, dance and sing,
And sometimes I cry.

I have a little head
All covered o'er with hair,
And I hear what is said
With my two ears there.

On my two feet I walk;
I run, too, with ease;
With my little tongue I talk
Just as much as I please.

I have ten fingers, too,
And just so many toes;
Two eyes to see through,
And but one little nose.

I've a mouth full of teeth
Where my bread and milk go in;

And close by, underneath,
Is my little round chin.

What is this little thing,
Not very, very high,
That can laugh, dance and sing.
Do you guess it is—I?
—*Mrs. Follen's Little Songs.*

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

EDWARD LEAR.

The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea,
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey and lots of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to his light guitar:

"Oh, pussy, oh, pussy, oh, pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are, you are,
What a beautiful pussy you are."
Pussy said to the owl, "You beautiful fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing;
Come let us be married, too long have we tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"

So they sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the song-tree grows;
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood,
With a ring in the end of his nose, his nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
your ring?"
Says the piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day,
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And, hand in hand on the golden sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

WHY SOME BIRDS HOP, AND OTHERS WALK.

A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,
A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down in the street and went hopping along,
This way and that way with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason you go with a hop,
Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;
And he laughed, and he laughed as he never would stop;
And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk.

"Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see
What little birds hop, both feet just like me,
And what little birds walk, like the duck and the hen,
And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk;
One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

"But most little birds that can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things—that's why
They hop with both feet.* Little boy, good-bye."

—*From Wide Awake.*

A BOY'S SERMON.

Let me preach you a little sermon, my fellow-boys. You know it is easier to preach than to practice, so I preach. My subject is, "Examine Yourself." 1st. Get away from a crowd a little while every day. Stand to one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Find out all you can about yourself. 2d. See if you are really the kind of boy people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square truth. If your life is as good and upright

*The exceptions to the above rule are rare. The rule is generally correct, and so simple as to be easily remembered.

at eleven o'clock at night, provided you are awake, as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance boy on a fishing excursion as you are in Sunday-school; if you are as good a boy when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are; your mother says you are; your sweetheart believes you are. 3d. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy; and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, and purer man. Finally, don't forget this, and it will do you good.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

We need the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet,
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;

Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."
—*Golden Days.*

THE LOSING BAG.

Little Harry Careless
Was always losing things—
Shoes and hats, and slates and books,
Pencils, marbles, strings—
Till at last his mother
Took a faded flag,
(A great, enormous one it was)
And made of it a bag.

"Now my careless Harry,"
Said she, with a kiss,
"When you feel like losing things,
Pop them into this."
"That I will," cried Harry,
Happy as a king;
And since he's had the losing bag
He's never lost a thing.
—*Harper's Young People.*

HELPING.

(For very little boys and girls.)

1st— Planting the corn and potatoes,
2d— Helping to scatter the seeds,
3d— Feeding the hens and the chickens,
4th— Freeing the garden from weeds,
5th— Driving the cows to the pasture,
6th— Feeding the horse in the stall;
All— We little children are busy,
Sure there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

7th— Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
8th— Raking it up when dry,
9th— Picking the apples and peaches,
Down in the orchard hard by;
10th— Picking the grapes from the grape-vines,
11th— Gathering nuts in the fall;
All— We little children are busy,
Yes, there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

12th— Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
13th— Bringing wood from the shed,
14th— Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
15th— Helping to make up the bed,
16th— Taking good care of the baby,
17th— Watching her lest she should fall;
All— We little children are busy—
Oh, there is work for us all,
Helping mamma.

Boys— Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong.
Girls— Play we enjoy all the better,
When we have labored so long.
Boys— Gladly we help our kind parents,
Girls— Quickly we come at their call,
All— Children should love to be busy,
There is so much work for all,
Helping papa and mamma.

JOHNNY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasures in it!
Listen, now, while I bedin it;
Such a lot of sings it hold,
And all there is you sall be told.

Everysin' dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell; I picked it up,
And here's the handle of my cup
That somebody has broke at tea,
The shell's a hole in it, you see,
Nobody knows that I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, three,
That aunt Mary gave to me;
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid.
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sin's in my pottet!
Here's my lead, and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day;
And here is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin' in a pottet—
Have it mended when you've dot it.

TWO AND ONE.

Two *ears* and only *one mouth* have you:
The reason I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To *talk* about all you hear.
Two eyes and only *one mouth* have you
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only *one mouth* have you:
And it is worth repeating,—
The *two* are for work you will have to do,
The *one* is enough for eating.

THE BUILDERS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time.
Some with massive deeds and great;
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen:
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing, as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pine fox-glove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more, till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"

WHERE THE GYPSIES GO.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

"Mamma, the sun went down too soon;
There are more things I want to hear."
"Look through the window. There's the moon,
This is the time to dream, I fear."
"But tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"I've told you all I know." "But it
Is ever so little! Tell me all
That other people know." "Come, sit
Here in the shelter of my shawl,
And let's guess where the gypsies go
When there's snow."

"I cannot guess." "Then how can I?
I only know they vanish quite
When the dark leaves go blowing by,
Somewhere, or somewhere, out of sight."
"But tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"My child, these gypsies seem to me
Brown, grown up fairies, that belong

Only to summer. It may be
They die out to some bird's last song"—
"Please tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"Well, there are barns with clover hay,
And lonesome lofts, where mice may creep;
For all I know, the gypsies may
Go—just where you should go—to sleep.
To sleep—that's where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

WHAT SANTA CLAUS THINKS.

Hi! another one! What's the world about?
Don't these people know that I am most worn out?
Millions of 'em coming year by year;
Every youngster wretched if I don't appear.

First they want a rattle, then a ring to bite;
Then a box of sugar plums, then a doll or kite;
Next a story book to read, then a bat and ball,
Santa's back is broad and strong, he must bring them all.

Gratitude they talk about; not a bit for me.
First you know they get so wise, cry out "Fiddle-de-dee."
No such chap as Santa Claus, can't deceive us so,
Never find a six inch sock hanging in the row.

Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week.
Don't I know he rules the house, though he looks so meek? [too,
Both his eyelids shut up tight, mouth wide open,
S'pose he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do?

Sleep away my little man, trouble comes with years,
You are bound to get your share in this vale of tears.
Rattle, is it? Well, all right! Yes, I've got my pen,
Finish out your precious nap, and I'll be round again.

WHAT TO DO.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it.
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

JOHN S. ADAMS.

I'm a boy 'bout high as a table,
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakespeare or Milton,
Or Byron, or Shelley, or Saxe.
By-and-by it will be "Mr. Daniel,"
They all call me now "Little Dan;"
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and everything nice;
With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs and white mice.

I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.
A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man.

No poisonous drinks will I swallow,
From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,
My nose wasn't made for a chimney,
No snuffing or chewing for me.
Now my soul I'll possess with great patience,
And as well as a little boy can
I will set them a better example;
Won't I lecture them when I'm a man?

I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing,
Look out for me when I'm a man.

PATRIOTISM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish may claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

'Tis a fountain ever flowing
  Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
  And shall never thirst again.

'Tis a lamp forever burning
  By whose never dying light
Sinners from their errors turning,
  Are directed in the right.

'Tis a mine of richest treasure
  Laden with the purest ore;
And its contents without measure
  You can never well explore.

'Tis a tree whose fruit unfailing
  Cheers and stays the fainting soul;
And whose leaves the nations healing,
  Carry joy from pole to pole.

'Tis a pearl of price exceeding
Every gem in ocean found;
By its precept ever healing
You may learn where joys abound.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I lent my dear dolly, and what do you think?
They gave her no victuals, they gave her no drink.
They left her uncovered all night in the cold
My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her color now faded; it rained where she lay—
She had for her pillow a wisp of wet hay.
To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?
My own little Dolly, not quite a year old!

Now swallow it Dolly, this sweet little pill;
'Twill cure you my darling, I know that it will.
We'll no more be parted, for love or for gold,
My dear little Dolly, not quite a year old!

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from the lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh;
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be

All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity.
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, By-and-By.

"By-and-By," the wind is sighing,
"By-and-By," the heart replies,
But the phantom just above us
Ere we grasp it, ever flies;
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie—
Do not believe or trust in
This deceiver, By-and-By.

ONLY.

Only a seed, but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower, but it chanced that day
A burdened heart passed that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spoke of the lilies, so wondrously clad;
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;
And the life bore fruit, a hundred fold.

Only a word, but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer, to the Lord above.
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new born soul "entered in by the door."

THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy, we will not make,
We will not use, we will not take
Wine, ale, or beer, rum, whisky, gin,
Because they lead mankind to sin.

We will not smoke, the smoker pets
Those little things called cigarettes.
We will not chew, we will not snuff,
Or waste our time in playing puff.

We will not curse, though many dare
Open their lips to curse and swear
Our words shall be both pure and plain
We will not take—that name in vain.

SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

There is something on earth for the children to do,
For the child that is trying to be
Like the One, who once murmured, in accents of love,
Let the little ones come unto me.
There are sweet winning words to the weary and sad,
By their glad loving lips to be said.

There are hearts that are waiting, by some little hand,
Unto Jesus, the Lord, to be led.

There are lessons to learn, both at home and at school,
There are battles to fight for the right.
There's a watch to be kept, over temper and tongue,
And God's loving help to be asked day and night.

There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,
Gentle words to be dropped by the way;
For the child that intends to be noble and good,
There is something to do every day.

WOMEN.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her Woeman;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her *wooman*.
But now, with folly and with pride
Their husband's pockets trimmen,
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whimmen!

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word, yet how it brightened
The gloom of the darkening day.
Only a word, and lightly spoken,
And the speaker went his way.
Yet it took from a heart with sorrow laden,
The weight of its pressing care;
It opened a rift for the blue of heaven,
And a gleam of the sunshine fair.
Only a word, and lightly spoken,

And the speaker went his way,
But the peace of the heavenly benediction
Followed him that day.

GOOD WISHES.

"A bright, a blessed Christmas
And a glad New Year be thine.
And may the Sun of Glory
Upon thy pathway shine;
Each season show thee clearer
The path thy Saviour trod,
And each new Christmas find thee nearer
The Paradise of God."

DOING GOOD.

I must do all the good I can
To all the people that I can,
In all the ways that I can,
And as long as ever I can.
I need not wait till I am a man
But begin just now, as soon as I can
To say all the kind little words that I know,
And do kind deeds wherever I go.
So working, and growing, as fast as I can,
In time I'll be a useful and noble man.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little, and do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
Conquer sin and cover shame.
Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;

They whom Christ apostles made
Gathered fragments when He bade.
Do thy little, never fear
While thy helper standeth near.
Let the world its pebbles throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

FARMERS' BOYS.

Out in every tempest,
Out in every gale,
Buffeting the weather,
Wind, storm, and hail;
In the meadow mowing
Where the old oak stood;
Every flitting moment
Each skillful hand employs;
Bless me! were there ever
Idle farmers' boys?

FARMERS' GIRLS.

Up in the early morning
Just at peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away;
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Roasting the meat for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn.
Spreading the snow white linen

Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where wild strawberries grow.

Starching their "fixins" for Sunday,
Churning their golden cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down in the running stream.
Feeding the geese and poultry,
Making puddings and pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone;
Beauty of form and feature
Thousands might covet to own.
Cheeks that rival the roses,
Teeth the whiteness of pearls.
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet;
Pass not by that child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me when
He's grown old he'll not forget it,
For remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandsire
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness,
Something said to him a boy.

Or relate some slight or coldness
With a brow all clouded, when
He recalled some heart too thoughtless
To remember boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
Show each child tender interest
In its sorrows and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness,
They avoid the household when
It is cheerless with unkindness;
For remember, boys make men.

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

I thought when I had learned my letters
That all my troubles were o'er;
But I find myself mistaken;
They have only just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write.
I'd be sorry to have you know it—
But my copy book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers,
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it,
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down all over
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes—
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and q's and the h's,

Though I've certainly tried, and tried
To make them look just right. It is dreadful!
I really don't know what to do;
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books waiting
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and oh! dear me!
There's no good place for stopping
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain-tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time.
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;—
If that's so, where's my pen?

THEY SAY.

"They say," ah well; suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicions may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say, but why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;

And is it not a better plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say! well, if it should be true,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will that the erring one restore
Henceforth, to "go and sin no more"?

They say! Oh! pause and look within,
See how the heart inclines to sin.
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou too, should sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail—weep o'er the fall;
But speak the good, or not at all.

THE MOTHER HUBBARD.

"Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog got none."

To get him some meat
She went down the street
And hastily entered the town;
She was in such a hurry
She forgot in her worry
To take off her fancy bed-gown.

Some ladies were passing,
And instantly classing
That gown as the very last fashion,
Determined to don it,

And with a new bonnet
They'd set other ladies' teeth gnashing.

So now, though not pretty,
You'll find in each city
No lady of fashion without it;
But the babies look cute
In the quaint little suit,
I'm sure there will nobody doubt it.

WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS? WHAT DO THEY CONTAIN?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day,
Whatever it may be, they hit the key
And pipe in full concert way.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays and rhymes,
Mixed up with all sorts of lying reports,
And published at regular times.

Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes,
With logic so grand that few understand
To what in the world it applies.

Lists of all physical ills, my boy,
Cured by somebody's pills,
Till you ask with surprise why any one dies
And what's the disorder that kills.

Prices of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain,
But it would take me too long to tell in my song
A quarter of all they contain.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slily stole into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry,
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious;
How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice or the cats;
For of me, I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup!
And for want of a spoon, I must drink it.
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark! who's that at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up,
To the floor dashed the cup;
Then he howled and tumbled, and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the household in,
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!

SHUT THE DOOR.

Don't let the door stand open, but close it with much care,
Without a bang, without a whang, yes, shut it fair and square;
Without a slam, without a jam, without a slat, or jerk,

For if you've left it open, go shut it, and don't shirk.

No Christian man or woman, or well trained chick
or child
Will let a door swing idle, to make weak nerves
run wild;
When chilly winds are blowing, and some one's
taking cold,
And the open door is squeaking, and muttering
like a scold.

Haste makes but waste, remember, so plenty take
of time,
Don't leave the door half open, a fault almost a
crime.
And if you've ever done this, don't do so any more,
Whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the
door!

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

A good time is coming, I wish it were here;
The very best time in the whole of the year.
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs
The hours that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Good-bye for a while, then, to lessons and school;
We can talk, laugh, and sing, without breaking the
rule.
No troublesome spellers, no writing, nor sums,
There's nothing but playtime, when Santa Claus
comes.

I suppose I shall have a new dolly, of course,
My last one was killed by a fall from her horse;
While for Harry and Jack, there'll be trumpets and
drums,
To deafen us with when Santa Claus comes.

I'll hang up my stocking to hold what he brings;
I hope he will fill it with lots of good things;
He must know how dearly I love sugar plums,
I'd like a big box full, when Santa Claus comes.

And now that the snowflakes begin to come down
And the wind whistles sharp, and the branches are brown,
I don't mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,
'Cause it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus comes.

MOONSTRUCK.

The young moon lies in the old moon's arms
You can see it plain as can be;
Venus has gone with all her charms,
But Jupiter stares at the baby.

The old Moon rocks in the clear blue skies,
She is rocking an hour old baby;
The stars are a-winking with all their eyes,
And wonder whatever it may be.

In a month that baby a babe will hold,
And croon to the young its A, B.
For a Moon's whole life is but four weeks old,
And then 'tis again a baby.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Rake up the glowing cinders,
Pile on the crackling coal,
Jack Frost's come with his pincers,
Straight from the cold North Pole.

Hark! how the pelting raindrops
Rattle on roof and pane.

Here we are warm and cosy,
Proof against wind and rain.

Roast nuts, sweet and tender,
Pop corn crisp and white,
Apples baked in the embers
Jolly good times to-night!

THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling,
She ne'er saw Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it
And she opened her blue eyes;
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking,
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking from Grandma
The largest I ever can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa Claus
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You have never seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's the blessedest baby!
And now before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

THE DEAD DOLLY.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

You needn't be trying to comfort me,
I tell you my Dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't
With a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much
To have my tooth out that day,
And then when the man most pulled my head off
You hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby
When you say you can mend it with glue,
As if I didn't know better than that;
Why, just suppose it was you!
You might make her look all mended,
But what do I care for looks?
Why, glue is for chairs, and tables,
And toys, and the backs of books.

Oh Dolly, my own little daughter,
O! but it is the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound
When her poor little head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing,

That holds up the little shelf.
Now Nursey, what makes you remind me?
I know that I done it myself.

I think you must be crazy;
You'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her?
I tell you my Dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished
Her elegant new spring hat,
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night
To tie on that horrid cat.

When my mamma gave me that ribbon,
I was playing out in the yard,
And she said to me most expressly,
"Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby
And Hildegarde saw me do it,
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,
I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it, now,
And just believe, I do—
That her poor little heart was broken,
And so her head broke too.
Oh my baby! my dear little baby!
I wish my head had been hit—
For I've hit it over and over again
And it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead
She'll want to be buried of course.
We will take my little wagon, Nurse,
And you shall be my horse.
And I will walk behind and cry,
And we'll put her in this, you see,

This dear little box, and we'll bury her then
Under the apple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone
Like the one he made for my bird,
And he'll put what I tell him on it,
Yes, every single word.
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde,
A beautiful doll, who is dead.
She died of a broken heart,
And a dreadful crack in her head."

BABY KANGAROO.

KATE BREARLY FORD.

Queer little baby kangaroo
Has nothing else in the world to do
But, cuddled away,
To sleep all day—
I should get tired; wouldn't you?

And where does mamma kangaroo
Keep her baby the whole day through
In a queer little nest
On her own warm breast—
We can hardly believe it; but 'tis true.

She jumps along while he is asleep,
And eats the grass like a woolly sheep
And by and by
We'll see him try
Out of his hiding-place to creep.

Late and early, early and late,
He's out of sight; but if we wait,
This odd little chap

We may see, mayhap,
For he's growing at a wondrous rate.

And now he tries a nibble or two,
And wonders how a kangaroo
Would really feel
If he should steal
Quite away from the snug place where he grew.

Queer little baby kangaroo!
What would he think now, if he knew
That, by and by
He would stand so high
As almost to frighten himself and you?

THE WIND.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And cherries redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Tommy; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

THE QUEER SCHOLARS.

The sun was shining softly,
The day was calm and cool,
When forty-five frog scholars met
Down by a shady pool—
For little frogs, like little folk,
Are always sent to school.

The master, perched upon a stone,
Besought them to be quick
In answering his questions,
Or else (his voice was thick)
They knew well what would happen,
He pointed to his stick.

Their lessons seemed the strangest things,
They learnt that grapes were sour;
They said that four and twenty days
Exactly made an hour;
That bricks were made of houses,
And corn was made of flour.
That six times one was ninety-five,
And "yes" meant "no" or "nay."

They always spent "to-morrow"
Before they spent "to-day,"
Whilst each commenced the alphabet
With "z" instead of "a!"

As soon as school was over
The master said, "No noise!
Now go and play at leap-frog,"
(The game a frog enjoys).

"And mind that you behave yourselves,
And *don't throw stones at boys!*"

WHEN THE WORLD WILL END.

When lawyers fail to take a fee
And juries never disagree;
When politicians are content,
And landlords don't collect their rent;
When parties smash all the machines,
And Boston folks give up their beans;
When naughty children all die young,
And girls are born without a tongue;
When ladies don't take time to shop,
And office-holders never flop;
When preachers cut their sermons short,
And all folks to the church resort;
When back subscribers all have paid,
And editors have fortunes made;
Such happiness will sure portend
This world must soon come to an end.

THAT DREADFUL BOY.

ANON.

I'm looking for a dreadful boy,
Does anybody know 'im?
Who's leading all the other boys
The way they shouldn't go in.
I think if I could find that boy
I'd stop what he is doin'—
A-bringing all the other boys
To certain mortal ruin.

There's Tommy Green, a growing lad,
His mother has informed me

The way that he is getting bad
Would certainly alarm me.
She feels the blame should rest upon
John Brown—a recent comer—
For Tommy was a lovely child
A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown
Her inmost soul was shaken,
To think that Mrs. Green should be
So very much mistaken;
She did assure me Johnny was
As good a child as any,
Except for learning naughty things
From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because
Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;
She fears he taught young Benjamin
Some wicked tricks already
Yet Fred is such an innocent,
(I have it from his mother)
He wouldn't think of doing wrong,
Untempted by another.

O, when I think I've found the boy
Whose ways are so disgracin',
I always learn he's some one else,
And lives some other place in.
And if we cannot search him out,
He will (most dreadful pity!)
Spoil all the boys who otherwise
Would ornament the city.

RATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a fish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each as the palms are put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, altogether, these many bones fix,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and six.

And then we have, in the human mouth
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

EXAMINATIONS.

BY W. M. G.

(At the end of each verse the reciter draws a deep sigh and exclaims, "Examinations!")

The other night I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for my poor head
Was filled with a most awful dread,
Examinations!

I thought of this, and then of that;

Of set and sit; which goes with sat?
I fear my brain has run to fat.
Examinations!

Next came the base and rate per cent.,
Of money to an agent sent,
And with that word all of them went,
Examinations!

Then my lessons I try to spell;
Which words have two, and which one L?
Oh, my poor brain! I cannot tell.
Examinations!

Where is Cape Cod, and where Pekin?
Where do the rivers all begin?
A high per cent. I cannot win.
Examinations!

Who was John Smith? What did he do?
And all the other fellows, too?
You must tell me, I can't tell you.
Examinations!

Oh, welcome sleep! at last it came;
But not to rest me, all the same;
For in my dreams this is my bane—
Examinations!

ANOTHER SPIDER AND FLY.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

"Come try my new swing!" said a cunning old spider,
As she fastened a thread round a columbine stalk,

To a trim little fly that lit down beside her
To brush off the dust while they had a short talk.

"See this now! I touched with my foot that tall aster!
Now back—there I jostled that lovely sweet pea!
O such jolly fun! see I go fast and faster!
Hop in, little neighbor, there's room here by me!"

"It can't be so nice as to fly," he made answer,
While thoughtfully stroking his fair gauzy wings.
"Poh! flies! I've had them! They are nice, but my land, sir!
You can't till you try, know the pleasure of swings."

The spider and swing—they went faster and higher;
The blossoms they nodded and all things looked gay,
And our charmed little fly soon lost all desire
Save just once to swing in that rollicking way.

"He'll come now, I know," said the cunning old spinner,
And her cruel eyes gleamed as she danced out of sight.
Then looking back slily she thought of the dinner
That plump fly would make when she had him all tight.

"She's gone!" thought the fly. "Now I guess I will try it."
And all in a flutter he hurried right in.
"Nice, isn't it, dear? Now don't you deny it!"
And the spider sprang out with a horrible grin.

Whew! swoop comes a swallow! he seizes the derider,

And off to his nest in the barn roof has flown;
So now little silver wings laughs at the spider,
And swings if he pleases, or lets it alone.

THE CONCERT REHEARSAL.

WOLSTAN DIXEY.

Oh! it was a musical old Beetle!
And oh! it was a honey-throated Bee!
But the dandified young Hopper,
He couldn't sing it proper,
And the Cricket—out of tune was he.

They sung and they sung,
And the harebells swung,
A tinkling *obligato* in the breeze;
While the Beetle, singing-master,
Tried to make them sing it faster,
By patting off the *tempo* on his knees.

And oh! it was a Robin overheard them,
Who happened out a-walking in the glade,
And he laughed in every feather
When they tried to sing together
At the funny little noises that they made.

He listened and he listened,
And his eyes they fairly glistened
As the Bee so sweetly bumbled out the air;
But the Cricket struck another
And the Robin thought he'd smother
Trying not to let them know that he was there.

Then oh! the Bee declared that "It was shameful,"

And angrily sipped honey from the comb;
"She was ruining her throat
And wouldn't sing another note,
Until the others studied it at home!"

The Cricket said that he
Never *could* keep the key
When the wind was blowing that way from the south.
And young Hopper made excuses
In reply to these abuses,
That he had too much molasses in his mouth.

Then oh! the beetle-headed old conductor
Arose and made a few remarks in turn;
"The soprano is so vicious
And affairs so unpropitious,
The best thing we can do is to adjourn.

"Taking everything together,
The molasses and the weather,
And the fact that we can't any of us sing,
There is quite sufficient reason
That we wait another season
And postpone our little concert till the spring."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner—
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch town—
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.

If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was not a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened
drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care,
And the ugly frown that he used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
"But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner,
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him the next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and stocks were down,
But a smile, somehow, had replaced the
frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old time drawl:

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!" [Horner,
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.
—*Independent.*

CHARITY.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys, they were not new;
Yet they made the sick child happy,
Which made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garment,
They were all that I could spare;

But they helped to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That costs one nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on his way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can he think of his children
Who never give at all!

SLEIGH SONG.

G. W. PETER.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly scuds along
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—
Roguish archers I'll be bound,
Little heeding who they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold;
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;

Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

CRADLE SONG.

J. G. HOLLAND.

[From "Bitter Sweet."]

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

PART II.

SALUTATORY.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies—No—I mean Ladies and Gentlemen: It falls to my lot to open this exhibition. You may think it is a large undertaking for so small a boy as myself, but though I am little I have a very big heart, and that is more than half. But what am I to talk about?

That is the question; and to whom shall I talk? I might address these grown up people, but that would look like presumption—such a little fellow trying to teach those so much older and wiser than himself.

I might address those young ladies and gentlemen, but what's the use? If they had time to listen—they *think* they already know more than anybody else; and as for these little children, they would not understand me. They only know little words. It would be quite useless to talk to them. So you see I am cut out of making a speech at all, and that is a great pity, for if allowed to speak, I might tell you something that would do your hearts good the longest day that you live, but as it is, I can only make my bow. And this is how I do it:

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day,

Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain, clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them as ye may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way.
Once the welcome light was broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men.
Aid it paper—aid it type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way!
Lo! a cloud about to vanish from the day
And a brazen wrong crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer, clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey,
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way!

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—

The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his
banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered sol-
dier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I
was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lun-
dy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to
fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief; "my brave
old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell
you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're
crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to-day."

"But General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his
brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are
traitors now!
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red,
white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that
drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good
old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them,
one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth
while to try;

I couldn't get the hang 'o them, but I'll keep my
powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—"God
bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to
have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each re-
bellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to
pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping vet-
eran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're
my guide;
And some you know, must bite the dust, and that,
at least, can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in
command
Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my
hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the
shell may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them
till I die!

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be
given,
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks
down from heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, Gen-
eral Wayne,— [Lundy's Lane!'
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and Slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

NO GOD.

N. K. RICHARDSON.

Is there no God? The white rose made reply,
My ermine robe was woven in the sky.
The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,
My plumage fell from hands that made the flower.

Is there no God? The silvery ocean spray
At the vile question startles in dismay;
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God!

Is there no God? The greedy worm that roves
In sportive glee amid the gloom of groves,
Proves a Divinity supremely good,
For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land;
And ere his body mingles with the sod,
He, sweetly smiling, faintly murmurs—God.

No God! Who broke the shackles from the slave?
Who gave this bleeding nation power to save
Its Flag and Union in the hour of gloom,
And lay rebellion's spirit in the tomb?

We publish God!—The towering mountains cry
Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky.
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
The lightning gleam, the thunder, and the rain,

The dew-drop diamond on the lily's breast,
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed,
The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves;

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;
The eagle, soaring in majestic flight,
The morning bursting from the clouds of night,

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
Angelic voices floating on the air,
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,
And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting, disbelieving throng,
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;
There is a God; remember while ye can,
"His Spirit will not always strive with man."

A SIGN-BOARD.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again rum-seller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended in each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
"Drink, pledge me just this one,"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"Lost."
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your work-shop
No hand can paint you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,

And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

EULOGY ON ADAM.

What do we care for a statue of Liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you've lost. Very well; we haven't lost Liberty—we've lost Adam.

Another thing: What has Liberty done for us? Nothing particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home—good home, too; and if she knows anything she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years. Yes, we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast; lo! and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to. Let her set up a monument to us, if she wants to do the right thing.

But here, on the other hand, look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him, and we must get up a monument and be quick

about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. My friends, the father of Life, Death and the Taxes, has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on, or shall it stop right here?

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

WOLSTAN DIXEY.

A frosty chill was in the air,
  How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
  Save here and there an ember;
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
  That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn schoolhouse door,
  The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
  My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
  A vexed thought was burning.

"Why is it up-hill all the way?"
  Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
  And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
  Life's sorrows and vexation?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
  A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,

And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good;
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder.
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
No queenlier counsel ever heard,
In senate-house or palace!—
"I should have failed there, I am sure;
Don't be discouraged, try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"*And I will help you.*" This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

MEN WANTED.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are sound to the heart's core.

Yes, men are wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who will give good counsel, who will set a good example, who will sympathize with the grieving, and succor the distressed. Men who will scorn to do a base thing even for a friend. Men who know how to obey before they undertake to command. Men who *do* more than they *talk*. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, to their enemies to gain them. Men who believe in systematic giving, and advocate it. Men whose hearts are moved by the sadness of others, who are touched by a hungry face, and cold, bare feet.

Yes, indeed, men are wanted. Men who are brave and tender, who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn-door,
That Luck might down upon him pour;
That every blessing known in life

Might crown his household and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astonished man,
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drouth baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the whooping-cough,
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined;
In short, it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,

To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,
The farmer brought it into view,
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among the grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
The cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marveled more and more
To see the increase in his store.
And now the merry farmer sings,
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Hang up your horseshoe the *right* way."

FATHER AND MOTHER.

Young America has some very queer ways; one is the habit of calling certain of his relations, "the governor," "the old man," "the old woman," "her highness." Who are these people that he speaks of in such a would-be funny way? Why, they are the ones who have worked hard for years that he might have an easy time, who have worn blue jean and eaten johnny cake, that he might wear broadcloth and dine expensively. They are, of all people in the world, the ones whom he ought to delight to honor. They are his father and mother. What do you suppose is the reason he doesn't call them so? Perhaps it is because he is ashamed of them. Perhaps their grammar is a little crooked; well, it sounds better than his slang. Their manners may be a little stiff and old fashioned, but does his rowdyism make him appear any better? Ah! Master America, I fear you have some foolish notions in your head! I fear those notions are in the place where your common sense ought to be. I don't ask you to take any advice from me, but just be ready to tell why you are not proud of that trembling mother who has spent her strength in caring for you. If you do not cherish her in her declining years you are not worthy of the noble parents who so tenderly cared for you in your helpless infancy.

THE POWER OF MONOSYLLABLES.

J. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;

To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat.
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore throat, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine;
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
It serves far more than fight or storm can tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts;
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns; the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie.
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,

In thought or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES.

R. J. BURDETTE.

There are some unsolved mysteries in the problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell with a storeroom like a wholesale grocery, where I might have plenty of help in studying the problems of life. For often and often I wonder and wonder:

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why is it so wrong to eat pie with a knife?

What Washington said to General Lee at the battle of Monmouth?

Why a man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention?

What the State would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block, howling like a demon at every plunge?

Why "pure bear's oil" is cheaper when pork is away down?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "23 years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Whatever became of the "blue glass" remedy?

I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are the problems.

AN ODE.

TO A LOT OF STOVE PIPE.

Infernal stuff, your nature well I know,
So when I took you down six months ago
Each piece I numbered so that I might tell
Exactly how you'd go together well.
And now the time for chilly days draws nigh,
To put you up again I madly try,
But all in vain. The joints that then did fit,
Now do not come within an inch of it.
Crash you go tumbling to the floor again;
Once more I try. You're rather full of soot,
And I am getting daubed from head to foot,
I jam my thumb, but still I persevere,
One piece goes down again and rakes my ear;
I grab to catch the piece, another goes,
And falling, scrapes the hide all off my nose.
And then another piece falls with a crash,
And then the rest goes down, and I say
"Dash."

And then my blood gets boiling and I say,
By all that's blue, I'll fix you any way.
Once more I go to work. By patience great
I get all but a single section straight,
And that I am about to place, when lo!
The chair I stand on tips: Down flat I go.
While on and round me with a horrid crash,
The whole comes down with one grand
smash;

And then my wife remarks: "I never saw
A man so clumsy!" I say "Hold yer jaw!"
And for a tinsmith send, while I retire
To wash myself and swear, to vent my ire.

WHAT OF THAT?

GOETHE.

Tired; well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely! and what of that?
Some one must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own,
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set,
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be and guided right.

Hard! well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go; get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh

Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry,
He's near thee, whereso'er thy footsteps roam,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

WORK YOUR OWN WAY.

R. J. BURDETTE.

Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law. Keep up with the every-day procession, and do not pull back in the harness. Hard work never was known to kill men; it was the fun that men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact is, most people have yet to learn what fun really is. A man may go to Europe and spend a thousand dollars, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him just sixty-five cents. The theory that the world owes a man a living is false. The world owes a man nothing. There is a living in the world for every man, however, providing the man is willing to work for it. If he does not work for it, somebody else will earn it and the lazy man "will get left." There are greater opportunities for workers out West than in the Eastern cities, but men who go out West to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There is no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man may go out into the far West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger

barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by ten years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young men ought to envy old men or rich men. A man should do well whatever he is given to do, and not despise drudgery. The world wants good shovelers, teamsters, and laborers, but it does not want poor lawyers, poor preachers, or poor editors.

"HERE AM I."

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter; said, "Call louder, child of pain,
See if Allah ever hear, or answers, 'Here am I' again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I.'
And I thought, 'God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise Elias; go

Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from
his gulf of woe;

"'Tell him that his very longing is itself an an-
swering cry;
That his prayer, "Come, gracious Allah!" is my
answering, "Here am I."'

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every "O, my Father!" slumbers deep a
"Here, my child!"

THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,
Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say *lie* and when to say *lay*,
Or what nine sevens may make,
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay,
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake,
So I think it's *my* turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.
The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,
But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell what "phen-dubs" means? I can.
Can you say all off by heart
The "onery twoery ickery ann,"
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can *you* fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
'Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,

And the little birds come and light on its string?
The schoolmaster looked, oh! very demure,
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole,
Or the color its eggs may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
Its young from their nest in the tree?
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?
Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,
Then gaze without trembling below?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
Or do anything else we boys call fun?
The master's voice trembled as he replied,
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.

—*E. J. Wheeler, in Wide Awake.*

AN INCIDENT.

BY AGNES MACDONNELL.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar,
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day,
The crowd uncover as his face they see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe,
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare.
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man;
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, Sire!" the short reply,
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as it went,
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave.
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

NOTE—This incident is narrated by a lady who was living in Moscow when it took place.—*Spectator.*

WOMEN WANTED.

Women are wanted. Ah, yes! Women who know their own business better than their neighbors'. Women who are true and pure. Women who will not weary in well-doing, who will neither flag nor flinch. Women who know their mission. Women who will daily do loving services, gentle little kindnesses—and do them unostentatiously. Women who will see that bare pantries are supplied, and that the shelterless find homes.

Women are greatly wanted. Women who will not drift with the tide, but will courageously stem the current. Women who live to please God, not themselves. Women with noble, generous souls, whose hearts will utter "Godspeed," as workers grow faint and hands grow weary. Women who will not allow their noble impulses to be crushed by the customs of society. Women who will be the stepping-stones to lift people up—not stumbling-blocks to hinder and cause them to fall. Women who listen to the still, small voice and heed its admonitions. Women with clear brains and ready hands and willing hearts, who know their "life work," and do it.

Yes, women are wanted. Women who know how much power there is in a gentle, encouraging word, how much force there is in a hopeful prophecy. Women who will sow their loving acts broadcast, believing that kind words never die. Women who extend a helping hand all along life's pathway. Women with clear understanding, quick perception, and good judgment. Women of patience. Women of forethought, of discrimination, and great generosity. Women who will brave the scorn of this world to be crowned of God.

THE LUMP OF CARBON.

Tell me, lump of Carbon, burning
  Lurid in the glowing grate,
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning,
  Ages past elucidate.

Tell me of the time when, waving
  High above the primal world,
Thou, a giant palm-tree lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
  Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
  Round their roots its billows curled.

Tell me, did the Mammoth, straying
  Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or his weary limbs down laying,
  Sleep away the tardy hours?

Perchance some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
  Waddled up the neighboring strand,
Or leapt into its neighboring sea
  With something of agility,
  Though all ungainly on the land;
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe two Ichthyc beasts colliding,
  Bit and fought their lives away.

Tell me, Ancient Palm-copse, was there
  In that world of yours' primeval
Aught of man in perfect shape?
  Was there good? and was there evil?
Was it man? or was it ape?
Tell me, Lump of Carbon burning

Lurid in the golden grate,
Lies there in each human face
Something of the monkey's trace?
Tell me, have we lost a link?
Stir thy coaly brain and think,
While the red flames rise and sink,
Ages past elucidate.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE SAFEST PLAN.

An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums
an' 'ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat the time is
long gone by,
When sassages an' 'taters use to rain from out de
sky!

Ef you think about it keerfully, and put it to the
tes',
You'll diskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'ully de bes';
Ef you stumble on a hornets' nes' an' make de
critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argerfy de
matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to *shuffle out o' town!*

Dar's a heap o' dreadful music in de very fines'
fiddle;
A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de middle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool;
Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in de humbles' kind o'
mule;
De preacher aint de holies' dat w'ars de meekes'
look,
An' does de loudes' bangin' on de kiver ob de Book.

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's;
Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de peanut stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents,
But Heben an' de organ-grinder gits de copper cents!

I neber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin';
Dat frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a-gittin' tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty sof' an' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's, jes' like me an' you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' 'roun' an' chattin' wid de snake!

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

R. J. BURDETTE.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled

to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him; not a penny dropped into the palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed—when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dreary must his own path appear! Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should any one add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE LANE.

GEORGE COOPER.

Oh! childhood's days so sweet and fair,
I dream of you to-day;
Again I roam, as free as air,
Amid your scenes so gay.

I join in all your songs of glee,
A happy child again;
And oh! with glistening eyes I see
The schoolhouse in the lane.
It stands beside the mossy way,
In memory's dream again;
And still I bless it day by day,
The schoolhouse in the lane.

But where are now the faces bright,
My comrades dear of old?
Our many games of pure delight—
The tales of joy we told?
Our sweethearts, too, of long ago,
We ne'er shall meet again;
I wonder if they now would know
The schoolhouse in the lane.

Oh! sweet the lessons there we learned
From teachers kind and true!
And long my weary heart has yearned
To meet those skies so blue!
For like a flower beside the scene,
Till life's dull, weary wane,
Shall bloom in memory, fresh and green,
The schoolhouse in the lane.

It stands beside the mossy way,
In memory's dream again,
And still I bless it day by day,
The schoolhouse in the lane!

UNCLE SKINFLINT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Christmas is very near, and everybody expects Christmas presents, of course. There's my niece Eleanor, saying to herself: "I wonder what Uncle

Skinflint is going to give me." That is the worst of being worth money. People always expect you to be giving. Well, I'll surprise them this time, for I'm one of those who don't give often, but do something worth while when they start out. Eleanor has no piano. I'll give her one—a grand piano, with carved legs. That and a nice stool I can get for a thousand dollars, and I'll send it home on Christmas night with my love—"Uncle Skinflint's love." No; that won't do, for the poor girl really needs a cloak; and for three or four hundred dollars I can give her a real seal-skin that would last her a lifetime. Yes—no—let me see. Seal-skin may go out of fashion, besides they are too warm for this climate. I will buy her a sewing-machine, and then she can make herself a new cloak every year, if she likes, and frocks, and aprons, and all sorts of things. I'll get one for seventy-five or eighty dollars; very nice present.

And yet, now I think of it—what a pretty watch Huff, the jeweler, showed me the other day. A watch—yes, a watch for fifty dollars. I'll get that. But that won't do, for she'll forget to wind it up. What's the use of a watch that is not wound? Now, a good merino dress, what a comfort that would be! A nice blue, or dark red merino. No—that wouldn't be wise. Second thoughts are best. It is December. In four months it will be too warm for merino. But gloves, now—say, half a dozen assorted colors in a box. But I don't know Eleanor's number. Besides, I have heard that the cheap kind split. But pocket-handkerchiefs with colored borders are nice. A dozen, at twenty cents each, would please her. Nothing could be more useful. There is an objection though; she's always losing her handkerchiefs. Whatever I give her, I

want her to keep to remember me by when I am gone. When I was in the "Seven-cent Store" the other day, I saw some nice nutmeg graters—bronze, with a little hole to hang them up by, and a box for the nutmeg—only seven cents. I'm glad I remember it. I'll get her one of those. It will encourage her to make cake and puddings. And an egg-beater! I'll buy her both; and as I'm never mean, I'll throw in a nutmeg. It's the best bargain you can get for fifteen cents. And as she's going to be married, nothing can be more appropriate. Eleanor will feel that I am sure. I'll go and buy them at once.

A SCHOOL BOY'S TROUBLE.

The witches get in my books, I know,
Or else it's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so
I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper: "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"
And when I fling my book away
They flutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,
And twist the "rules" awry;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy, too;
In fact, the more a fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—
I know not how they look—

And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson book.

Whatever they are I cannot tell,
But this is plain as day;
I never'll be able to study well,
As long as the book-elves stay.

—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT TRY DOES.

SPURGEON.

Of all the pretty little songs you have ever heard, that is one of the best which winds up—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

It is recommended to grown up people who are down in the mouth, and fancy that the best thing they can do is to give up. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. "We shall get through now," said Jack to Harry, as they finished up the pudding; and why not of other things? Everything new is hard work, but a little of the TRY ointment rubbed on the hand and worked into the heart makes all things easy.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try, and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said Try, and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of sight. The young lark said Try, and he found that his wings took him

over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said Try, and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plow, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

"By little strokes
Men fell great oaks."

By a spadeful at a time men dig out the cuttings, cut a big hole through the hill, and heap up the embankment, and the railroad cars spin along.

"The stone is hard, and the drop is small,
But a hole is made by the constant fall."

What man has done man can do, and what has never been may be. Plowmen have got to be gentlemen, cobblers have turned their lapstones into gold, and tailors have become Members of Parliament. Tuck up your shirt sleeves, young Hopeful, and go at it. Where there's a will there's a way. The sun shines for all the world. Believe in God, and stick to hard work, and see if the mountains are not removed. Faint heart never won fair lady. Cheer, boys, cheer; God helps them that help themselves. Never mind luck, that's what the fool had when he killed himself with eating suet pudding; the best luck in all the world is made of elbow grease.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat
Alone, her task pursuing;
She averaged this, and she averaged that
Of all that her class were doing.
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,

And so many girls all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what it all amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation,
And prepared a list of the graduates
For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower,
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades,
And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces,
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State House dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over,
But laborers digging, threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen wandering by,

Paused to look at the diggers,
And picking the skull up, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em"—
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum.
"It's a great curiosity, sure," says Pat,
"By the bones can you tell the creature?"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
Was a nineteenth century teacher."

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet!
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found!
Are thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy country*, and that spot *thy home*.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

M. B. BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veinings delicate, and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so slow;
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran,
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here and see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe,
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vos grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass of beer,
Mit a barefooted hed, and nose but a schpeck,

A mout dat goes most to der pack off his neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcop for making a noise;
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says "mamma," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah —goo!"
You don'd find a baby den dimes out off nine
Dot vos qvite so schsmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboudt,
Und poots efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katarina von derrible schkare;
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt-times dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mid dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill pe ofer den;
Dey vill vare a vhite shirt-vront inshted off a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib—
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

ROOM AT THE TOP.

GEORGE BRANSON.

Do you follow the plow as a matter of choice?
Do you sow? Do you reap? Do you mow?
When the harvest-time comes, does it make you rejoice?
Are you blest with rewards as you go?
Do you often say fail when your neighbors succeed?
Are you crowded by failures? Then stop.
Study why thus it is. To climb high is your need—
There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you stand at the forge from the morn till the night?
And give shape to the sharp-ringing steel?
Does the world, at all times, seem to be with you right?
Or the pangs of grim want do you feel?
Your profession is good; the fault is in you.
If it seems there's no place for your shop—
If others climb high, you must higher aim, too;
There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you move in the circles of science and art?
Do positions of honor you fill?
Do the noblest of schools train your mind and your heart
To do the life-calling with skill?
Do the good and the wise seek to make you their guest?
Or do they from their lists your name drop?
Climb high, if you want the position that's best—
There is plenty of room at the top.

If you toil with your hands, with your mind, with your heart,
If you strive for a name that will live,
You must bend to the work. You must choose the good part;
The best aims a coronet give.
Live a life that is true, leave all grossness below,
On the rounds of life's ladder ne'er stop,
Heaven's bells ring above you, and seraph feet glow—
There is glory undimmed at the top.

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon ft;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled, proved to be a work of time;
So when t'was fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing.
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them out before.

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sung was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she'd reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.—*Our Young Folks.*

THE TWO BROTHERS; AND WHAT ECHO SAID TO THEM.

Once on a time, two little boys,
And naughty ones you'll say,

Resolved, before they'd go to school,
That they would go and play.

The spot they chose to linger at,
And seat themselves to chat,
Re-echoed, or sent back the voice,—
But they did not know that.

Says William to his brother Dick,
"We shall not be found out."
But Echo heard the naughty boy,
And answered, "*Be found out.*"

"I fear," said Dick to little Will,
"That some one overhears;"
He looked to see, and Echo then
Cried, "*Some one overhears.*"

"Oh! never mind," said William then,
"Come, do not be afraid!"
So when they both began to play,
Said Echo, "*Be afraid!*"

"What can it be?" said William;
"Oh, let us go to school,"
For he began to be afraid;
Said Echo, "*Go to school!*"

Then, softly whispering, they said,
"Oh, if our master knows;"
But Echo, hearing every word,
Said, softly, "*Master knows.*"

"What shall we do?" then William cried;
"We must not tell a fib."
And then they heard the Echo's voice
Say, "*Must not tell a fib,*"

So Dick began to cry, and said,
"William, you brought me here!"
Said Echo, in a mournful tone,
"*William, you brought me here!*"

"I never will do this again,
If master will forgive,"
Said Will to Dick; and then the voice
Said, "*Master will forgive.*"

"Then let us go," said little Will;
"Come, Dicky, do not cry."
And in the same tone Echo said,
"*Come, Dicky, do not cry.*"

"We shall not be so very late,
If we make haste away;"
And Echo, with a warning voice,
Cried out, "*Make haste away.*"

Then Dicky dried his tears, and said,
"I will do so no more;"
And Echo, in a cheerful voice,
Then said, "*Do so no more.*"

"Then we'll be off to school," said they;
And off they quickly ran;
And, happily, were just in time,
Before the school began.

Remember, then, my little friends,
Though Echo nothing knew,
There's One above who always knows
Both what you say and do.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The little birds sing merrily at early dawn of day;
The little streamlet glistening goes dancing on its way;

The trees upon the sunny banks wave gently to and fro,
And meet above the little stream that ripples on below.

A sound of happy laughter, a little gleam of white,
And round a curve an open boat comes drifting into sight;
A child with lilies in her hair, and standing at her side
A laughing boy, with flashing eyes, come floating down the tide.

"O! I shall be a soldier, just as brave as brave can be,
And with ten hundred thousand men I'll sail across the sea,
I'll fight a hundred battles, and I'll win them every one;
And I'll be called the bravest man that lives beneath the sun.

"And then, when I come back again, the people will turn out,
And all the bands will play for me, and all the men will shout;
And all the ladies in the land will kiss their hands to me;
And maybe you among the rest. How funny that would be!

"But then you know, I couldn't see just little you alone,
And if I did, I'd only say, 'Why, how that child has grown!'
Because I'd be a soldier then, a-riding on a horse;
I couldn't stop to notice any little girls, of course."

"O! I shall be a princess then. A fairy prince will come,
Like Cinderella's did for her, and take me to his home;
And then I'll be a haughty queen, with jewels in my hair,
And dance all night with lords and kings. But you will not be there.

"Or if you did peep in the door, I'd only toss my head,
And say, 'Why, deary me, it's time the *children* were abed!'"
And now a peal of laughter rises on the sunny air;
And still the boat goes drifting on, and all is bright and fair.

They're drifting, drifting from our view, a brave, right royal band;
The hero of a hundred fights, the Queen of fairy-land!
And as they vanish through the trees, their voices die away;
And still the birds are singing on at early dawn of day.

—*Hearth and Home.*

THE KING'S LESSON.

MARY BRADLEY.

Lokman, the slave of Talmi, stood behind
His master's table as he sat at meat;
And oftentimes it pleased the royal mind
With Lokman to divide some morsel sweet
Of his abundance. It was his conceit
One day to feed him with a melon-rind,

Acrid and bitter, and unfit to eat;
This with no scornful purpose or unkind,
But for a jest: and the king looked to see
The slave's grimaces, but he looked in vain;
For Lokman ate the melon placidly,
Nor of its evil taste did once complain.
It might have been—for all was said or done—
As sweet a fruit as ripens in the sun.

Then wonder at such patience came instead
Of the light laughter for which Talmi planned:
"You eat the thing, and make no sign!" he said;
"You that are used to dainties from my hand!"
"Yea," said the slave, "it was my lord's command
That I should eat; and when I have been fed
Daily upon the fatness of the land,
Should I for this thing be disquieted?
Bitter or sweet, it is enough for me
That Talmi gives it." And for this reply
The king was pleased to make his bondman free—
Acknowledging a lesson learned thereby.
"God is my king; henceforth the king shall meet
With equal grace His bitter gifts and sweet."

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen was with them.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,

The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great and small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

"Oh king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!"

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jeweled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom, well I know.

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

FREAKS OF THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on, like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn was seen [trees;
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees,
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He peeped in the cupboard and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
" This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

THANKSGIVING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye!
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."
"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme
In the hive of the honey bees?"
"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers.

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field
And the gift of the sugar-cane,

The savory herb and the nourishing root,
There has nothing been given in vain.
We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and running o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hands with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home.
"Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!"
Joyfully, gratefully call
To God, the "Preserver of men,"
The bountiful Father of all.

THE CITY CHICKENS.

S. H. BAKER.

Oh, the poor little *city* chickens!
They "peep," and they "peep," and they cry,
But don't know what it is that ails them,
If any one asks them "why."

Ten eggs there were, under their mother,
Ten eggs, in that poor city nest,
And here are but two little chickens,
Old hen—What became of the rest?

"*Cluck*"—"*Cluck*"—and is that all your answer?
Ha, ha! 'tis perhaps quite as well;
When you know there were eight little chickens,
Did all of them die in the shell?

Pray who brought you in from the country,
To scratch for your life on these stones?
I'll insure you long life, if not pleasure,
With so little flesh on your bones.

"*Cluck*"—"*Cluck*"—Oh, with two you're so busy,
With ten pray what would you have done?
But mothers who have a whole dozen,
Are more easy than those with but one.

Little chicks, I'm afraid you're unhappy,
"Cooped up," as you are, in the town;
Wee, peeping yellow things! yet some one will love you,
Especially when you're "*done brown.*"

I charge you keep near your kind mother,
For she knows much better than you,
If you leave her good care you'll get frightened,
And find yourselves quite "in a stew."

"*Cluck*"—"*Cluck*"—Old hen, keep them near you,
And at all times call them under your wings;
Beware of *mankind*, who will tell you
"Your chickens are beautiful things."

You may think you are sure of their keeping,
That they cannot be stolen away;
There are foxes—old hen, in the city,
Sly foxes—who're "watching to prey.'

"*Cluck*"—"*Cluck*"—"*Cluck*"—I see, like all mothers,
You are subject to many a scare;
The constant demand for spring chickens,
Must always make parents—*beware!*

Again I would say, "Keep them near you,"
Let not your affections grow cold;
Though hens never get any credit
For *tenderness*, as they grow old.

WHAT SUSIE SAW AT THE CIRCUS.

O listen, mamma, and hear me say
What I saw at the circus to-day!

I saw two horses sitting down
And eating their dinner with the clown.

One opened a bottle of wine, and one
Ran off with the basket and made such fun!

And the clown was such a curious fellow,
All painted and striped with red and yellow!

Then you should have seen two tall men come,
With, O, such a hoop! like the jubilee drum!

They held the hoop, and the first you knew,
One horse ran round and jumped right through!

Then a lady danced on a pony's back,
And the pony cantered all round the track.

Right up on the saddle the lady stood,
And the pony galloped as fast as he could.

Then thirteen men, all round the ring
Held thirteen hoops, and, the strangest thing!

The beautiful lady leaped thro' them all,
And rode all the while, and did not fall.

Then on three horses rode two men,—
This isn't a riddle, O no!—and then

Another ran out, and sprang from the ground,
And stood on their shoulders and rode all round!

Then some laid carpets and some spread straw,
And, O such capers you never saw!

Backward and forward, and head over heels,
They turned and tumbled, and whirled like wheels.

And a child, not half so big as I,—
Just a tiny thing, about so high,—

Made somersets, and stood on his head,
And looked so limber, the old clown said,—

"He has never a bone in his body, unless
He eats fish;" but that isn't so, I guess!

One walked a rope, and one swung in the air,
Till I grew dizzy watching him there.

Then, O, what wouldn't I give to have been
A lovely girl that came riding in!

Her dress was all spangles and gauzy rings,
And she looked like an angel without the wings.

A boy came next, and I saw them ride
And dance on their horses, side by side.

He took the reins, and rode the pair,
And lifted the girl high up in the air!

His feet on the saddles, her foot on his knee,—
How lovely she looked as she smiled on me!

Uncle Edward laughed, and pulled my curl,
When I wished that I was a circus girl.

"'Tis a hard, hard life she lives," said he:
"'Tis only the pretty outside you see.

"You would find it no play to learn those
things,
And be an angel without the wings!"

And as uncle says, I know it must be;
But O, they are beautiful things to see!

I'll wait till the circus comes again,
And be a good girl at home till then.

OUR TRUSTY.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Seven months old and black as night,
Of the true Newfoundland breed and race,—
"Up on your hind legs, Trusty, dog,
And let Our Young Folks see your face."

Such a grave, good face, with its great brown eyes,
And look of eager, wistful appeal;
There's a full round throat for a ringing bark!
There are strong white teeth for a foe or a meal!

A paw on this knee, a paw on that,—
Isn't he handsome, this dog of mine?
See how he wags his honest tail!
See how his soft eyes glint and shine!

Up, and out on the sunny porch,
With the children running a breezy race;
"Hey! Trusty," here,—"Ho! Trusty," there,—
You cannot match him about the place.

When the sleigh shoots over the snowy road,
And the horses neigh at the fastened gate,
Who hears the sound of the bells the first?—
Greets us early and greets us late?

Who but Trusty? "Down, dog, good dog!"
A voice from the sleigh cries; "Hold! enough!
You'll scatter the mail on the frozen ground;
You'll tear my dress with your gambols rough."

His breath on my cheek,—his tongue on my hand,—
They are but trifles; yet somehow, sirs,
I never feel them, but deep in my heart
A something tender and loving stirs.

Think of the difference 'twixt the two,
The boy and the dog, the dog and the man,
(I say to the children gathered round,—
Long-haired Mary and 'Nace and Stan);—

Think what *you* were at seven months old,—
A chubby baby, dimpled and pink,
Gurgling away on your mamma's lap,
Without the power to walk or think!

And here is Trusty but seven months old,—
"Hey! dog, there's a mouse behind yon boot!

Hey! dog, there's a strange cat under the barn!"
And away he bounds like a grown-up brute.

Come, children, clasp your hands in mine;
This baby don't know where his mother lives,
But we'll make his childhood a sunny one,
If ever kindness a sunshine gives.

No cuff, no curse, no brutal blows,
No taxing the dumb brute past his powers;
But plenty of meat and plenty of love,
And a bright, glad life for this dog of ours.

And down on the banks where the violets blow,
When the spring is flinging her silver rain,
If your foot should slip on the river-brink,
'T is Trusty will fetch you out again.

And all through the long, bright, summer days,
In roadside ramble, in woodland walk,
He'll follow your footsteps, far and near,
His quick bark chiming in with your talk.

Lift up your silken head, good boy,
And look at us all with your deep brown eyes;
Children! the bond is made and sealed,
And Trusty's a nobleman in disguise.

KITTY.

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

Alas! little Kitty—do give her your pity!—
Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
Her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue,

And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled
Wild lilies, which down in the meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty and they were all petted;
While your little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never caressed.
All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-bloom sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;
A light not of sunbeams; a fragrance more sweet
Than the winds blowing over
The red-blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
"See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

Thrice blessed little Kitty! She almost looked pretty!
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity!
O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses,—
Forms made for caresses,—

There's one thing, my beauties! 't is well you
should know:
Though the world is in love with bright eyes and
soft hair,
It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest;
Whither away?

Whither away, Blue-bird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened
thy nest—
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from those who love thee best?
Whither away?

ONLY AN EMIGRANT.

Only an emigrant lying there
On the rock-bound coast of Halifax bay,
With the salt sea damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay!
Only an emigrant! One of five hundred;
Hurled to his doom when some one blundered.

When the rich go down we may reckon the cost!
And value their lives and what they are worth;
But who will weep for the emigrant lost—
This clod of clay that cumbered the earth?
Drive the nails in his coffin-lid:
And let his corpse from our sight be hid.

But list, I pray. Leagues on leagues away,
In a turf-thatched hut on the Irish shore,
There are human hearts which are breaking to-day;
And bright hopes dashed for evermore,
And eyes half blinded with passionate tears,
And the dreary outlook of desolate years.

Only an emigrant lying there,
Lifeless and mute in Halifax bay,
But his soul was strong and his skies were fair
When he left his home—a month to-day.
He fondled his child and kissed his wife
Ere he sought new scenes in the battle of life.

Brawny his hands and brave his heart,
And firm his belief that the hour would come
When those with whom he dreaded to part
Should join him again in a western home,
Hopeful and happy and rich, and free,
In a better land beyond the sea.

Only an emigrant's family there
In the Irish home where the news has sped,
But the terrible look of utter despair
Makes the face of the living as sad as the dead;
For the light of their lives went out that day,
When the ship struck the rocks in Halifax bay.

Only an emigrant lying there,
With his parted lips grown ashen gray,
With the sea damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay!
O merciful God! take his soul to thee,
In the better land beyond the sea.

TO-MORROW.

FANNIE MERRILL.

A golden prize lies just within my grasp;
A little labor and a little care,
And it is mine for aye, to keep and clasp,—
The garnered fruit of years, perfected, rare.
But, ah, the sun lies level on the hills,
I'm weary; just a few hours let me borrow
From the restful Ease; what need of anxious thrills?
The treasure's surely mine upon the morrow.

The day-god spilled his flask of rare red wine
A-tween the drowsy morning's pallid lips;
"Alas! the glowing treasure that was mine
With the uplifting of my finger tips
Has taken wings. Ah me, why *did* I pause
Until I held it safe. Fool that I was!"
And ceaselessly she moaned, but all her sorrow
Brought never back the glory of that morrow.

I hurt my friend to-day with careless words,
I saw the foolish arrow rankle sore;
I did not heed to soothe the pain away,
But laughed, and sang, and jested yet the more.
To-morrow I will sue with humble mien
Her pardon. I will bring, at early dawning,
Pale, dew-drenched roses from the hedges green,
And she will smile upon me in the morning.

The morning came in robes of shivering grey;
Fell from her heavy eyelids teardrops cold
Upon the dead, white roses as they lay
Upon a dead, white face, and hair of gold.
A sound of bitter anguish filled the air;
An anguish hopeless in its great despair.
"Too late! Too late! All life I'd give to borrow
The hours from *Then* until this fatal morrow.

"Why stand ye idle in this shaded way?
Wide is the field and many they that sow.
Oh, haste to scatter seed while yet it's day,
That white and heavy shall your harvest grow."
Hot lies the barren earth on every side,
Why dim my happy hours with toil and sorrow?
To-day's the realm where love and joy abide,
Seed-time and harvest wait within the morrow.

To-morrow and a prison door ajar,
To-morrow and an empty, gilded cage,
To-morrow and a broken bolt and bar,
To-morrow and a blank on life's great page.
Poor, folded useless hands! poor, wasted years!
No time for right or wrong, for toil or tears;
No time for love or strife, for joy or sorrow;
No time for seed or harvest on the morrow.

THE ENGINEER.

Trust to dreams, Bill?
I do! Foolish—still,
Do you mind that culvert—number eight?
I dreamt the train was there,
Dusting it, too. I'll swear!—
We were more'n twenty minutes late!

Right on the edge
Of that trussle bridge
I saw my little pet gal, little Jane!—
She's the very one that's dead,
But I saw her—her head
And her blue eyes—just as plain as plain!

All of a sweat
I whistled brakes, you bet!
But she never smiled or spoke!
She floated to me quick,
Kissed me on the cheek,
And vanished then!—Then I woke.

Say what you will,
Dreams have their meaning, Bill.
Pardner, if I should go up, tell my wife—
God! the culvert—gone!
Jump, Bill! I'll hold on
To the brakes here! Save your life!

Can't get me loose,
Friends—it's no use!
'Twon't be long, though—let me lay.
I'm easy so, when still.
Somebody's call—ah, here's Bill!
Don't fret, pardner—I had to go this way.

Nobody hurt but me?
That's good! Bill, you'll see
The old woman? Tell her, don't complain,
There's money in the bank—
She's other things to be thank—
Ah! stoop down. Kiss your father, little Jane.

HOW ROVER CLEARS THE TRACK.

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

Out of the road, good people,
Our carriage comes this way!
Let common people stand one side
And give us room to-day.
Back, Towzer, to your kennel,
What impudence to stare!
Don't be familiar, Carlo;
My mind is full of care.

That young cat on the door-step
Thinks she can sit and purr,
As though our folks weren't passing—
I'll go and see to her!
There, puss! your back is up, but that's
No difference to me;
Spit, if you like, but stir yourself,
Scratch up that maple tree.

Bother the cats! There's more of 'em,
Well, here goes for a rush!
In ordinary times I dodge,
Now I won't mind a brush;
I haven't time for much dispute,
My errand they have guessed,
And every cat in all the crowd
Seems suitably impressed.

Now here's a line of geese to break,
And a hen or two out there;
And some young, irreverent chickens
Who need a wholesome scare;
For here's the carriage close at hand,
And master driving, too!
And the road so full of wagons,
Dear me, this never'll do!

At 'em again! Surround 'em!
Dear master, look at me!
That team was sent a flying,
The cow is gone, you see.
I'll just annihilate this cart,
Stir up the oxen, too;
For I do the very best I can
To clear life's track for you.

WHAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

I knew a little girl—
You? Oh, no—
Who came to live on earth,
Just to grow;
Just to grow up big
Like Mamma,
Big as grown-up ladies
Always are;
Not to stay a baby
As she came—
Yet each morning found her
Quite the same.

Quite the same, they said,
Not a change
Since she went to bed—
Ah, how strange!

Baby Nell at night,
Baby Nell at morn,
Everything the same,
Not a dimple gone.
They saw her every hour,
So you'll own
If a change had come,
They'd have known.

Yet the clothes grew small—
Bibs and frocks;
Couldn't wear her shoes,
Nor her socks.
Then as years went on,
Seven, maybe,
Not a soul could call
Nell a baby.
Still Mamma declared,
Every minute
She had been the same—
What *was* in it?

She saw her all the time,
So you'll own,
If a change had happened
She'd have known.
Baby Nell herself,
Though uncommon wise,
Ne'er had seen an inch
Added to her size.
Even Pomp, the dog,
Never barked to say
"Nell is not the same
Now as yesterday."

Yet, as I have said,
Clothes kept growing small,

Tight at first, and then
Wouldn't do at all;
Even Nelly's toys,
Skipping-rope and hoop,
Once quite big enough,
Now would make her stoop.
Why, her very crib
Seemed to shrink away,
Till it cramped the child
Any way she lay.

So, from day to-day,
Not a person knew,
Looking straight at Nell,
That she ever grew.
Little baby Nell,
On the nurse's knee,
Baby Nell at school
Learning A B C.
How *did* it happen?
When did she change?
No one had noticed—
Wasn't it strange!

Show me when a bud
Changes to a rose,
Then I'll tell you truly
When a baby grows.

THE INDIAN CHIEF TO THE WHITE SETTLER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but

with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food, on the fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

The stranger came, a timid suppliant—few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, "It is mine."

Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west? The fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east? The great water is before me. No, stranger; here have I lived, and here will I die; and here if thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps! The red man is thy foe. When thou

goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping knife; thou shalt build and I will burn,—till the white man or the Indian perish from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety,—but remember, stranger, *there is eternal war between thee and me.*

IS IT ALL THERE STILL?*

Z. B. GUSTAFSON.

She sat where the great elm's shadow
Across the doorway fell;
She heard the drip of the bucket
In the hollow of the well.

The pleasant rasp from the garden
Of busy spade and hoe,
Beyond, in the sunny meadows,
Her mates ran to and fro.

* Among the poor children sent into the country by the Children's Week association, was one little waif who in all her life before had never seen anything pleasanter than the noisy, dirty streets of the lower portion of the city. Sickening of a fatal disease, the scenes of that one bright week haunted her, and she begged to see the farmer's wife in whose care she had been; and when the good woman entered the bare garret where the little sufferer lay, the child cried out feverishly, "Is it all there still?" and wanted to hear about every place and creature she had seen there. The kind woman took the child back with her into the country, where, in the midst of loving care, surrounded by the beauty of early summer, she peacefully died.

The chirping robin on the bough
Was for one moment still,
Deep dipping into cherries' wine
His thirsting yellow bill.

A whirl of pale gold butterflies
Alighting on the stone,
With flicker of their filmy wings,
In quivering silence shone.

Thousands of them in the meadows
Before her mates had flown;
I know not if she understood
These were for her alone.

At eve, when the cows and children
Came home from field and vale,
In the wonder of the sunset
The child sat dumb and pale.

They clamored for the evening meal;
She neither asked nor stirred,
But took what the housewife gave her,
And ate without a word.

Such morns and noons and nights were hers
For six glad summer days;
Then back to the city's groping life
Of dearth and fret and frays.

Six breathless days of mute delight;
And then—the blinding pall!
Six days!—and just to think for whom
The good God made it all!

* * * * * * * * * *

She lay where the dull wall's shadow
Fell on her bed of straw,

With the largest eyes in the thinnest
Face that you ever saw.

"Is it all there still?" she murmured,
And wrung her feeble hands—
"The woods and the long bright meadows,
The door where the elm-tree stands?

"Do the cows come home when the sunset
Makes the great fire at night?
Do they give you pails and pails of milk?
Is it just as sweet and white?

"When I've been selling my papers,
I've tried to see it all;
But I couldn't, for the dirty street,
The noise, the dingy wall—

"They staid with me always—always;
They shut out field and sky.
Tell me, those things that you planted,
Did they come up by-and-by?

"The stream that ran by the roadside,
The lambs asleep on the hill,
I want so much—so much—to know
If it is all there still."

"Why shouldn't you come to it, my child?"
The kindly housewife said:
And soon the shadow of the elm
Fell on the patient head.

The farmer took the wasted hand
Upon his own broad palm,
And cleared his throat ere he could say,
"You're welcome to the farm."

He held her while the good wife milked
The sleek and healthy kine,
He made her pleasant seats beneath
The oak and fragrant pine;

And carried her from place to place,
She seldom spoke a word,
But smiled and gazed and grew, he said,
"No heftier'n a bird."

Of summer's scents and sights and sounds
The child's soul drank its fill,
Till berries darkened on their vine
By field and wood and hill.

And then, one night—the sun had built
Its great fire in the west—
"Yes, I have seen it all," she sighed,
"And now I want to rest."

O Life, so bright when thou art free!
In bonds so drear and dim!
Who frees thee to one little child
Hath loosed its bonds from Him!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

"Oh! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they'll be all flown away!"

Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.

"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store room my wedding-cake
laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know,
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I
owe!
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own
way.

Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust 'em! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw!

"When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you're a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where's your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown's on and your bride-
groom is gone?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town."
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head;
"Children once burnt of the fire have a dread;
Let your love-stories be,
When you're talking to me;
Sweethearts! I've had 'em! I know 'em!" she said.

THE CROW'S CHILDREN.

A huntsman, bearing his gun a-field,
Went whistling merrily,
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree—

"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"

"I'm going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they'll have to stop."

"O!" said the crow, "My children
Are the best ones ever born;
There isn't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn!"

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"
"O, no!" said the crow, "they're the prettiest birds,
And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled—
Cawing away in her nook;
For she said, "He'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they look!

"Now, there's the hawk, my neighbor,
She'll see what she will see, soon;
And that saucy, whistling bobolink
May have to change *his* tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
Hanging down his back!

"Alack! alack!" said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds,
And you've killed them every one!"

"Your birds?" said the puzzled hunter;
"Why, I found them in my corn!
And, besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born!"

'Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;

"How good and fair her children are,
There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah, I see!" said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

THE TWO ANTIS.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

Extremes in friends will often meet;
So oddly did they in these twain
That should you see them in the street
Scarce from a smile could you refrain.

One day poor Mrs. Gross exclaimed
To Mrs. Spare, "Good news to tell!
You know how long I've been ashamed
At making such a horrid swell;

"Now, don't you think, they advertise
A medicine for such as I;
Of course good papers tell no lies,
One bottle I shall surely try.

"Would you be kind enough, my dear,
To get it for me, you're so thin?
I am so fat, 'twould look right queer,
And surely make the shopman grin!"

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Spare;
"Now the like favor do for me,
My thinness makes the people stare
As much as your obesity.

"Last night I heard this joyful sound:
'*Full testimonials are shown,*

A wondrous cure for leanness found,
No longer be but skin and bone.'

"Ay, that I wont. I vowed outright
That, ere the set of one more day,
To work those curves that charm the sight,
This magic should be on its way.

"Our need we both so plainly show
For its supply, '*tis* hard to ask;
And if for mine you'll later go,
Then yours shall be my instant task."

So Spare went straight for *Anti-Fat;*
And Gross then went for *Anti-Lean;*
At thinking "Where's the need of that?"
Twice had the clerk a smile to screen.

Now both the ladies feared the eyes
They had at home—how keep this dark?
One to the other quick replies,
"Let's strip the labels right off stark!"

And so they did at edge of night;
These foxy friends, while homeward bound,
Tore every hint from fireside sight
In hintless tatters on the ground.

They had exchanged without a look,
With countless thanks for favors done;
As to the dose—why each one took
What seemed the most effective one!

Well! did these Antis prove a cheat?
Oh! not at all—the truth was this,
Our chemist, being quite discreet,
Supposed the ladies asked amiss,

Not knowing Latin. Each had blushed
And stammered over fat and lean,
So with hid smile his judgment rushed—
Letting no question intervene—

But settling from the looks of her,
With what she wished to be supplied;
(For one may lose a customer
If luckless asking hurt the pride);

And trusting he should see it back
If well-read label proved it wrong,
The clerk with eyes politely slack,
Wrapped, tied, and passed the thing along.

They drain the bottles in a week;
They hasten for an interview
With horror blanching either cheek,
But fiery-tongued as any shrew.

For Mrs. Spare had parted then
With her one pound in one week's dose,
While lo! the scales had added ten
To the gross weight of Mrs. Gross!

You'd like to hear, I have no doubt,
Whether the wiser grew the clerk;
Or Ladies Spare and Gross found out
What came of dosing in the dark.

But really here I'm at a loss
Until I see the two,—and then
If Gross is spare and Spare is gross,
Be sure they have exchanged again!

Pros for the *Antis!* Good or bad,
They did as claimed, say what you choose;

For Mrs. Spare lost all she had,
And Mrs. Gross had more to lose!

HOW WOMEN LOVE DRESS.

He sat by a window at twilight,
And placidly puffed his cigar,
He gazed on a neighboring skylight,
And thought of his bank stock at par.

Two voices came upward as high as
The place where he sat from the street,
Two ladies, on "gored" and on "bias,"
Were holding communion sweet.

Then he mused upon feminine folly
And fashion's absurd excess;
And he said with a tone melancholy:
"How women do rave over dress!

"Just get any two of them started
And they'll talk for a month about clothes."
He spoke like a hero, strong-hearted,
Who all such frivolity loathes.

'And the way they oppress the poor creatures
Who build all those dresses and things!
They'd like to make marks on their features
For a little mistake in the strings."

Here a knock at the door. Then a waiter
And a new suit of garments appear.
"Oh, they've come, have they? Strange they're
not later,
Quick, light up the whole chandelier!"

One glance from a proper position
Suffices their fate to decide;

The linings are only silesian,
The trousers a trifle too wide.

"Well, if I don't pitch into that Schindler!
I never did see such a bilk,
Why I *told* the outrageous old swindler
I wanted the linings half silk!

"Oh, hang all the scoundrelly tailors!
The collar's a half-inch too high.
The trousers—They might be a sailor's!
Now *wouldn't* I look like a guy?"

Each glance makes him more and more irate,
"Why, they look even worse from behind!
I'll blow up the sneaking old pirate;
I'll give him a piece of my mind.

"I'm done with the scoundrel, that's certain.
Now, if ever I saw such a sight
May I be eternally———" (*Curtain!*
The rest wouldn't suit ears polite.)

A BLUE STOCKING.

Some years ago I madly loved
A maiden scientific,
Whose knowledge about everything,
Was perfectly terrific.

She writes to-day for magazines,
Essays, and verse, and stories;
And in all kinds of abstruse themes,
She positively glories!

Her mind of long forgotten lore,
Is an unique condenser;

She knows by heart John Stuart Mill,
And likewise Herbert Spencer!

Before her comprehensive brain,
All difficulties vanish,
She's mastered Hebrew, Chinese, Greek,
And French, of course—and Spanish.

In Latin she composes hymns,
And five-act plays in German!
While she in Zend or Portuguese,
Could surely write a sermon!

But when I spoke of love to her
In accents chaste, poetic,
She'd chat for hours to prove that love
Was hate turned sympathetic!

And show by legends, myths, or dates,
And curious Hindoo omens,
That such unintellectual trash
Was unknown to the Romans!

I thought the only way to please
Her most æsthetic optic,
Was quietly to go to work,
And master ancient Coptic!

And this I did, and further wrote
A mammoth life of Moses,
Also three volumes in blank verse
About metempsychosis!

It took me many years, and when
I went unto her dwelling,
I found—she'd run off with a man
Who made mistakes in spelling!

—*Debona.*

THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA.

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

"Almost time for the ball of the last summer night,"
Said a fairy, crimping her hair;
"And my elfin wardrobe is in such a plight
I really have nothing to wear;
I really am quite in despair!

"My buttercup satin is far from new,
And I do not like the tint;
I have worn it twice already, too,
And to wear it again would hint
That I must needs pinch and stint.

"I wish that my wind-flower dress were fresh;
How pretty that used to be!
So dainty a color; so dainty a mesh;
And vastly well suited to me,
With pearls from the spray of the sea.

"My briar-rose silk is slightly defaced;
And I could not match it at all,
For the season is past. It needs a new waist.
I might wear my gossamer shawl,
The weather is so like the fall.

"And this reminds me I surely must get
A new fringed gentian this year,
And a hoar-frost point—so costly! yet
I really must have it, 'tis clear,
Yes, let it be ever so dear.

"Oh, there is my water-lily gown
Imported from Slumber Bay,
With the golden tassels all up and down!

But that will be soon *passe;*
I think I will lay it away.

"My violet—violet's quite gone out;
It will rage, I've no doubt, next year.
Oh, what shall I get! And now that the drought
Has made fairy fabrics so dear!
Well, I must not dawdle here.

"My thistle-down phaeton stands at the gate,
And I must go out for a drive;
I would go to shop if it were not late.
Bless me! 'tis almost five
By the four-o'clock, as I'm alive!

"I have it! I have it! Regardless of cost
I will send to the Silver Cascade
For a gown of that rainbow—pure sun-spinning crossed
With the choicest colors made,
And warranted never to fade.
"I will fringe it with mist. What an exquisite dress!
Most magical thing in air!
And here comes the Humming-Bird Fairy Express;
I will hail it and speak it fair,
For I must have *something* to wear!"

CAWS AND EFFECT.

Nine metaphysicians perched aloft
On the top of a dry pine tree,
Here talked all day, in a marvelous way,
Of arine philosophy.

No wild Cole ridgeon ramblers, they
All over the realm of laws,
They stick to the text, however perplexed,
The doctrine (and practice) of caws.

The biggest crow, on the nearest limb,
Gave first, with never a pause,
A clear, profound, deliberate sound
Discourse of proximate caws.

A theologue, in a cassock clad,
With a choker under his jaws,
And a cold in his head, either sung or said
A treatise of second caws.

And when at the close, the congress rose,
I saw two old crows pause;
And what they said, as they flew o'erhead,
Had a sound of final cause.

No longer in me, oh philosophy,
Thy devotee expect;
In spite of the laws, here's a chain of caws,
And not one single effect.

"I CAN!"

"I can!" Yes sir, we know you can
We read it in your eye,
There is a mystic talisman
Flashing all gloriously!
Speak it out boldly, let it ring,
There is a volume there,
There's meaning in the eagle's wing;
Then soar, and do, and dare!

"I can!" climbs to the mountain top,
And plows the billowy main,

It lifts the hammer in the shop;
And drives the saw and plane;
'Tis fearless in the battle smoke,
And always leads the van
Of young America's brave sons,
They never quailed or ran.

"I can!" he is a fiery youth,
And Will a brother twin,
And arm in arm, in love and truth,
They'll either die or win;
Shoulder to shoulder, ever ready,
All firm and fearless still,
The brothers labor, true and steady,
"I can," and brave "I will."

"I can" e'en on his pleasure trips
Travels by telegraph,
He plumes the snowy wings of ships,
And never works by half;
His music is the humming loom,
And shuttles are his dances,
Then clear away and quick give room
For the noble souled "I can, sirs."

"I can!" Yes sir, we know you can,
'Tis lithe in every limb,
To your blood tis a busy fan,
How can the flame burn dim;
It tensely draws your sturdy nerves,
No bow's without a string,
And when no bow nor bow-string swerves
An arrow's on the wing.

I've got to "sixthly," and would make
A personal "application"
In four heads; listen every one

Of this our Yankee nation;
Banish from you every can't,
And show yourself a man,
And nothing will your purpose daunt,
Led by the brave "I can."

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"Now good wife bring your precious hoard,"
The Norsland farmer cried,
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board
For the blessed Christmas tide.

"And bid the blessed children, fetch," he said
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead,
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good;
Who of the loaves He blest and brake
Fed all the multitude."

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds.

NOTE.—In Norway the last sheaf from the harvest field is not threshed but is reserved till Christmas eve, when it is set up on the roof as a feast for the hungry birds.

THE CHILDREN'S TELEGRAM.

"Is it almost Christmas, mamma?
Isn't it almost Christmas day?"
Mabel loved the sweet old story
Of the baby that once lay

In the manger of a stable,
Cradled thus, the Christ-child, then,
When his birthday gave us Christmas,
With good will and peace to men.

Mabel's soft brown eyes were dreamy,
Sunshine glinted in her hair,
Like a blossom in the homestead
Was this maiden bright and fair.
"Mamma, do you think," she queried,
"It is right for some you know
Such good gifts to have at Christmas
While others have not one to show?

"Nursey says that round that corner
Live a little girl and boy,
And the father's dead, and no one
Thinks to bring them book or toy.
Their mamma has been ill so long;
Paul sells papers all day through,
While little Nellie stays at home,
Why can't they have Christmas, too?"

In the house around the corner
Paul and Nellie talked that night.
A poor home, few were the comforts,
Dark, but for the faint fire light.
Paul said, "I have sold ten papers,
Not a single penny more,
I have never had such bad luck,
Never in my life before.

"What good times we had at Christmas,
When our father was alive!
I can't earn enough to keep us,
Although very hard I strive.
How I wish I could buy something

For our mother, and for you,
'Twould be grand, if the old stories
Of good fairies could come true."

Nell looked up, she had been thinking,
And her face was strangely bright;
"Let's put God in mind we're hungry,
Lonely, too, this dark, cold night.
He has so much else to think of,
Maybe He almost forgot,
Let's send him up a telegram,
For we can as well as not. Write,

"'Mother says that we must pray
Always for the things we need,
And Heavenly Father, Paul and Nell
Want some Christmas gift indeed.
Mother is sick since father went
Up to heaven to live with you,
Paul can't sell his papers now,
And we don't know what to do.'"

From a book a leaf was torn,
Paul wrote all the message there,
Then addressed, "To God in heaven,
The good angels will know where."
And to a telegraph's tall pole,
Paul and Nellie tied it tight,
Said Nell, "It will blow up to heaven,
God will make it all come right."

Mabel's mother in the morning
Very early walking past,
Saw the paper, by a string
To the pole tied strong and fast.
Through her tears the lady read it,
Grieving o'er the message sad;

"For Christ's sake," she gladly answered,
Helped to make the children glad.

Mabel like a Christmas fairy,
Carried gifts each heart to cheer;
Saying, "This is the best Christmas
I have had before this year."
Now the telegraph's tall pole
Paul and Nelly pass with glee,
Often saying, "The good angels
Took our message right, you see."

TAKE THE PAPERS.

Why don't you take the papers? They're the life
of my delight
Except about election time, and then I read for
spite.
Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent, why should you
be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent, at interest
fourfold paid.

An old neighbor of mine while dying of cough,
Desired to hear the latest news while he was
going off.
I took the paper and read of some new pills in
force,
He bought a box, and is he dead? Oh no, not he,
of course!

I knew two men as much alike you ne'er saw two
stumps
And no phrenologist could find a difference in
their bumps.
One takes the papers and his life is happier than
a king's,

His children all can read and write, and talk of
men and things.

The other took no paper, and while strolling
through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown, and killed
him very good.
Had he been reading of the news at home, like
neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident would not have hap-
pened him.

Why don't you take the papers? nor from the
printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy a copy every
week.
For he who takes the papers, and pays his bills
when due,
Can live in peace with heaven and man, and with
the printer, too.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep watch on your words, my schoolmates;
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like bees' fresh honey,
Like bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the bitter contest,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind,
If they come to rest the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit

Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my schoolmates,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard our lives, and ever
From the springtime of our youth,
May the words that we daily utter,
Be the beautiful words of truth.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none who knew the singer,
And few that heard the song.
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet, as with love untold,
Surely those hearts were hardened
That it left, so proud and cold.

But one, in a distant corner,
A woman worn with strife,
Heard in that song a message
From the springtime of her life
Fair forms rose up before her,
From the midst of vanished years
She sat in happy blindness,
Her eyes were filled with tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
That listener rose up slowly,
And went her way alone.

Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong,
And she prayed: "Heaven bless the singer,
And oh, thank God for the song."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue, when about to swear, lie, speak harshly, or use an improper word. Hold on to your hand, when it is about to pinch, or strike some one, and take what is not your own.

Hold on to your feet if they want to kick a living thing, or run away from study or work, into mischief or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or when all are angry with you. Hold on to your temper —you will feel sorry to lose it. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times; for it is of more value than gold, high position, or fine clothes. Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do through all time.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you, under all circumstances. Hold on to your good character, for that is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

STAY ON THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low;
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They've wealth in red gold, no doubt,
But ah, there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You are free as the air in the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow;
Remember you have nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

A BOY'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

Hurrah for the jolly old Spring time!
I know it's coming for sure,
By the mud I cover my boots with,
And forget to wipe off at the door.

And this is the week of vacation
That comes with the spring-time, you know,
Oh, dear, how the days fly like minutes,
But mother thinks they are slow.

I know that we make the house muddy,
And nearly distract her with noise;
But this is the spring time vacation,
And we must enjoy it like boys.

We know it is spring when the hooples,
And tops, balls, and marbles, are out;

When boys that have moped all the winter,
Begin to stir lively and shout.

We are now all ready for marbles,
New patches adorn all our knees;
Our fingers are nimble and limber,
Don't have to wear mittens, or freeze.

There's leap-frog, we've played at all winter,
It's good for the muscles and blood,
We take to it fresh in the spring time,
What's softer to sit in than mud?

The girls are all talking of flowers,
And blue birds, and breezes, and brooks,
And are hunting up all the sweet verses
About "lovely spring," in their books.

It comes pretty hard on a fellow,
When he don't hear the first robin sing,
Or find the first flower, to tell him
"He don't care a bit about spring."

Don't every glad shout give it welcome?
Don't every glad leap tell our joy?
Yes! Hurrah for the jolly old Spring time,
What more could you ask from a boy?

THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held across the briny waters,
And now, said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."

Then down he sat, in burly state, and blustered
like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune, called "Yankee
doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle, these are facts, Yankee doodle
dandy;
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax, you Yankee
doodle dandy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy
duties rated,
But whether Hyson or Bohea, I never heard it
stated.
Then Jonathan began to pout, he laid a strong em-
bargo,
"I'll drink no tea, not I," so he threw overboard
the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks
to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played
Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy,
I'll poison with a tax your cup; you Yankee doodle
dandy.

A long war then they had, in which John was at
last defeated;
And Yankee doodle was the march to which his
troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan to see them fly, could not restrain
his laughter,
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I'll sing it ever
after."
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with
beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more, this Yankee
doodle dandy.

Yankee doodle, ho, ha, he,—Yankee doodle dandy,
We've kept the tune, but not the tea, Yankee doodle dandy.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as dull and stupid, what a pity!
With Hail Columbia it is sung in chorus full and hearty;
On land and main we breathe the strain, John made for his tea party.

No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air of Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, firm and true, Yankee doodle dandy,
Yankee doodle doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy.

THE TIN BUCKET AND THE WILLOW BASKET BRIGADE.

Have you seen as I have seen in the early morning gray
Ere the sunbeams riped the mountain tops,
The workman on his way,
To his busy scenes of labor, with trowel, or with spade?
He's one of Heaven's nobility, and belongs to the brigade.

While the merchant in his palace, in dreams gloats o'er his gold,
While the loafer in the market house, lies slumbering in the cold,

Our hero with his bucket bright, goes whistling to his trade.
God bless him! and all the noble men who belong to the brigade.

Then in the early morning gray, when laggards lie in bed,
The maid with basket on her arm, goes forth to earn her bread;
Her modest mein commands respect, though in calico arrayed,
What a noble wife she'll make for him who belongs to the brigade.

God bless the honest sons of toil who with the lark arise,
And hasten to their labor, ere the sun illume the skies;
God bless the modest maidens all, who ply their daily trade,
If I were hunting for a wife, it would be in this brigade.

TURN TO THE RIGHT AND KEEP MOVING.

On the Brooklyn bridge, as a crowd surged by,
That wonderful structure proving,
This placard greeted each traveler's eye;
"Turn to the right and keep moving."

'Tis a matter for you, dear boys and girls
Whose value is worth the proving,
Through this busy world, as you pass along,
"Turn to the right and keep moving."

You will come to many a turn in life
Where two ways meet your approving,

Avoid the left, though it looks most fair,
"Turn to the right and keep moving."

On the left hand road, snares wait your feet,
Its promises fair disproving,
At the end is despair and death,
"Turn to the right and keep moving."

The wine cup is there with its deadly spell,
Profanity, truth outrunning,
Tobacco, too, with its noxious breath,
And all that you should be shunning.

With your hands extended for noble deeds
With your life all sin reproving,
With eyes fixed ever upon the goal,
Turn to the right and keep moving.

TO THE GIRLS.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no word of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility in this matter, because you are girls. To shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfill it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal of the value of your smiles; do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frown, and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow, a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man, who now shares his time in your society and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass socially now and then, is made to feel that these things

cannot be, if you are to be his companion at party, ride, or at church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then Alcohol will tremble on his throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face.

GOD'S SCHOOL.

One by one as the days go by
To learn our lessons we bravely try;
For every hour some task is set,
Difficult, easy, short or long,
And whenever we come to it, weak or strong,
Somehow or other it must be met.

Graded well is this school of ours
Each one's duties within his powers,
And his tasks are things that he needs to know
And many a time does the page grow dim,
And the hours go by so slow, so slow.
Before tired eyes the hard words swim.

Various ages are gathered there,
Flaxen ringlets and thin gray hair,
Alike fall over the lesson books,
And often the little ones laugh in glee
At the beautiful words their bright eyes see,
While the old sit silent, with grave, sad look.

Skillful teachers assembled here
Patiently labor, year by year;
Never mistake in their work was known.
Only the scholars, weary or vexed,
Idle, impatient, tired, perplexed,
Suffer from errors all their own.

The spirit teaches the highest class,
Time takes all as they onward pass;
  Joy is claimed by the happy few
While care, experience, labor, pain,
Treasures of knowledge help us to gain,
  And conscience conducts the grand review.

But, patiently learning, day by day,
We shall some day hear the Master say
  That our school days here are done;
And after the last long term shall pass
We may be transferred to that upper class,
  Where the advanced work is begun.

BEING A BOY.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

One of the finest things in the world to be, is a boy; it requires no experience; though it does need some practice to be a good one.

The disadvantage is—he does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man—and is very uneasy with the restrictions put on him as a boy.

The life of a farm boy has so many bright spots in it—I sometimes think I would like to live it over again. I would almost be willing to be a girl, if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain why, when he is sent to borrow some yeast, he stops to

stone frogs. He is not exactly cruel but he wants to see if he can't hit 'em.

It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys; a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. He is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart wheels" by the roadside have supposed he was idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.

LAW OF INCREASE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

There went a man from home; and to his neighbors twain
He gave, to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar, one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went, and strewed it in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
"Here, take it—'tis the same—thou hast it safely back."

Unharmed it looked without; but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there he finds no more.
One half of what was there proves rotten and decayed;
Upon the other half have worms and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap in ire to him he doth return;
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
He answered, "Come with me and see how it has sped;"
And took and showed him fields with waving harvest spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out, and cried, "This one
Had insight to make up for the other that had none;
The letter *he* observed, but thou the *precept's sense;*
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence.
In harvest, thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me—
The residue of right remains in full for thee."

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

I don't like grandma at all, said Fred,
And he drew his face in a queer grimac
The tears were ready to fall,
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
Disturbing her nap on the soft warm rug.

Why, what has poor grandma done? I asked
To trouble the little boy?

Oh what has she done
To scatter the smiles of joy?
Through quivering lips the answer came.
"She called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

She did? Are you sure? And I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.
I can scarce believe dear grandma would grieve
The feeling of either pet.
What did she say? "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred.
"She called my kitty—a—quad—ru—ped."

THE GRUMBLER.

HIS YOUTH.

His cap was too thick, and his coat was too thin,
He couldn't be quiet; he hated a din;
He hated to write, and he hated to read.
He was certainly very much injured, indeed!
He must study and toil, over work he detested;
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be;
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small, and his taxes too big,
He was selfish and lazy; and cross as a pig;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
And all because he was uncommonly good.
He hadn't money enough out to spare,
He had nothing at all fit to eat, or to wear.
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than he fears,
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years.
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his children, his life's little day.
But alas! 'tis too late! it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray;
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be
There is no one so wretchedly wretched, as he.

LITTLE BREECHES.

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

JOHN HAY.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I believe in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips
And my little Gabe came along,—
No four-year old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;

I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold,
That he said war somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They just stooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

RESIGNATION.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In the great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

FOR BASSWOOD CHAPS.

The boy that likes spring or summer or fall
Better than old King Winter
Is a sort of basswood splinter—
Soft stuff; in fact, he's no boy at all.

Away from the stove, and look out there!
Did ever you see a picture so fair?
King Winter from mountain to plain,
Not a beggar in all his train.
The poky old pump,
The ugliest stump,
One is in ermine from chips to chin,
The other—no lamb can begin
To look so warm and soft and full,
Though up to his eyes in wrinkles of wool.
See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!
Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge—
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,
Shabby as shabby could be,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;
But Winter—The great and the small,
Angelic and ugly, all

His tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

Who is afraid he'll be bit to death
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?
There's more real manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee;
Never were merrier creatures than they
When summer is hundreds of miles away.
Your stay-in-doors, basswood splinter
Knows not the first thing about winter.
A fig for your summer boys,
They're no whit better than toys.
Give me the chap that will off to town
When the wind is driving the chimney down,
When the bare trees bend and roar
Like breakers on the shore.
Into the snowdrifts, plunged to his knees—
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,
Pulling his little duck legs along:
The road is full, but he is bound to go through it,
He has business in hand and is round to do it.
As yonder you see him, breaking paths for the sleighs,
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:
One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,
No basswood there, but good hard hickory!

THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do!
I'll be great and noble, and good and true;
I'll visit the sick, and relieve the poor,

No one shall ever be turned from my door.
But I am only a little girl now,
And so the years pass on.

"When I am older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;
My time is now full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day.
But I am only a little girl now,
And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I ll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world, with its dazzling toys;
But I am only a little girl now
And so the years pass on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares, and doubts, and fears;
"I've kept putting off the time to be good
Instead of beginning to do, as I should,
But I'm an old woman now!"
And lonely the years pass on.

Now! is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;
Make others happy by deeds of love
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And you will be happy now,
And happy as years pass on.

THE MILKMAID.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said;

"Let me see,—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well then,—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens, I mean;
Of these some may die,—we'll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen! not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley; how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,—
So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three—and—six,
To prevent all mistakes; that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said,—
Fifty times three—and—sixpence—I'll ask Brother Ned.

"O, but stop,—three—and—sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as this!

Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess,—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds I am certain will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese, and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

THE COCKNEY.

JOHN G. SAXE.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,

It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted,
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honor,—
Though, of course, 'twas very qneer,—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *H*art of making beer!

* * * * * * *

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *h*Americans spoke *h*English,
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York.
When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess

Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still)
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

THE NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.

Things aint now as they used to be
A hundred years ago,
When schools were kept in private rooms
Above stairs or below;
When sturdy boys and rosy girls
Romped through the drifted snow,
And spelled their duty and their "abs,"
A hundred years ago.

Those old schoolrooms were dark and cold
When winter's sun ran low;
But darker was the master's frown
A hundred years ago;
And high hung up the birchen rod,
That all the school might see,
Which taught the boys obedience,
As well as Rule of Three.

Though 'twas but little that they learned,
A hundred years ago,
Yet what they got they ne'er let slip,—
'Twas well whipped in, you know.
But now the times are greatly changed,
The rod has had its day,
The boys are won by gentle words,
The girls by love obey.

The schoolhouse now a palace is,
And scholars kings and queens;

They master algebra and Greek
Before they reach their teens.
Where once was crying, music sweet
Her soothing influence sheds;
Ferrules are used for beating time,
And not for beating heads.

Yes, learning was a ragged boy,
A hundred years ago;
With six weeks' schooling in a year,
What could an urchin know?
But now he is a full-grown man,
And boasts attainments rare,
He's got his silver slippers on,
And running everywhere.

THE CHARGE OF THE RUM BRIGADE.

MARY S. WHEELER.

All in league, all in league,
All in league onward,
All in the Valley of Death,
Walked the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Rum Brigade!
Cheers for the Whisky Raid!"
Into the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Rum Brigade!"
Were all their friends dismayed?
Yes; and the soldiers knew
Each one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to *drink and die.*

Into the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.

Drunkards to right of them,
Drunkards to left of them,
Drunkards in front of them,
One million numbered.
Oaths fell like shot and shell,
Rum did its work so well.
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Walked the Six Hundred.

Garments torn—cupboards bare—
Children with naught to wear;
Sleeping in gutters their
Fathers are lying, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged into want and woe,
Onward they madly go.
Weeping in anguish,
Wives sit, for well they know,
Shattered and sundered,
None will come back who go
Of the Six Hundred.

Curses to right of them,
Curses to left of them,
Curses behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by those who sell,
They, who had paid so well,
Well had been plundered.
Clenched teeth and livid brow,
Delirium tremens now,
Thus young and old men fell
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell,
Not one was left of them,
Left of the Six Hundred.

How did their glory fade!
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Weep for the charge they made!
Weep for the Rum Brigade!
Fallen Six Hundred.

PART III.

PRESENTATION SPEECH.

DEAR TEACHER:—I have been chosen by the school to ask your acceptance of this slight token of their esteem and affection for you. We, as your pupils and friends, have desired to show in some manner our appreciation of your ability and fitness as a teacher, and of your kindness and patience in dealing with the weaknesses and follies we have so often shown. That desire finds but a feeble expression in this memento toward which each has added his mite, but let this token, however insignificant its value, assure you that we are not wholly ungrateful for what you have done for us. We know that we can make no proper return for the aid you have given and for the kindness you have shown us, yet we offer this, our little gift, and with it our warmest wishes for your welfare. Faithfully and earnestly have you labored with us, and we hope to do credit to your teachings. We have learned to look upon you not as a teacher but as a friend, and in the years to come when we shall apply your lessons of patience, kindness, fortitude and energy to the real problems of every day life the memory of your labors in our behalf will not let us forget the debt we owe to you.

In conclusion, we ask that you will forgive our many offences, both of omission and of commission. Though our relations as teacher and pupils must soon be severed we trust that this memento will bring up only pleasant recollections of your labors here and assure you that we shall always hold you in warm remembrance.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Banked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see

If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and saber-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh,
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom!" or "leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,

Though on the lips of death;
Praying alas! in vain!
So they could once more see
That burst of liberty!

This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment!

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

GOD WILLS IT SO.—*A Plea.*

J. H. GREGORY.

I.

It's a horrible thing of course, I own,
This habit I have of taking my dram,
But it's firmly fixed in the brain and bone,
And matters but little—I am what I am.
What troubles it you if the damning sin
Of thirst clings to me wherever I go?
It springs from the passions that boil within,
They are all from God—He willed it so.

II.

What matters it if, where the wine cups shine
I often sing in a madman's mood;

Does it trouble you, friend, if the red of wine
Dye a deeper stain with a fellow's blood?
What matters the evils in all that train,
The fierce, harsh oath, the angry blow?
They're all from God—He formed the brain—
It moves the hand—He willed it so.

III.

Now, I never asked for this life of pain,
Or for the clay prison that holds my soul;
Or for the glittering hopes we chase in vain,
Or for the wild passions that spurn control.
I am such as he made me;—brain, body and limb,
To me were given, and this I know,—
All things that come from the hand of Him
Must end in good—He willed it so.

IV.

And I ask to be but the thing that I am,
Though my praise sounds not on lyre or lute;
I'm "God's own image,"—I am a man;
In man's own image a very brute.
Good cometh from evil, there's naught in vain;
Perhaps some others may shun my woe.
Out of my evil, I say again,
That good will come,—He willed it so.

V.

Let me bury my past in the grave of the past,
Let my future be in the future still;
But little I care how it ends at last;
Events change never by the human will.
Let me hold as ever within my breast
Those passionate longings which none may know,
Place over my grave, when in dust I rest
The magical words—God willed it so.

GOD WILLS IT SO.—*Answer.*

I.

Then matters it not if the human soul
With the noble powers which God has given
To the sinful passions yield control,
Nor seeks to rise to the light of heaven?
Oh, matters it not if each noble thought
Is given up to the taint of sin—
That life's great work is all unsought,
When a royal guerdon you might win?

II.

Thou "didst not ask for this life of pain;"—
True, life is a gift to each unsought;
But do you deem the thinking brain,
With its mighty power, was given for naught?
God gave the mind and the will so strong,
Gave reason's light the right to show,
With power to choose; if you choose the wrong,
How can you say that "He wills it so"?

III.

"Thou art as He made thee,"—stop and think
Of the far-off time in the long ago,
Ere you learned to love the maddening drink
That has blighted soul and body so,—
Canst thou not feel the touch again
Of a mother's hand upon thy brow?
Thou *wert* what God made thee then,
Thou *art* what *sin* hath made thee, *now!*

IV.

Yes, "bury the past in the grave of the past,"
But the future lies open before thee still!

Wilt thou not seek the good at last?
You may rise to the light if you only will.
O turn away from the road to death!
God joyeth not in mortal's woe;
But He asks of all who have life and breath,
A life of truth, for He wills it so!

THE OLD.

ANON.

Give me the old songs—those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given to them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and, as I "launch my boat" upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earth-land!

Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne;" *sweeter*, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have been parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we

seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And oh! above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours with a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! Oh, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home.

THE COUNT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF NUREMBURG.

O'er the gray old German city
The shadow of mourning lay:
More tenderly kissed each mother
Her little child that day.

With a deeper prayer each father
Laid his hand on his first-born's head,
For in the castle above them
Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.

Slow moved the great procession
Down from the castle gate,
To where the black-draped cathedral
Blazed in funereal state.

And they laid the little child down,
In her robes of satin and gold,

To sleep with her dead forefathers
In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping
'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
She heard as it were a rustling,
And little feet come nigh.

She started up in the darkness,
And with yearning gesture wild,
She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading,
Said, "I've come, O mother dear,
To ask if you will not lay me
Where the little birds I can hear;

"The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.

"In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear

"And I'm all alone, dear mother,
No other child is there;
Oh, lay me to sleep in the sunshine,
Where all is bright and fair.

"I cannot stay, dear mother,
I must back to the moans and gloom;
I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
Till you take me from my tomb."

Then the Countess roused her husband,
Saying, "Give to me, I pray,
That spot of green by the deep fosse,
Where the children love to play.

"For our little one lies weeping,
And asks, for Christ's dear sake,
That 'mid song and sunlight and flowers,
Near children her grave we make."

And the green spot was made a garden,
Blessed by priests with book and prayer,
And they laid the Count's little daughter
'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a playground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.

—*Mrs. R. S. Greenough.*

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

My Dear Fellow Grumblers:—Poets, philosophers, and fools of all ages, have been writing and preaching on the art of being happy, without a mighty sight of seals to their ministry, I guess.

But as many can't be satisfied unless miserable in body and mind, I'm going to show all such persons the several means to be used for the attainment of such a desirable end.

In the first place, my beloved whiners, in order to attain any end, you must get up a stiff resolution to conquer. Yes, my hearers, you must set down your foot, grit your teeth, let your resolution be as stiff as a boiler plate, let your firmness be as unwavering as the rocks of Gebyralter. Be deter-

mined to be miserable, and you shall get your desires. Never mind what people tell you about bounties of Providence and the beauties of Nature, the balmy breezes of spring, the twittering and warbling of birds, you must sheer off from them like a wealthy upstart from a poor relation.

Put on a sour, savage, snapping turtle phizmahogany, look daggers, and act out your feelings; this is the first great commandment with misery. Think you are the most forsaken mortal that misery ever held a mortgage on. Hate mankind. Call 'em all liars, cheats, swindlers, villains. Look at everything on the wrong side. If it has no dark side, make one, just so as to enjoy yourself looking at it. Take it for granted that everybody about is specially interested to torment you. Fight everything and everybody. You can't hit amiss. The world is all wrong. Everybody is a villain but yourself, and it is your duty to teach mankind manners. Go at 'em! You can't fail to be miserable.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

Ten o'clock! Well, I'm sure I can't help it!
  I'm up—go away from the door!
Now, children, I'll speak to your mother
  If you pound there like that any more.
How tired I do feel!—Where's that cushion?—
  I don't want to move from this chair;
I wish Marie'd make her appearance!
  I really *can't* do my own hair.
I wish I'd not danced quite so often—
  I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard
To refuse a magnificent dancer
  If you have a place left on your card.

I was silly to wear that green satin,
It's a shame that I've spotted it so—
All down the front breadth—it's just ruined—
No trimming will hide that, I know.
That's me! Have a costume imported,
And spoil it the very first night!—
I might make an overskirt of it,
That shade looks so lovely with white.
How horrid my eyes look! Good gracious!
I hope I didn't catch cold
Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy;
If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold!
She says he's so fast—well, who isn't?—
Dear! where is Marie?—how it rains!—
I don't care; he's real nice and handsome,
And his talk sounds as if he'd some brains.
I do wonder what *is* the reason,
That good men are all like Joe Price,
So poky, and stiff, and conceited,
And fast ones are always so nice,—
Just see how Joe acted last evening!
He didn't come near me at all,
Because I danced twice with Will Stacy
That night at the Charity ball.
I didn't care two pins to do it;
But Joe said I mustn't,—and so—
I just did—he isn't my master,
Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know.
I don't think he looked at me even,
Though just to please him I wore green,—
And I'd saved him three elegant dances,—
I wouldn't have acted so mean.
The way he went on with Nell Hadley;
Dear me! just as if I would care!
I'd like to see those two get married,
They'd make a congenial pair!

I'm getting disgusted with parties;
I think I shall stop going out;
What's the use of this fussing for people
I don't care the least bit about?
I *did* think that Joe had some sense once;
But, my, he's just like all the men!
And the way I've gone on about him,-
Just see if I do it again!
Only wait till the next time I see him,
I'll pay him back; won't I be cool!
I've a good mind to drop him completely—
I'll—yes I will—go back to school.
The bell!—who can that be, I wonder!—
Let's see—I declare! why it's Joe?—
How long they are keeping him waiting!
Good gracious! why don't the girl go!—
Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—
Quick, Marie, and do up my hair!—
Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes it-
How slow you are!—I'll pin it—there!

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

M. A. DENISON.

An' sure I was told to come in till your honor,
To see would ye write a few lines to Pat,
He's gone for a soger is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a stripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what'll ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer honor to spake with a pen,
Tell him I m well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby yer honor) is better again.

For whin he wint off so sick was the craythur,
She niver hilt up her blue eyes to his face;

And when I'd be crying he'd look at me wild like,
And ax "Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gravin,
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin
And a bullet gone straight through the heart of my boy.

Tell him to send us a bit of his money,
For the rint and the docther's bill, due in a wake,
And sure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
I' faith had no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over such trifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willing, oh what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honor don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Connor! oh, God it's some ither,
Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
It hasn't hed time, yer honor, to dry.

Dead! dead! O God, am I crazy?
Shure it's breaking my heart ye are telling me so,
And what in the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
O what can I do? where can I go?

This room is so dark,—I'm not seein' yer honor,
I think I'll go home,—and a sob hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear welled up to her eye.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN.

Though I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies round at ease,

As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard
to please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to
love.
While her tones unspoiled, unstudied, had the soft-
ness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the
pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melo-
dious lines:
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an
earnest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the
heavens that were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah! I did not under-
stand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average
human hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable
pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in
the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles
vein;
She began with "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce
against the paayne,
And the beacon light a trremble"—which although
it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's
rendered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired
the Melting Mo-a-n,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would
have liquefied a stone.

Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in frenzy roll;
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me grievous pain
That she rose in social gatherings, and "Searched among the Slain."

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb.
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity had come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played a polonaise,
I associated strongly with those happier August days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs forgotten quite,
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm romance;
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in France?
Oh as she "cullimbed" that ladder, swift my mounting hope came down,

I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dear to all our hearts this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded with the sunshine of prosperity, and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There's magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead: and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging—the "abomination of desolation standing

where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men or glorious deeds, or glorious places, its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

THE RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Important as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on these points. The more I perceive a disposition to check the inquiry of freedom by extravagant and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone in which I assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cabin, and cottage in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming, at all times, to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and at all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.

OUT ON A FLY.

Dressed in my wedding suit this morning, I
Reached the mayor's office. There I found
my fly.
It chose me out of all the wedding band,
And dashed against my neck. With gentle
hand
I waved it off, not dreaming it could be
Intentionally hostile,—and to me!
The fly undaunted, from my neck arose,
And the next moment settled on my nose.
I made no motion this time. For no doubt,
I thought, 'twill take us turn and turn about.
Not so. The hero of the day was I.
I was selected by that demon fly
Full twenty times—how could I change my
place?—
It lighted, tickled, settled on my face.
It bothered me persistently. Of course
If it flew off it came back with fresh force,
And whilst, in silence, in his pompous tone,
The mayor pronounced the words that made
two one,
The fly (you know the tactics of its race)
With its six legs walked slowly round my
face.

It was too much! Blind fury seized my soul;
My thirst for vengeance baffled self control.
I struck my hand out—we stood side by side—
I struck my hand out—and I struck my bride.
Her father flung himself at once on me—
"The fly," I cried, "the fly!" "Yes, yes," cried he.
Then with a voice that sounded like a roar,
"You'd beat her, would you? Yours the chance no more."
A milder father might have seen the fun.
Five minutes more and the whole thing was done;
Had I had patience, the mayor's words for life
Had given me power to correct my wife.
'Twas no use reasoning, my chance was o'er,
He whirled me round, and shoved me to the door.

* * * * * *

I stand here ruined all through thee, O fly!
Not that I mean exactly I shall die;
But of all shabby wretches among men
Is he who went forth as a bridegroom, when,
He slinks home single. There I was all ready,
Had turned my new leaf, grown extremely steady.
My bride complaisant, wealthy, fair and sage,
Brought all a man could ask for at my age.
True, she was not so very, very fair—
Coarse man her father! Yes, I do declare
He almost struck me right before the mayor.

Had she been beautiful—why then, indeed,
But now I think of it, she has full need
Of some illusion to make out she's fair,
With her bold stride, and supercilious air.
Upon the whole I always thought her plain—
Nay, downright ugly, now I think again;
Fat, heavy, clumsy; why, as she gets old
She may become an object to behold—
Obese. That word is fatal. Woe is me!
How near I came to grief unwittingly!
A coarse, fat wife, her brutal father rude—
Fly, but for thee—accept my gratitude—
I might have fallen in this frightful snare,
Round my own throat have fixed the noose with care,
Renounced at once my pleasures and my peace.
The capitol, they say, was saved by geese—
And thou hast saved me. Fly, I won't forget.
Henceforward round my ears I freely let
Thy humming cheer me at my board and bed.
By day, by night, come buzzing round my head.
Buzz on, for time may fail thee. Lose it not.
Who knows? Elsewhere some bridegroom loathes his lot,
And waits thine aid. Go, let thy mission be,
To do for others what thou didst for me!

—*From the French by Mrs. Latimer.*

SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.

EDWARD C. JONES.

The plan is fixed; I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate
Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell, my old renown!
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown;
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne; I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band,
And therefore to the strong I yield this heart and hand.
What else befits me? I have misapplied
The nation's funds, and ever gratified
Each vaulting wish, though justice wept the deed;
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry
Of creditors appease, and satisfy
Demands which haunt me more than dreams of blood,
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood?
Stay? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.
Go? And my path, though smooth, like Tartarus is dark.
These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.

Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, Washington!
And must the stronghold of his hope be won?
Won? Twenty thousand scarcely could invest
That sure defence, which o'er the river's breast
Casts a gigantic shadow; but my plan
Dispenses with the formidable van,
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,
With few sulphurous clouds to blot these azure skies.
And yet a pang comes over me—I see
Myself at Saratoga; full and free
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men;
Among the wounded am I numbered then,
And my outgushing feelings cling to those
Who periled all to face their country's foes.
Ah! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,
And gratulation scarce its pæan ceased,
I thought not then, oh, God! the stamp of shame
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned fame.
Avaunt, compunction! Conscience to the wind!
Gold, gold I need—gold must Sir Henry find!
A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I
Commander of their forces? To the sky
Ever goes up the peal for Washington.
Is he a god, Virginia's favored son?
Why should the incense fume forevermore?
Must he my skill, my prowess shadow o'er?
Ere this autumnal moon has filled his horn,
His honors must be nipped, his rising glories shorn.

Ah! he securely rests upon my faith—
Securely, when the specter dims his path!
How unsuspecting has he ever been;
Above the false, the sinister, the mean!
But hold such eulogy—I will not praise;
Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.
West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say,
Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,
Blot Saratoga, hearth and home abjure,
Andre I meet again—the gold I must secure.

TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

The universal consent of mankind has accorded to Washington the highest place among the great men of the race. This is not because of his great military capacity, but because of the moral and intellectual qualities which he exhibited both in war and peace. He has no peer in the combination of absolute disinterestedness, sound judgment, knowledge of the character of his country, integrity, prudence, untiring industry, patience, self-command, comprehension of things in their largest relations, rapid decisions in emergencies, dignity, and grace of demeanor. Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, Ellsworth, came to him as to a superior, submitting to his august judgment the maturest product of their own genius. The weight of Washington's personal character and his profound and unerring wisdom achieved the independence of his country, secured it from anarchy during the gloomy period that followed the war, secured the adoption of the Constitution, and of the great measures needful to its successful inauguration

and administration. His Farewell Address is a most perfect compendium of the rules of public conduct, which, if observed by his countrymen, will make the Republic great and perpetual. The annals of the human race exhibit no other instance of the results of a single statesman's life which can be compared with these.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

I do not forget that there have been other men, in other days, in other lands, and in our own land, who have been called to command larger armies, to preside over more distracted councils, to administer more extended governments, and to grapple with as complicated and critical affairs. Gratitude and honor wait ever on their persons and their names! But we do not estimate Miltiades at Marathon, or Pausanias at Platæa, or Themistocles at Salamis, or Epaminondas at Mantinea, or Leuctra, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, by the number of forces which they led on land or on sea. Nor do we gauge the glory of Columbus by the size of the little fleet with which he ventured so heroically upon the perils of a mighty unknown deep. There are some circumstances which cannot occur twice; some occasions of which there can be no repetition; some names which will always assert their individual pre-eminence, and will admit of no rivalry or comparison. The glory of Columbus can never be eclipsed, never approached, till our New World shall require a fresh discovery; and the glory of Washington will remain unique and peerless until American Independence shall require to be again achieved, or the foundations of Constitutional Liberty to be laid anew. Think not that I am claiming an immacu-

late perfection for any mortal man. One Being only has ever walked this earth of ours without sin. Washington had his infirmities, and his passions like the rest of us; he would have been more or less than human, had he never been overcome by them. He made no boast of virtue or of valor, and no amount of flattery ever led him to be otherwise than distrustful of his own ability and merits.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes, and repeat virtue by all names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions—the history of his age and its progress—the history of man and his destiny to be free. But, whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the Leader or Ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. Drawing a sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror. Peace he welcomed as the

heaven-sent herald of Friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated, for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood; proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

At last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone of the colossal shaft—rather from the ancient temple of peace that once stood hard by the palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of revolution, fabricated from the ruins of battered bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stands forth now, the republic of republics, the nation of nations, the constitution of constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues contributed of their wisdom.

ULYSSES.

[The following eloquent tribute to General Grant is from the pen of Robert Buchanan, and was written a few weeks previous to the hero's death.]

One sunset I beheld an Eagle flying
'Mong the lone mountains of the Hebrides—
Faintly he falter'd on, half spent and dying,
Between the kindled crags, the darkening seas.

Before the wind he sail'd on feeble pinions,
From chasm to chasm, from lonely peak to peak;
King had he been for years of those dominions,
And kingly seem'd he still, tho' worn and weak.

Piteous it was to see that bird imperial,
Whose flight had known no bounds, whose strength no chain,
Drifting in desolation to his burial
Somewhere in those cold regions of the rain.

Yet have I lived to see a sight more sorry,
Here in the mighty land where men are free-
The eagle-warrior, lone with all his glory,
Floating thro' clouds, close to a sunless sea!

The shape that on the wind of tribulation
Hover'd, and ruled the tempest like its lord,
The soldier-hero who redeemed a nation,
And cut man's chains asunder with his sword.

The silent leader, who arose victorious
Out of a flood of hate, a sea of death,
Now, fallen on darkness and a time inglorious,
Flutters so near the ground, with failing breath!

Oh, God! it seems but only yester even
The trumpet of Euroclydon was blown,
The storm-cloud gather'd, and the fiery levin
Lighted the world, and flash'd from zone to zone!

'Mid sounds of lamentation and of weeping,
Cries of the waking who had slept so long,
Upcircling swiftly thro' the tempest sweeping,
The eagle rose, with flight supreme and strong.

His voice was in the storm, above the thunder,
His war-cry thrill'd the land from shore to shore!
Not till the battle cloud was cloven asunder,
He sought his eyrie, and look'd down once more!

Feeble and weary, yet thro' all disaster,
Silent and self-contain'd, serene and proud,
Master of men, and of his own soul master,
Behold him drifting now, from cloud to cloud!

So wearily his slow, sad flight he urges,
Unrestful, fearless-eyed, as heretofore,
Then pauses, calmly list'ning to the surges
Thund'ring so near, on some eternal shore.

The people raise their pitying eyes to view him,
Weary he is and weak, yet will not rest,
Tho' Washington is brightly beck'ning to him
From the yet widening blue of yonder West!

But lo! a Form, with radiant robes around her,
Uprises, follow'd by a shadowy train,
Crowns him with love who once with glory crown'd her,
Blesses the hands that broke her last strong chain!

Smile then, Ulysses! Tho' thy Troy hath ended,
Tho' all thy life's long Odyssey is done,
By Lincoln and the martyr-hosts attended,
Columbia kneels before her soldier-son!

What tho' a little space, when homeward sailing,
Thou saw'st the treacherous isles where sirens dwell?
The sweetest songs they sang were unavailing
To keep God's warrior underneath their spell.

Thou wast not made to herd with things polluted,
Grasp dust of gold, and fawn at Circe's knee;
Thy flight was sunward, not thro' chasms rooted
With leaves that fall from Mammon's upas-tree!

Rest, wanderer, in the sun, Columbia kisses
Her soldier's honor'd brow, and clears its gloom—
And this white lily of love she brings, Ulysses,
Was plucked upon thy brother Lincoln's tomb!

O FACES PITIFUL AND PALE.

[Apropos of the agitation concerning the condition of the London poor, the following verses appeared anonymously in the *Spectator*. Their skeptical, pessimistic tone may be overlooked in consideration of the author's sympathetic insight into the desperate nature of the social problem. Instead of bewailing "the rarity of Christian charity," he deplores the fact that the undoubted benevolence of the race has not yet found a way to release Lazarus from his dependence on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.]

O faces pitiful and pale!
O misery beyond conceit!
O empty verse of small avail!
O weary hearts! O flagging feet!
Brothers and sisters, in your pain
Ye cry for help, and cry in vain.

For by the God who made us all,
How can we help you if we will?
We cannot make you fair and tall,
Nor cure your loathsome hurts until
Ye learn our healthy joys to share,
Fresh water and the morning air.

Nor can we change the soul within,
The body that its fashion shows;
What care of ours could serve to win
Your spirits from their earthly woes?
Give you high thoughts and noble lives,
Glad mothers make you, and pure wives?

In dirt and sin ye all were born,
In sin and dirt ye all were bred;

Not yours in truth, not yours to scorn
The offal that is food and bed;
Wallow until your lives be through;
Satan's godchildren, take your due.

The master whom your father served
Will bate no tittle of the wage;
Deformed, enfeebled, and unnerved,
Ye totter to your early age,
And earth's embrace soon shrouds the few
For whom the sky was never blue.

Around your life a wall is built;
In pain and toil ye plod apart;
The livery of your soul is guilt,
And grief the girdle of your heart;
For he who held you at the first
Has cursed you, and ye shall be cursed.

And we, we would do something more,
Something for you, O faces pale!
Than those who sought your paths before,
And labored on, content to fail,
Well satisfied, though nothing done
That at the least their heaven was won.

"Man doth not live by bread alone,"
The full-fed bishop cried at ease,
You asked for bread, we gave a stone;
We have preached Christ for centuries;
Until at last you learn to scoff,
So few seem any better off.

Yea, half I hold myself to blame,
That not in pity of your cause,
So much as in pursuit of fame,
And ragged shreds of vain applause,

For mine own pleasure, I rehearse
Your sorrows in indifferent verse.

Something, but what? You cry for gold;
And we, who have more precious grist,
What you demand dare not withhold,
Despite the stern economist;
Take it; 'tis all that we can give;
For it is all you will receive.

Take it; disperse the rich man's store;
Take it, and satisfy your need;
Then misbeget some millions more
For our posterity to feed.
We cannot measure worlds by rule,
Nor put a continent to school.

Live on, and learn contempt for life;
Know terror dim, and vague mistrust.
There comes one end to either strife;
Time shall inhearse your fate in dust,
And we, the sad account who keep,
Will weep in silence—if we weep.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

I—PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

Squarely prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt,
Plain—from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry bare and brown—

Stands the hall that not July—
While the folk throng anxious by—
Where the Continental Congress meets within the Quaker town.

Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes rushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry, waiting, stands;

"Ring!" he cries; "the deed is done!
Ring! they've signed, and freedom's won!"
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope with his strong and sturdy hands;

While the bell with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant—peals the news to shore to sea;

"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and right than might are stronger,
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"

II.—NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

Triumph of the builder's art,
Tower and turret spring and start—
As if reared by mighty genii for some prince of eastern land.

Where the southern river flows,
And eternal summer glows—
Dedicate to labor's grandeur, fair and vast the arches stand.

And, enshrined in royal guise,
Flower-bedecked 'neath sunny skies;
Old and time-stained, cracked and voiceless, but where all may see it well;

Circled by the wealth and power
Of the great world's triumph-hour—

Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests
the bell.

And the children thronging near,
Yet again the story hear
Of the bell that rang the message, pealing out to
land and sea.

"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and right than might are stronger,
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"

III.

Prize the glorious relic then,
With its hundred years and ten,
By the past a priceless heirloom to the future
handed down.

Still its stirring story tell,
Till the children know it well—
From the joyous Southern city to the Northern
Quaker town.

Time that heals all wounds and scars,
Time that ends all strifes and wars,
Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can make
the cannon dumb,

Still shall join in firmer grasp,
Still shall knit in friendlier clasp,
North and South land in the glory of the ages yet
to come.

And, though voiceless, still the bell
Shall its glorious message tell,
Pealing loud o'er all the nation, lake to gulf, and
sea to sea:

"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and right than might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"
—*E. S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

O Life! O Death! Ye dread, mysterious twain,
Baffling us from the cradle to the bier;
Phantoms that fill our souls with strange, vague fear,
Elusive as the forms that haunt the brain
Of the sick raver. Question we in vain
The lore of all the ages, sage and seer,
To answer why and who ye are, and clear
The clouds that round you evermore remain.
Whence come ye? Whither go ye? None may say—
One leads man walking in an idle show
Along the myriad paths of joy and woe
To where the other waits to bear away
The enfranchised soul, that chartless ocean o'er
To the dim land whence man returns no more.

II.

O Life! O Death! How good ye are and fair,
As, luminous in the glory of God's love,
Ye stand revealed, His angels from above!
Angels we've entertained, though unaware—
The janitors that wait our souls to bear
Through either gate of Being; not to rove
Unguided, but in course prescribed to move,

Fixed as the planets' paths that roll through air
In Christ's "dear might," your Lord and ours so bold
With reverent courage, lo! the veil we raise
Erst wrapped around you, and with wondering gaze
Your solemn beauty undismayed behold,
No more dread mysteries our souls to scare,
Making Life Vanity, and Death Despair.

III.

Life is no sleepless dream, as poets sing;
Death is no dreamless sleep, as sophists say.
A deeper wisdom tells us brothers they,
Loving, though parted until Time shall bring
The twain together in their journeying.
To part no more, on that supremest day,
When Heaven and Earth and Time shall pass away,
And Christ shall reign o'er all as God and King.
Yet, till they meet, there stands a third between,
A brother, like, yet differing from each,
And he is Sleep, whose mission is to teach
What Life's and Death's less mysteries may mean,
Till Life's watch o'er, "we fall on sleep," to spring
To deathless Life through Death's awakening.

—*John Francis Waller in Blackwood.*

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

In his wind-shaken tent the soldier sits,
Beside him flares an oil lamp smokily,
Whose dim light glooms and flickers on the sheet
Of rustling paper that, with eager eyes

And heart intent he reads. Now with a smile
The flaxen-bearded, sunburnt face lights up,—
A smile that in the smiling breeds a pain
Within his yearning heart; the gentle hand
That those sweet, loving words hath traced, will he
Ever again in his protecting clasp
Enfold it? Who can tell! He can but kiss,
With wild intensity, the page that hand
Hath touched. Each line, each word read and reread.
At last there is no more. With swimming eyes
He looks, and drinks her name into his soul,
Yet see those lines with pencil widely ruled,
Where largely sprawl big letters helplessly:
What do they say, those baby characters,
So feebly huge?
"Loved papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker,
His strong hand trembles, and the hot tears burn
In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words.
What need to see? The words are stamped upon
His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there.
The wind on gusty wings sweeps by, and lo!
With its wild voice, his child's sweet treble mingles
In accents faintly clear:
"Loved papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

And now his head is bowed into his hands,
His brave heart for a moment seems to climb
Into his throat and choke him. Hark! what sound
Thus sharply leaps among, and slays the sad

Wind-voices of the Autumn night, with shrill
And sudden blast? The bugle call, "To arms!"
And startled sleepers, at its fierce appeal, [wake,
Half dreaming, clutch their swords and gasping,
How many soon to sleep again—in death!
And on that father's heart the pealing cry
Strikes cold as ice, though soldier there's none braver,
For still above the bugle's thrilling breath
That pleading child-voice sweetly calls:
"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

* * * * * *

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn
Doth coldly creep, with ruthless touch revealing
All that by darkness had been hid, and there,
Amongst the stalwart forms that stiffening lie
Upon the blood-soaked ground, where they lie the thickest
There is one found with flaxen hair and beard
Dark dyed with gore, a bullet in his heart!
A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched,
'Gainst the cold lips his right hand did press
Some childish writing by his life-blood stained.
What are the words? One scarce can read them now:
"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"—*Temple Bar.*

THE LIGHTNING-ROD PEDDLER.

WILL CARLTON.

Will Carlton tells us how a lightning-rod dispenser
Dropped down on him one day

With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.
He agreed with everything that was said to him,
And had no views on any subject whatever that were adverse.
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known.
He said he'd experiences quite similar, of his own;
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years;
He had laid awake till morning with that same brood of fears.
I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go,
He was on that very ladder only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain;
He had seen the self-same pictures, though not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics were different, and at first he galled and winced,
But I argued him so ably, he was very soon convinced.
And it was getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day,
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay.
And he sat among us, everlasting trim and neat—
And he asked a short, crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat.
Then for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp;
Talking like a blessed angel, eating like a blarsted tramp.

My wife she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet
(It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat),
And he hinted that some ladies never lost their early charms,
And he kissed the latest baby, and received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views;
And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave down the latest news.
He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple pie,
When he paused and looked upon us, with a tear in his off eye.
Then he went on to tell how his wife and children
Had been killed by lightning, since which time
He had wandered and cared for naught,
But to save other loved ones whose lives have yet been spared—
And sell to virtuous people, lightning-rods at cost.
A contract for rodding the house was signed,
And that very day with some wagons came some men both great and small,
They climbed upon my buildings, as if they owned 'em all.
They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em, much against my loud desires,
They trimmed 'em with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires,
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they trimmed and wired still—
And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.
My soft spoke guest a-seeking, did I race, and rush and run,

He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile
further on.
"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want
a mile of wire
To save each separate haycock out of heaven's con-
suming fire?
Do you think to keep my building safe from some
uncertain harm,
I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of the
farm?"
He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid
of guile,
And he pointed to the contract with a reassuring
smile;
It was the first occasion that he disagreed with
me—
But he held me to that paper, with a firmness sad
to see.
And for that thunder story, ere the rascal finally
went—
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

CHRISTMAS.

SCOTT.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed in holly green.
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
The lord under a gating share
The merry game of "Post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And generous voice the happy night,
That to the cottage and the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.

THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day, been to a stylish one;
And seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done.
You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day,
The sisters were fixed up so fine, they hardly bowed to pray.
I had on these coarse clothes of mine,
Not much the worse for wear;
But then they knew I wasn't one they call a millionare,
So they led the old man to a seat, away back by the door,
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, reserved there for the poor!
Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine,

They led him to a cushioned seat, far in advance of mine;
I thought that wan't exactly right, to set him up so near,
When he was young and I was old, and very hard to hear!
I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
So through the hour of service, I could only "watch and pray."
Watch the doin's of the Christians, sitting near me round about,
Pray that God would make them pure within, as they were pure without.
While I sat there looking all around upon the rich and great,
I kept thinking of the rich man, and the beggar at the gate;
How by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.
How at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight
From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night.
There he learned as he stood gazing at the beggar in the sky,
"It isn't all of life to live, or all of death to die."
I doubt not there were wealthy sires, in that religious fold,
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old.
Then returned home from their worship, with their heads uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door, with naught to satisfy.

Out, out, with such professions! they are doing more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's shining way
Than all the books of infidels, than all that has been tried
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem, since Christ was crucified.
I'm old, I may be childish, but I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin' in a Christian piety;
Jesus told us in his sermons, on Judea's mountain wild,
He that wants to go to heaven, must be as a little child.
Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts are beating low;
In a little while the Master will call for us to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful eyes
We'll see no stylish worship, in the temple in the skies.

WORK.

If some great angel spake to me to-night
In awful language of the unknown land
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays are worn on brows that ache.
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
Should I choose Love, to fill my empty heart
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for Love's rapture hath an after smart,
And on Love's rose the thorns are manifold.

Should I choose Life, with long succeeding years?
Nay; earth's longest life is longer time for tears.
I would choose work, and never failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way.

Ah, if an angel came to me to-night
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasure infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will, and work, and strength go hand in hand.

—*All the Year Round.*

ADVICE TO SERENADERS.

Don't stand right under the porch and howl, but get out in the middle of the street, or better still, on the other side of it. Distance lends enchantment to the sound.

Don't let your screaming tenor soar an octave above all the balance of the chorus and remain there, setting everybody's teeth on edge for blocks around; and above all, don't let him sing a solo; probably there is nothing in the world so suggestive of serene contentment and perfect bliss as the spectacle of a calf chewing a dish rag; but the nearest approach to it is your seedy tenor standing apart in sickly attitude, with head thrown back and eyes uplifted to the moon, piping his distressing solo.

Now do not pop lightly over this matter, friend, but ponder it with that seriousness which its importance entitles it to.

As soon as you start off gag your tenor, otherwise he will be letting off a screech every now and then to let the people know he is around. Your amateur tenor is notoriously the most self-conceited of all God's creatures.

THANKSGIVING IN YE OLDEN TIME.

A life more happy seemed to fill
The homestead 'neath the sheltering hill;
A gentle stir of winds at play,
That kept in mind Thanksgiving Day.
Upon the roof-tree sloping down,
Of late had come, a glistening crown
Of snow, and dropped beneath the eaves,
The woodbines red, and withered leaves.

And thus the homestead peaceful stood
Amidst November quietude.
Inside, the housewife plied her art
With busy hand, and anxious heart;
For three whole days, a conflict dire
Is waged 'twixt eatables and fire.
Still does the crane not cease to groan,
Still does the oven hold its own.

Now, conscious of her skill and might,
The house-dame with her skirts drawn tight,
And cap askew, with flying strings,
The closet fills with dainty things.
The children peep with eyes aglow
To see her place the pies in row,
And steal to get with smack and sniff,
Of steaming conserves, just a whiff.

The day has come! The blushing morn
Now hears the lumbering stage-coach horn

That 'mid the echoings of the hills,
The homestead with a tremor fills.
First at the door, the grandsire gray
Puts forth his staff, his steps to stay;
The toddler, prattling at his knee
Thrusts forth his head, the coach to see.

The stalwart son, who bides at home
Into the doorway too, has come;
His wife and baby now appear,
Hark! 'tis the sound of wheels they hear.
The stage at last, with stately sweep,
Comes round the curve, and from it leap
The city sons who left the farm,
And join the group with greeting warm.

Quick bounding at the prick of goad
A pillioned nag trots up the road,
And pausing at the humble stoop
Adds two new comers to the group.
The meeting house looms white and bare
High on the hill, above them there.
And in its steeple thumps and sways
The bell that calls to prayer and praise.

The feast, at last! The grace is said,
And up bobs every eager head.
And bright eyes, like some greedy power,
Go seeking what they may devour.
The turkey at the feast is lost,
The chickens get their drum sticks crossed.
And empty plates just filled with pies
The good wife marks with smiling eyes.
Each finds his limit reached at last;
The apples come, the nuts are passed.
The mugs of cider, brimming stand,
And jokes fly round on every hand.

So goes the day till evening comes,
And on the hob the kettle hums;
The roasting apple puffs its cheek,
And children play at hide-and-seek.
Perhaps this day, in years to come
May find them wanderers from home.
And with joy-haunting memories cheer
The shadows of that changeful year.

COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night, and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Give them the meed they have won in the past
Give them the honors their future forecast,
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die;
Hearts that have yearned for the home far away.
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now those great spirits are soaring above.
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found there a grave.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away;
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day.
They who on mountain, and hillside, and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass blade creeps round their repose,
Sweetly above them the wild floweret blows,
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When at the angels' loud trumpet and tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,
When the great world its last judgment awaits,
Then the blue sky shall fling open its gates,
And the long columns march solemnly through;
Blessings for garlands shall cover them o'er,
Fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers,
Cover them over, these brothers of ours,
Cover them all with beautiful flowers.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled;
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep in the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
Each with the battle blood gory
In the dust of Eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go;
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall;
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Bordered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest, and field of grain;
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drops of rain.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding
The generous deed was done
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Nor the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

A PLEA FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

Ye call them dumb; and deem it well,
Howe'er their bursting hearts may swell
They have no voice their woes to tell,
As fabulists have dreamed.
They cannot cry, "Oh Lord, how long
Wilt thou, the patient Judge and strong
Behold thy creatures suffer wrong
Of those Thy blood redeemed?"

Yet, are they silent? Need they speech
His holy sympathies to reach,
Who by their lips could prophets teach,
And for their sakes would spare;
When wrestling with his own degree
To save repentant Nineveh,
He found to strengthen mercy's plea,
"So many cattle" there?

Have they no language? Angels know
Who take account of every blow;
And there are angel hearts below
On whom the Eternal Dove
His pentecostal gift hath poured,
And that forgotten speech restored
That filled the garden of the Lord,
When nature's voice was love!

Oh, blest are they, the creatures bless!
And yet that wealth of tenderness,
In looks, in gesture, in caress,
By which our hearts they touch,

Might well the thoughtful spirit grieve,
Believing, as we must believe,
How little they from man receive,
To whom they give so much!

They may be silent, as ye say,
But woe to them who day by day,
Unthinking for what boon they pray
Repeat, "Thy kingdom come."
Who, when before the great white Throne
They plead that mercy may be shown,
Find awful voices drown their own,
The voices of the dumb!

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU.

My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And said I might stay till she came if I'd promise never to tease,
Nor speak, till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?
And then, you'd feel so strange here alone, and you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be just like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.
'Spose you try, I won't tell. You're afraid to; oh, you're afraid they would think it was mean?
Well, then, there's the album, that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean;

For sometimes sister says I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
Ther's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she aint so good looking, of course.
This is me, it's the best of them all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that! it's the only one that could be bought.
For that was the message to pa, from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more, till he first got his money for that.
What? Maybe you're tired of waiting? Why often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front curls to frizz,
But it's nice to be sitting here, talking like grown up people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.
Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why my goodness; he used to be here day and night,
Till folk thought he'd be her husband, but Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? No, you're not a rich man, they say;
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now are you? and how poor are they?
Aint you glad that you met me? Well I am; for I know that your hair isn't red,
But what there is left of it, is mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming, but I wish I could wait just to see
If she ran up to you, and kissed you, in the way that she used to kiss Lee.

THE WIFE'S STORY.

W. B. HARRISON.

My story, marm? Well, really now, I haven't much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eye could see
How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed;
Now just peep into the larder, marm, there's sugar, flour and tea,—
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer,
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year.
He pays his debts, is strong and well, and kind as man can be,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low,
As if he didn't dare to meet the folks he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free,

And that is what the Temperance cause has done
for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through
the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs, and nothing
on their feet.
But now they've shoes and stockings, and warm
garments as you see—
And that is what the Temperance cause has done
for John and me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped
their play,
But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table
cleared away
The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climbs
his knee,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done
for John and me.

Ah! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and
of pain,
The children have their father back, and I my
John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm,—they're tears
of joy, to see
How much the Temperance cause has done for
my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward
look and say;
"O heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his
pledge to-day,"
And every night before I sleep, thank God on
bended knee,
For what the Temperance cause has done for my
dear John and me.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough,
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh, and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the little black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud,
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd.
But from all the people round, came no sign of a reply,
Save the little black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,

Were long letters from the husbands, and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to win or die,
And a silvery teardrop glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures, how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find,
So she paused and pondered with a pretty little sigh,
Then resolve shone through her features, and shrewdness fired her eye.

As she confidently walked up to the wagon, old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him, from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she.
As she clambered on the wagon, minding not the passers by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!

Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are spry,"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing, at the strange, ungirlish freak,
While the boy was scared and panting, and so dazed he could not speak;
And, "Miss I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching those who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing, that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

MAN AS A HOUSEKEEPER.

Man is a creature that has always elicited our unqualified admiration. He is in many respects useful, and by a judicious arrangement of blue cloth and brass buttons, can often be made to a certain degree, ornamental. In the sphere of action for which his many characteristics have qualified him, we accept him without a murmur; but when it comes to having him foisted upon us as a housekeeper, we indignantly reject him. We have wintered and summered him in that capacity, and he is an ignominious failure. For the ornamental part of housekeeper he is peculiarly unfit-

ted; his soul is closed and his vision dim to the truly beautiful. He scorns bric-a-brac, and is not susceptible to the refining and ennobling influences of the tidy. If there were fifteen tidies in one chair, he would manage to crumple ten under him, and get up with the others on his back.

He is an enemy to decorative art, and if not watched, will go to bed on the pillow shams. He pulls the bedclothes out by the roots when he gets up, he leaves water in the washbowl, and hangs the towel up on the floor. He makes a hat rack of the piano, and expects to find his slippers just where he kicked them off last week. His idea of being comfortable is to throw every door and window in the house open; and as to harmonious arrangements of lights and shades, his mind is perfectly blank.

He was never known to make knots in a towel and chase flies out of a room, and if he does not see what he wants the minute he opens a drawer, he knows it is not there, and you cannot convince him to the contrary. His mind is not nimble at taking hints. It will readily be seen that he is by nature and education totally disqualified to act as goddess of the home.

WHICH SHALL WIN?

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The grop shop is a two edged sword, and cuts both ways at once. It is a rotating machine for the marring of souls. It catches our young men and boys before they reach the church and Sabbath-school—while they are on their way—and they never reach its doors, or else it catches them

as they return, and mars or neutralizes the blessed lessons there imparted. Between the two there is the old "irrepressible conflict" over again. It is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, and only one can win. And in the warfare, we of Christ's army are outnumbered. There are twelve saloons to every church; twelve bar-keepers to every minister. The church opens its blessed doors two or three days in the week; the saloon grinds on and on with its mill of destruction all the days of every week; all the months of every year. That we are outnumbered is not all. We are outgeneraled as well. The people of the rum-shop purpose in their hearts, not only to mar and neutralize, but to obliterate and replace the lessons of church and Sunday-school. They have their series of lessons with which our International Series can not at all compete. They have studied carefully the tastes, tendencies, and preferences of our boys and young men, their natural and innocent taste for variety, fondness for amusements, preference for young company, and they pander to all these in ways that take hold upon death. Whether we educate or not, they appreciate the value of line upon line and precept upon precept. The rum-shop has its literature, of which I would not speak. It has its music and its object-lessons fitted to go with its literature. Said a gentleman, who had reformed; "In the rum-shop, conscience is a superstition; virtue a jest; the religion of Christ a cunningly-devised fable; Christ an exploded myth. The name of God is heard alone in curses there, and immortality is but the feverish fancy of a madman's brain. There is not a commandment of the decalogue; there is not a precept of the Sermon on the Mount; there is not a rule of life that ever fell from

the lips of Christ, the violation of which is not hailed with plaudits in the saloons."

So much for the education of the rum-shop. When may we best offset it—where and how? We may do this best in childhood, in the home, and in the public and the Sabbath-schools.

A SPRING CLEANING.

'Tis morn! on leaving home around I glance,
All there is luxury and elegance;
The dog and cat upon the hearth rug lie,
My sweet wife kisses me good-bye;
While servants bring my hat and coat and cane;
With so much comfort, how could man complain?
'Tis noon, as to my home I then draw near
I hear the sound of blows, the atmosphere
Is but a stifling, blinding cloud of dust,
That is from the carpets beaten, I mistrust.
And horror-stricken to the house I fly,
A scene of desolation meets my eye;
The carpets up, the curtains down, the fires out,
Furniture all upset and piled about,
While back and forth with heads in towels bound
With skirts looped up a foot above the ground
And arms all bare, fly creatures,—can it be
My lovely wife, and servants neat, I see
Tearing about in those outlandish duds,
And stirring up the horrid smell of suds?
The dog, once scalded, from them keeps aloof,
The cat has climbed for safety to the roof;
And in the room where I had thought
To find a toothsome dinner, they have got
A grimy African who joys to swing
A whitewash brush, and spatter everything.
But I am not forgot, my feast is spread

Out in the wood shed, on a barrel head,
One slice of bread, a dish of warmed up beans,
Some water in a mug, a plate of greens,
Oh, banquet rich; and best of all, you see
I've brought a fellow home to dine with me.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay,
Tiring of games and idle jest
As swept the hours along,
They cried to one who mused apart,
"Come friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said,
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me, long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause?"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said
As to his feet he rose,

"Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."
"Sing us one more," the captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;'"
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the soldier sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.
And up from many a bearded lip
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer that mother taught
Her boy long years ago.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh,
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ase and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
At length his lonely cot appears in view
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things toddlin', stacher through [glee.
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out among the farmers roun;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears;
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistress' command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,

And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek,
Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny see's the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That yant the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas twomond auld, sin lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guileless blood for guilty man was shed;
How, He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crown and coronets be rent!
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand, a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

THE CONSECRATING INFLUENCE OF THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let him sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all with life itself, into the scale of battle.

We began the war for the Union alone, but we had not gone far into its darkness before a new element was added to the conflict, which filled the army and the nation with cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that could not be misunderstood, the nation was taught that God had linked to our own the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were indeed "one and inseparable." It was this that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing as they went down to battle—

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make man holy, let us die to make men free—
> While God is marching on."

With such inspirations, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an incident, illustrative of this thought, which was my fortune to witness near sunset of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their number, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soldier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter." This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were these who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed at the life of their country. Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed!

THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we

hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights. It means free hands, free lips, self-government, and the sovereignty of the individual. It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom. It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of liberty. It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the Government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty. It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State, and his country. It means that the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned. It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every State, abroad in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws; that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will—of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected, and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. The flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be, and, like the banner of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a lang-

uage which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

MACBETH BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

SHAKSPEARE.

(*Macbeth, Act II., Scene I.*)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee;
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw!
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on the blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before,—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,

Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words of the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

(*Abridged.*)

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.
It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had awakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.
The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.
But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
And the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.
From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd;
Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael's stood.
But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,—
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,

On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand,
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.
"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships,—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.
"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.
Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Ah! see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fail? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black

Now, loud, the shouts of the people have rent
the quivering air;
At the church-door mayor and council wait with
their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a
touch of his hand,—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass
a deed so grand.
But why does a sudden tremor seize on them
while they gaze? [and amaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled
his life to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the
sable face of a slave;
With folded arms he was speaking in tones that
were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the
eyes of the crowd:
"You may keep your gold; I scorn it! but answer
me, ye who can, [of—a man?"
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed
He stepped but a short space backward; and
from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor
called for a pen, [who ran;
And the great seal of the city, that he might read
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out
from its door,—a man.

HONEST POVERTY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that and a' that!
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

(*Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.*)

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
And honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man

Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake ; 't is true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its luster ; I did hear him groan ;
Aye ! and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius !"
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates ;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar ; what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but only one man!
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

CHARLES HOEY.

(*Abridged.*)

The first thing I remember, was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say,
"Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you are sending them to;
Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of the father and son;
Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them doomed every one,
To fall, as it were by your hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;

I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise in the distance? That, I could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came, till it made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me, and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that, yelling so shrilly? Ah! I know now! it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts, some demon seemed holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay unconscious 't was impossible to tell,
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a-hell;
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,

And of the day we all shrink from, when I must
account for their lives.
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glar-
ing madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their
grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me
they sped;
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma,"
were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river
should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly
noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubt-
less an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though
she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them
one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she
left for this dark, fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her, and while search-
ing for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and rec-
ognized—Maggie, my wife.

O Lord! thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou
hast shattered my pride!
My life will be one endless nightmare, with Mag-
gie away from my side!
How often I'd sat down and pictured that some
day I, p'r'aps, might be rich—
But all of my dreams had been shattered, while I
lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court room was steadily fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught right hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch,
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch."

DEDICATION ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled

here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

ANON.

It was out on the Western frontier,
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters,
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance:
Shows didn't come every night.
Not a woman's face among them,
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were very vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And, behind a canvas curtain,
In the corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,

Was "making up" his face.
A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly,
The "property baby" was gone.
He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I cannot find;
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle;
"I must take you, little Ben."
The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near,
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint!
"I love each hair of his head!"
The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for a time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to the Pantaloon.
The jovial fellow nodded,

"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When suddenly he laughed aloud.
Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer then sprang up
With "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby,"
The baby that was "alive!"
He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring.
And he held his court right royally,
The fair little baby king,
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And the terror of the place,
Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair;
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver and gold and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!
And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,

And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus;
It's time it was put to bed."
So, looking a little sheepish,
But, with faces strangely brignt,
The audience somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking!
Boys, that was a show that paid!"

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it, pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for-shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow, the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening,

shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? —was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, far-reaching in its power, so glorious!

LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(*Abridged.*)

All is finished, and at length has come the bridal day of beauty and of strength! To-day the vessel shall be launched! with fleecy clouds the sky is blanched; and o'er the bay, slowly, in all his splendors dight, the great sun rises to behold the sight. The ocean old, centuries old, strong as youth and as uncontrolled, paces restless to and fro, up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest; and, far and wide, with ceaseless flow, his beard of snow heaves with the heaving of his breast. He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands, with her foot upon the sands, decked with flags and streamers gay, in honor of her marriage day; her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending, round her like a veil descending, ready to be the bride of the gray old sea.

Then the master, with a gesture of command, waved his hand; and at the word, loud and sudden there was heard, all around them and below, the sound of hammers, blow on blow, knocking away the shores and spurs. And see! she stirs! she starts! she moves! she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel! and, spurning with her foot the ground, with one exulting, joyous bound, she leaps into the ocean's arms. And lo! from the assembled crowd there rose a shout prolonged and loud, that to the ocean seemed to say, "Take her, O bridegroom old and gray! take her to thy protecting arms, with all her youth and all her charms!" Sail forth into the sea, O ship! Through wind and wave, right onward steer; the moistened eye,

the trembling lip are not the signs of doubt or fear!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity, with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, what workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, who made each mast and sail and rope, what anvils rang, what hammers beat, in what a forge, and what a heat, were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'tis of the wave, and not the rock; 't is but the flapping of the sail, and not a rent made by the gale. In spite of rock and tempest roar, in spite of false lights on the shore, sail on! nor fear to breast the sea; our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee! Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears, are all with thee! are all with thee!

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

ALICE ROBBINS.

"Well? yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee! so-so, for my time o' life:
I 'm pretty gray, and bent with pains that cut my nerves like a knife;
The winters bear hard upon me; the summers scorch me sore;
I 'm sort o' weary of all the world: and I'm only turned threescore.

"My old father is ninety, and as hearty as a buck:
You won't find many men of his age so full of vigor and pluck.

He felled the first tree cut in the place, and laid
the first log down;
And living an honest, temperate life, he's the head
man of the town.

"But you see, when I was twenty or so, I wanted
to go to the city;
And I got with a wild set over there, that were
neither wise nor witty,
And so I laid the foundation, sir, of what you see
to-day,—
Old little past the prime of life, and a general wast-
ing away.

"'T ain't a natural fever, this, sir; it 's one no
doctor can cure.
I was made to bear strong burdens, ox-like and
slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures, though I had
been a Christian bred,
I lived for self, sir, and here 's the end—crawling
about half dead!

"Well, well! 't won't do to think on 't. I try to
forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves, my
wreck of body and brain;
Only, I saw you drinking, just now,—drinking that
devil's drain;
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
and gone by the fastest train.

"You don't like my blunt speech, mebbe; well,
'tis n't the nicest out;
Only, when a man's looked over the brink, he
knows what he's talking about;

And if, with his eyes wide open, he 's walked
straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God has turned
his glory to shame,

"Then, when he says there 's a drunkard's hell,
you'd better believe it's true.
I've fought with the devil hand to hand, and tested
him through and through.
We know, who 've bartered body and soul, what
body and soul are worth;
And there 's nothing like to a drunkard's woe in
all God's beautiful earth.

"Wife, children! Haven't I had them? Yes!
no man has had sweeter than I;
But children and wife are dead and dust—why,
what could they do but die?
Don't ask me to tell you of them, because it blots
out God's mercy even;
And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
that my sin can be forgiven.

"I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk to drift
into harbor safe,
And I feel sometimes, with my threescore years,
like a hopeless, homeless waif.
But there 's one thing certain; I've overcome, and
I 'll fight while I draw a breath,
When I see a fine young fellow like you going
down to the gates of death.

"You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal? I
laughed in a young man's glee;
But God forbid, if you reach threescore, you
should be a wreck like me!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[MARK LEMON TO LONDON PUNCH.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier.
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes! He had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How iron-like his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do;
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil;
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it. Four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When the vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life cut short, just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

A HUSBAND'S EXPERIENCE IN COOKING.

I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother

made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry, and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied all the batter out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt, and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered: "Yeast! yeast, to be sure!" I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early, and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were 'ready for breakfast, and

Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me; I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and staid away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them in the back yard and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

THE LEPER.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"

And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying—"Unclean! unclean!"

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,

Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up, [head
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart! depart! O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod,
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibers of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye

As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as in the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,

It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen;
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age,"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no!"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow, times were bad sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
Little Johnny's but four years' old;
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room—
  Graybeard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
  That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
  Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
  Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
  The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
  Something about the law;
For one so learned in such matters,
  So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
  Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,
  When at last these words they heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
  Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him, or wondered
  When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court room,
  Himself, the "guilty" child.

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's again. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes muttering, "I am very thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice:

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a-speakin' to hisself and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen'l'men come down to Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to theirselves or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. We never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there buryin'-ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there buryin'-ground, sir, and

ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be buried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid with him."

"By and by, Jo; by and by."

"Ah! P'r'aps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there to be laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it 's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It 's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it 's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in heaven!"

"Art in heaven!—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be thy name."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark, benighted way, —dead!

Dead! your majesty;—dead! my lords and gentlemen; dead! right reverends and wrong reverends of every order; dead! men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts—and dying thus around us every day.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY HENRY VIII.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors;
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,
And—pr'ythee, lead me in;
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE.

ROBERT BURNS.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary worn with care;

His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride,—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might:
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right,
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want—oh! ill match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves—
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'er-labor'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;

This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppress'd, honest man,
Had never sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

(*Richard III., Act I., Scene* 4.)

Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sight,
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along

Methought that Gloster stumbled, and in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! Methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea!
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes—reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Ah! often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Oh, then my dream was lengthened after life;
And then began the tempest to my soul,
Which passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjured Clarence!

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury.
Seize on him, Furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

"AM LIFE WUF DE LIBIN'?"

(Prof. Artichoke Huggins slips a troche in his mouth.

My friends, it pleases me exceedingly to behold such a vast sea of intellectual faces befo' me. I kin almost emagine myself lookin' down de aisles of de Senate chamber of de United States.

"De question—Am Life Wuf de Libin' Fur? has often been axed, an' I believe that several parties besides me have put de same query from de rostrum. But I claim to be de only pusson in dis kentry who takes de negative side of dis momenchous inquiry. In de fust place we are bo'n. De fust y'ar of our life am spent in cryin' wid pain and sorrow. We see ghosts. We have bad dreams. We am seized by de colic. Our froats are tunnels down which dey pour soothin' syrup, paregoric, sweet milk an' what not, an' we wish we was dead. What comfort does any boy or gal take up to de aige of fifteen y'ars? Not a bit. De boys git licked an' de gals git spanked, an' dey fall down stairs, have de chicken-pox, git boxed up wid de mumps, an' have to w'ar clothes which have bin cut over and dyed.

"From de aige of fifteen to twenty," continued the orator, after pulling down his vest, "life am

full of love and jealousy, an' bad fittin' coats, an' gwine to funerals, an' stayin' home from circuses. Jist as a young man gits to thinkin' dat he am happy he diskivers dat his sleeve buttons am fifteen seconds behind de style, or dat his butes am de hundredth part of an inch too long, or dat his coat wrinkles in de back.

"From twenty to thirty we get mar'd," continued the Professor, as a sad smile crossed his face. "We love an' court an' hire libery rigs, an' buy candy and marry. What am de result? We have to pay house rent, an' buy wood, an' go to meetin, an'git trusted for groceries, an' put up wid kicks and cuffs an howlin' babies, an' a hull doahyard full of miseries.

"Den we grow old, an' we take snuff an' smoke clay pipes an' spit on de ca'pet, an' jaw de chill'en, and finally die. Dat's life an' its eand. Whar's de comfort? What hav we foun' wuth livin' fur? How much better if we had bin trees, or fence-posts, or picket fences! Life am a mad struggle. We come up like a sunflower an' am cut deown. To-day we may win de big turkey at de raffle—to-morrow we may have to pawn our obercoat to keep de stove gwine.

"My friends, thankin' you fur your airnest an' inexplicable attenshun, an' trustin' dat my feeble remarks will be productive of overwhelmin' profit, I return you my heartfelt sympathies an' resume my seat."

DECORATION DAY.

ROBERT INGERSOLL.

This day is sacred to our heroes, dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of

spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart. To-day we tell the history of our country's life, recall the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our nation great and free. To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight despair to Yorktown's cloudless day. Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years, not one remains, but the nation they founded remains. The "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution. The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea. To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec. Our history has no record of more daring deeds. Again peace came, and the nation hoped that strife was at an end. The future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the great West. The plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, the feet of victorious adventure pressed the shores of the Pacific. In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles, and casting shuttles back and forth. But in the South the negro toiled unpaid, and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction block husbands and wives

looked the last good-bye. Fugitives lighted by the northern star, sought liberty on English soil. A race was left without a right, without hope. We were rich and free; but the mistake our fathers made had not been corrected. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Pity pointed to the scarred and bleeding backs of slaves; Mercy heard the sobs of mothers reft of babes, and justice held aloft the scales in which one drop of blood shed by the master's lash outweighed a nation's gold. It was the crime of the nation—of the whole country—North and South responsible alike. When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds the brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism. He loves his country best who strives to make it best. The radicals of the South said, "No Union without slavery!" The radicals of the North replied, "No Union without liberty!" The South appealed to the sword, and raised the standard of revolt. But let us to-day be great enough to forget individuals—great enough to know that slavery was treason—that slavery was rebellion; that slavery fired upon our flag, and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that was the hope and fortune of this world. Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the noblest army of the world, fought, not to enslave, but to free; not to destroy, but to save; not simply for themselves, but for others; not for conquest, but for conscience; not only for us, but for every land and every race,—with courage, with devotion, with enthusiasm never excelled, with purity of purpose never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the Republic. The great victory for human rights—the greatest of all the years, was

won. Liberty was national—slavery was dead. This flag is an emblem of what we are—of what we hope to be. It means universal education, light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means the ballot box is as the ark of the covenant; that this source of authority must not be poisoned. It means that every citizen of this republic, native or naturalized, must be protected—at home, in every State; abroad, in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood, have perished from our laws; that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to all. Beneath its folds, the weakest must be protected, and the strongest must obey. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. Here, in this peaceful land of ours millions of armed men battled for the right, and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war. These brave, these incomparable men, fulfilled the prophecies; they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just, have made, and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves, and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told. They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bend above a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

VALEDICTORY.

[Toledo High School, 1882.]

Our yesterdays are mighty. The world to-day prides itself on what it is, not stopping to think that it owes what it is to what it has been. The civilization of Egypt, Greece and Rome is the basis of our civilization, and the source of our knowledge.

> "On the ruins of the past
> Blooms the perfect flower at last."

He who despises the attainments of yesterday little realizes that it is from them we learn lessons of wisdom for the future. From all the ages the great departed are warning us to avoid the errors which marked the mighty kingdom of the past. Yesterday is irreparable, but not lost. We live and we die; but the good or the evil that we do lives after us, and is not buried with our bones. The yesterday of existence is mirrored in the to-day of life. As we now review the scenes of by-gone years how old familiar faces rise up and haunt our vision with their well remembered features, companions of our earlier years endeared to us by many a tie. At times discouragements have assailed us, but as a good cause makes a stout heart we have pushed on, and in future we will hold in grateful remembrance the yesterday of our school years.

To the Board of Education—we would tender our thanks for the many encouragements received, procuring for us kind and efficient instructors and pleasant surroundings. Although men and women have risen to distinction under the most adverse circumstances, progress is more sure and rapid when surrounded by comfort and plenty.

To our Instructor, who has so faithfully labored with us we would say, that although we may never again be placed in the relation of instructor and pupil, distance and time will fail to erase *you* from our memories, for in you we have found a friend and counselor. To you we feel indebted for much that we are or may be. As we go out into our new field of action, we tender our best wishes and hopes for your future success.

Fellow Classmates: To-night our school fellowship is broken, we must part.

To our Successors: We say, if storms of difficulties whistle around you, whistle as bravely yourself; the two whistles may make melody. Make your mark high and aim for it. Those who labor under the inspiration of such resolve will soar above those who do not. You may toil in darkness, but day will surely come. And although you may never with your own lips pronounce the victory complete, others will discover in you the traces of a noble purpose and a thinking mind. Instructors and fellow school-mates, as we part with you we wish you all an affectionate farewell.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

SHAKSPEARE.

(*Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene* 3.)

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my money and my usances;
Still I have borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; money is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"—
Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer; this kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him directions for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently I will be with you.

THE LOST HEIR.

THOMAS HOOD.

"O where, and O where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—*Old Song.*

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her east, she turned her west,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.

O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick, stark, staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying, lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—
A child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab;
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty, deceitful young drab.
The last time as I ever see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-playing at making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off
than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,
and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his father comes home, and he always comes
home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost;
and the beef and the inyuns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own concarns,
and don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across
my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at
me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away
up a court for the sake of his clothes by the
prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought
it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trousers considering not very much
patched, and red plush, they was once his
father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in tne
tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he's got a very good pinafore with only two
slits and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed
in, and not quite so much jagged at the
brim.
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot,
and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's
him.
And then he's got such dear, winning ways—but
O I never, never shall see him no more!
O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing
him back from death's door!

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
And the cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog,—
It's no use to send the crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin', drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted mother and father about town.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home, to your best of mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.
Or maybe he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what-not,
And be poked up behind, with a picked, pointed, pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbley's red hot.
O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child does not feel like a child till you miss him.
Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Bill as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THE BOYS.

[Addressed to the class of 1829, Harvard, of which Holmes was a member.]

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat, and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

PART IV.

A LITTLE BOY'S WANTS.

KATE LAWRENCE.

This may be used as a recitation for seven pupils who stand on the stage. Another pupil asks, "What does the little boy want the first year?" To this No. 1 replies by reciting the first verse. The question then is asked, "What does the little boy want the second year?" To this pupil No. 2 replies by reciting the second verse, and so on. At the end all bow to the audience, at the motion of the hand of the leader.

FIRST YEAR.

HE wants a merry rattle,
He wants a rubber ring,
He wants a dainty swing-crib,
He wants mamma to sing.

SECOND YEAR.

He wants a baby-dolly,
He wants to dig for shells,
He wants a penny trumpet,
He wants a string of bells.

THIRD YEAR.

He wants some blocks for building,
He wants a horse on wheels,
He wants a little wagon,
To fill with empty reels.

FOURTH YEAR.

He wants a sword and pistol,
He wants a fife and drum,
He wants some books with pictures,
Bo-Peep and brave Tom Thumb.

FIFTH YEAR.

He wants a cap and muffler,
He wants some mittens red,
He wants to skate on rollers,
He wants to own a sled.

SIXTH YEAR.

He wants big boots like father's
He wants a "v'lossipede,"
He wants a slate and pencil,
He wants to learn to read.

SEVENTH YEAR.

He wants a goat and carriage,
And just a few things more—
Well, wait and see what Santa Claus
Can spare from out his store.

WHEN I'M A WOMAN.

A DIALOGUE.—(FOR SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS.)

1st.—Nobody knows how I want to grow,
How I count the days as they come and go,
Wishing and wishing that time had wings,
For I've made up my mind to do great things,
When I'm a woman!
I mean to grow fresher year by year,
And I'll be so smart that the people here
Shall ask how I manage so.

2d.— When I'm a woman I mean to show
What wonderful things a woman can know;
I'll know French and German to write and speak,
And read all those funny old books in Greek,
Besides what there are in Latin;
I won't take a minute to work or play,
But I'll study by night and I'll study by day,
To show what a woman can do!

3d.— A writer I'll be, and I'll engage
To write not a single stupid page,
But funny, short stories for girls and boys,
And songs to be sung with a good deal of noise,
And marvelous fairy tales!
I know all the children will buy my books,
And I'll write some, too, for the older folks;
In the newspapers, first, I guess,
Letters, perhaps, from over the sea,
To tell the strange things that have happened to me,
And how the queer people dress.

4th.—Such a famous housekeeper I will be,
That all the ladies will call to see
How ever I make such beautiful bread,
For all my household shall be well fed
When I'm a woman.
Oh! the sweet jellies and creams I'll make;
And of daintiest puddings, and pies, and cake,
I will always have great store.
My kitchen floor shall be snowy white,
And everything else shall be just right
That you find inside my door.

5th.—I'll be a lecturer, traveling about,
When it isn't too stormy for men to go out;
I'll show them their sphere, and the woman's, too,
And tell the young girls what they ought to do
When they are women.
I'll let people see why the world goes wrong,
And make them all hope that it won't be long
Before women can have their way;
Freedom to lecture, to vote, to preach,
To do everything within their reach,
We surely will have some day!

6th.—I'll be a milliner, wrapped in a cloud
Of laces and ribbons, and sought by a crowd
Of beautiful ladies in velvet and pearls,
Who want exquisite hats for their dear little girls,
In styles just fresh from Paris.
Such ravishing bonnets as I'll invent
Have never been seen on this continent!
And for customers to prepare them,
I'll have dozens of girls sewing night and day,
For fear the new fashions will grow *passee*
Before folks get a chance to wear them.

7th.—When I'm a woman, a teacher I'll be,
And I hope I'll often have company;
For I think the scholars improve the best
When committees and parents show interest.
When I am a woman
I expect that teachers will have great pay,
And won't work more than three hours a day,
And vacations will be so long!
I'll caution my scholars to take great care

To study no more than their health will bear.
For that would be very wrong.

All.—When we are women, you then will see
The useful things that women can be.
—*Lucy B. Wiggin in Good Times.*

THE CHILDREN OF STORY LAND.

Marian. Why, how strange! Here is the gate at the back of our garden, and just beyond there are thick woods. I never saw them there before. Can all these trees have grown up in a single night, like Jack's bean-stalk? I will go a little further, and see what it means. Oh, there is a little girl, with a red cloak and hood. Can it be—but no, that was only a story. (*Enter Red Riding-Hood.*)

R. R. Welcome, little stranger. Welcome to Story Land.

M. Oh, is that the name of this beautiful new country? And who are you? It seems as if I had seen you before.

R. R. They call me little Red Riding-Hood. I am going to carry this pat of butter to my grandmother, and I shall be glad of your company. It is not far.

M. Why, I thought the wolf killed you and ate you up.

R. R. Oh, no! I am as much alive as ever, you see. The fact is, Jack the Giant Killer came in and killed the wolf, before he had a chance to do me any harm.

M. And didn't the wolf eat up your grandmother either?

R. R. No; she had hidden in the closet. She is alive and well yet.

M. I think I will not take that walk with you now. I am afraid of the wolves.

R. R. You need not be, for since Jack the Giant Killer came to live here, ever so many years ago, not a wolf dares to show his face. Jack would soon dispose of them.

M. How old are you, Red Riding-Hood?

R. R. I suppose I must be several hundred years old, but I feel about seven. Children never grow old in Story Land.

M. How funny! And when did all these trees grow up? I never saw them before.

R. R. They are always here, but you cannot always see them. They are visible only when you come through the right gate.

M. I came through our garden gate.

R. R. But you must have opened the other at the same time or you wouldn't be here.

M. What gate is that?

R. R. The gate that opens into Story Land.

M. Let us sit down under this tree and talk about it.

R. R. I cannot now, because grandmother will be expecting me. But here comes somebody who can tell you more, if you want to know. Good-bye. (*Exit. Enter Cinderella.*)

C. I wish I could see her now, right here in this wood.

M. Who?

C. Oh, I didn't know any one was here. Only my fairy godmother.

M. Why, I really believe you are—Who *are* you?

C. Only Cinderella.

M. Where are your glass slippers?

C. One of them is in my pocket. I have lost the other.

M. And are you married to the Prince?

C. I married? Why, I am not old enough yet. But perhaps I shall marry a prince when I grow up.

M. Why do you want to see your fairy godmother?

C. Because she always tells me what to do, when I am in difficulty.

M. Are you in difficulty now?

C. Yes, they have set me some very hard work to do.

M. Poor little girl, I am just as sorry for you as I can be.

C. You need not be, because I have a fairy godmother, and there are good times coming. There always are in Story Land. (*Enter Little Boy Blue, who lays himself down under a tree.*)

M. Tell me, who that is lying down there, with a horn in his hand?

C. Oh, that is Little Boy Blue. He is the sleepiest fellow you ever saw. Set him to watch the sheep indeed! I wonder his master doesn't discharge him. I mean to startle him before I go. Little Boy Blue, why are you sleeping there? The sheep are in the meadow, and the cows are trampling down all your master's corn.

L. B. B. Oh, dear! Can't a fellow ever catch a nap without having that dinned in his ears? (*Exit, rubbing his eyes.*)

C. The trouble with him is he was born in the land of Nod, and never fairly woke up since he came here.

M. The Land of Nod? Where is that?

C. It lies just east of Story Land. But I must go, or they will be calling me. (*Exit. Enter Goody Two Shoes*).

G. T. S. Two shoes! Two shoes! What a lucky girl I am!

M. What is your name, little girl?

G. T. S. My real name is Margaret Meanwell, but I am known as Goody Two Shoes.

M. Oh, are you! Pray tell me why you are called so.

G. T. S. I used to be so poor that I could not afford to wear two shoes. So, when I had a new pair, I wore first one on my right foot then the other on my left, till they were worn out. I always put my best foot foremost. But better days came, and then I could afford to wear two shoes at once. The whole village were so rejoiced at my luck that they called me Little Goody Two Shoes. I am sure I don't know why everybody is so kind to me. (*Enter Jennie Wren.*)

J. W. I know your tricks and your manners. Everybody is kind to you because you are kind to everybody.

M. I have heard all about your school, Goody, and how much all the neighbors thought of you.

J. W. And all about your raven Ralph, your pigeon Tom, your lark Tippy, and your lamb Will.

G. T. S. Yes; by their aid I taught the children to rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.

M. Don't go, Goody Two Shoes. I should like to talk with you longer.

G. T. S. I thank you, my little friend, but one of my neighbors wants my help about something, so I must bid you good-bye for the present. (*Exit.*)

J. W. Almost as quiet and as sensible as a grown-up. I like her.

M. Do you like me, too?

J. W. Don't know yet, if you are quiet and sensible. I don't like children in general.

M. But you haven't told me who you are yet.

J. W. Nobody but Jennie Wren. Just allow me, will you, to see how your dress is cut. I am a dolls' dressmaker, and I must have an eye to business. (*Enter Jack Horner with a pie in his hand.*)

M. Who is that boy, Jennie?

J. W. That is Jack Horner. Now just watch him. He'll sit down in some corner and eat that pie without ever asking us to join him. I know his tricks and his manners. (*Jack seats himself under a tree and begins to eat. Holds up a large plum.*)

J. H. Hurrah! What a hero I am, to be sure! (*Jack the Giant Killer rushes in with a drawn sword in his hand.*)

J. G. K. You a hero? You great lump of selfishness! A hero is one who acts nobly for others, not who claims all good things for himself. Why don't you share that pie? Get up out of that corner, and make yourself of some use in the world.

J. H. What right have you to dictate to me? Who are you, I should like to know?

J. G. K. I am Jack the Giant Killer, and I was born to redress wrongs, and fight for the right. Here goes for Giant Selfishness!

J. H. Oh! oh! Don't kill me. You may have my pie, plums and all. I have eaten all I want. (*Exit.*)

J. G. K. I don't want his pie. Allow me, ladies, to offer this greedy boy's dainty where it is better deserved.

M. I am much obliged to you, but I couldn't think of taking it.

J. W. Nor I, thank you.

J. G. K. Then I shall take it to the Old Woman who Lives in the Shoe. How she contrives to feed all those children is a mystery to me. (*Exit.*)

J. Horner. (*Looking in.*) I know where I can get another pie, at Little King Boggen's. I shall take a slice right out of his front door. He can easily mend it again. (*Exit.*)

M. What does that ridiculous boy mean?

J. W. Your education has been greatly neglected if you have never heard of Little King Boggen, who built a fine hall entirely of pies and puddings, and slated with pancakes. It is one of the curiosities of Story Land. But I must go now. There is no knowing what my bad child may be up to while I am away.

M. What *does* he mean? (*Enter Little Bo-Peep.*)

M. Oh! I know who you are. Who are you looking for, Little Bo-Peep?

L. B.-P. I have lost my beautiful white sheep, and I can't tell where to find them. I have looked up the meadow and down the meadow, and all through the woods of Story Land.

M. Don't be troubled about them, Little Bo-Peep. Just let them alone, and they will be sure to come home of themselves.

L. B.-P. Well, perhaps they will. One day they strayed away and got mixed with the flocks of Little Boy Blue, while he was asleep in the meadow. I went to sleep, too, for it was a very warm day, and I had wandered to the borders of the Land of Nod, where the air is always drowsy. Then I dreamed I heard them bleating in great distress, but when I awoke with a start, I found it was all a joke of Dickey Dilver's, who was making a noise to imitate them, and my sheep were all quietly feeding near by. (*A voice is heard singing*)

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home;
With their true loves behind 'em."

M. Who is that?

L. B.-P. Nobody but Tommy Tucker, singing for his supper. He always has the best of white bread and butter, but he has no knife to cut it with. I must go and help him. But I wish I could find my sheep first. (*Exit. Enter Puss in Boots.*)

P. in B. Room for my master, the great, the good, the kind, the brave Marquis of Carabas!

M. Oh, dear! What shall I do in the presence of so mighty a personage? (*Enter Marquis of Carabas.*)

M. of C. Good-morning, little maiden.

M. Good-morning, sir. I hope your lordship will excuse me if through ignorance I do not treat you with all the respect due to your distinguished name and position.

M. of C. Pray do not treat me with any ceremony. All that I have I owe to the disinterested services of my friend, the illustrious Puss in Boots. (*Enter page.*)

P. My lord marquis, the King of Story Land desires your attendance at the royal palace.

M. of C. I will attend upon his majesty immediately. (*Exeunt M. of C. and P. in B.*)

P. A singular affair! a very singular affair.

M. What is it, sir?

P. Haven't you heard of it? But I perceive you are a stranger here. You must know that I am a page in the palace, so I am well acquainted with all the circumstances. At the royal breakfast this morning a bird pie was set before his majesty, a present from Little King Boggen, whose skill in the culinary art, as well as his peculiar taste in architecture is well-known. The pie was large and unusually tempting in appearance. But when it was cut, imagine the consternation of the king,

and of all present, when twenty-four blackbirds immediately flew out of the dish and began to sing. After the first shock of surprise, his majesty was rather inclined to be displeased with Little King Boggen, but afterward concluded to treat the matter as a good joke. The queen remarked that she should console herself for the disappointment by partaking of her favorite refreshment of bread and honey. The king replied that he had lost his appetite, and if her majesty would excuse him he would repair to the royal treasury. But this was not the last of the birds. While one of the maids employed in the laundry of the palace was engaged in her usual occupation, a blackbird flew suddenly out of the window, and bit her nose so severely that if the king's surgeon had not immediately come to her relief, she would have been disfigured for life. A very singular affair!

M. It is, indeed, sir. (*Exit page. Enter Little Nell.*)

L. N. Pray, little girl, have you seen my grandfather, an old man with long white hair, and bright blue eyes? He has gone out without his hat and cloak, and I am afraid he will take cold.

M. No, I have not. What is your name, little girl?

L. N. They call me Little Nell.

M. Have you come far? You look very tired.

L. N. We have come a long way, my grandfather and I, but we have found a happy, quiet place now, and the schoolmaster is very kind to us.

M. Sit down and talk with me here a little while. Don't shake your head and look so sorrowful.

L. N. I am not sorrowful; I am happy. But I cannot stay with you now, because I must find my

grandfather. I think he must be working in his garden, and he will want me to help him. Perhaps I will come again in the spring. Good-bye.

M. Good-bye, dear Little Nell. (*Exit Little Nell.*)

M. She will be an angel, I think, when the spring comes. (*Little Nell appears at a distance, and stands looking sorrowfully toward M.*)

M. Come with me, dear, to my home. I have permission to ask a few little friends to supper, and I should so like to have you.

L. N. I cannot. Oh, I cannot! (*Exit.*)

(*Little Red Riding-Hood and others silently enter one by one, and disappear again.*)

M. Oh, come all of you. I see you, Red Riding-Hood, and Cinderella, and Goody Two Shoes, and all. Come with me to supper to my pleasant home.

Voices in the Distance. We cannot, we cannot.

M. I hear your voices, but I cannot see you any longer. Why cannot you come?

A Voice. Because, though our mission is to give pleasure to you, and to many children like you, we are not flesh and blood; we cannot cross your threshold nor partake of earthly fare. You must come into our country when you would behold us and talk with us, for though we never grow old and never die, we are but shadows; we are only Children of Fairy Land.—*From Dialogues and Conversations.*

A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.

[Suitable for school or Sunday school.]

AN OPENING ADDRESS.

Good-morning, good people! good-morning to you!

How are you this morning; pray how do you do?
We are glad to see you so happy and gay,
And hope you'll be pleased with our efforts to-day.
Should we chance to make errors, a dozen or more,
Please take them not with you outside of the door.
Let them pass in at one ear, and out of the other,
'Twill give *us* much pleasure, and give *you* no bother.
Since I now have said what I am to say,
I'll at once take my seat—with a "*Merry Christmas*" to *all*, and to all a Good-day.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

To be recited by fifteen children, standing in a semi-circle, the largest ones in the center of the line. Each should carry a banner bearing the letter which he represents.

1. B Stands for Bible, where we read
About the Saviour whom we need.

2. A Stands for Angels who did sing
About the birth of Christ our King.

3. B Stands for God's Beloved Son;
He offers life to every one.

4. E Is for Egypt, where He fled
When Herod infants' blood did shed.

5. O Is the Off'ring which we bring—
Our hearts we give to Christ, our King.

6. F Is for Jesus, our best friend,
Who little children does defend.

7. B Stands for Bethlehem, a town
Where unto us a Child was born.

8. E In Eden, God who knew man's need,
A Saviour promised in the seed.

9. T Is the Tidings of great joy—
Good news to every girl and boy.

10. H Is the Host who in the sky,
Sang "Glory be to God on High."

11. L Stands for Lord, born Christmas day,
In David's city, far away.

12. E Stands for Ensign, lifted up;
'Tis Christ, the Lord, the nation's hope.

13. H Is the Humble, holy Child;
I wish I were as meek and mild.

14. E Our Jesus is exalted now,
Before Him every knee must bow.

15. M Is the Motto which we bring—
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

All Together:

One Christmas day, long, long ago,
God gave this gift to you and me;
To-day, O Lord, our love to show,
We give our hearts, ourselves to Thee.

EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING.

MARY B. PECK.

Four little feet pattering on the floor,
Two tangled curly heads peeping at the door,
Hear the merry laughter, happy childish roar,
Early Christmas morning.

Two little stockings full of sweets and toys,
Everything charming for little girls and boys.
How could they help, then, making such a noise?
Early Christmas morning.

Down beside the stockings, many gifts were spread,
Dollies, drums, a cradle, and a bran new sled.
"Haven't we too many?" little Nellie said,
Early Christmas morning.

Four little bare feet on the sidewalk cold,
Two little faces with want and hunger old,
Peeping through the window where the gifts unrolled,
Early Christmas morning.

"Yes," says John to Nellie, as he spied the two,
"We've so many presents, tell you what we'll do,
I'll give half of mine away. Now, dear Nell, will you?"
Early Christmas morning.

Two little famished ones in the house were called,
Favors heaped upon them till they stood enthralled.
Was not this the angels' song, "Peace, good will to all?"
Early Christmas morning.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

A. D. W.

Merry Christmas! girls and boys,
Santa Claus, with team and toys,
Now is starting on his way,
With his overladen sleigh—

Never heeding cold or wetting,
Not a single town forgetting.
But a puzzled look he bears
As he moves among his wares;
And I doubt if ever yet
Was Santa Claus in such a fret.
Now he purses up his lips,
Snaps his rosy finger-tips;
All in vain he scans his store,
Names the children o'er and o'er—
Just one boy deserves a switch,
And he has forgotten *which*.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

(This piece may be sung or recited. The music will be found in "The Happy Voices," a singing book that can be obtained of The American Tract Society, New York.)

The city's hum was hushed and still,
And silence reigned o'er vale and hill;
The birds had sought the sheltering tree,
The flocks were folded tenderly.
No sound of life was on the breeze
That murmured through the olive trees;
While, midst the stars, heaven's brightest gem
Shone over sleeping Bethlehem.

But look, what means that radiant light
That floods the darkness of the night?
A white-winged legion from on high,
With dazzling glory filled the sky.
The music of that heavenly band
Went floating over Holy Land;
And on the listening shepherd's ear
Rang out the chorus sweet and clear:
"Good tidings, good tidings, good tidings of great joy.

"On this blessed morn
A prince is born;
Good tidings of great joy.
The Prince of Peace,
The Incarnate Word,
The Saviour Christ, the Lord.
Glory to God in the highest, then,
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will to men."

The vision faded from sight,
Hushed were those voices of the night,
And sweetly dawned upon the earth
The morning of our Saviour's birth.
O blessed morning! day of joy!
Well might thy praise our tongues employ!
Well might we sing redeeming love,
First sung by minstrels from above!

SANTA CLAUS.

A jolly old fellow, whose hair is so white,
And whose little bright eyes are blue,
Will be making his visits on Christmas night;
Perhaps he will call on you.

A funny old name has this funny old man;
You know what it is without doubt;
He creeps down the chimney as fast as he can,
And then just as swiftly creeps out.

He carries a bagful of candy and toys,
And leaves them wherever he goes,
For the good little girls and the good little boys;
So hang up your white little hose.

MY STOCKING.

They put me in the great spare bed, and there they made me sleep;
I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even peep!
Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;
I repeated that Fifth Reader piece—a poem called "Repose,"
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze—
When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft, strong bound—
'Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.
'Twas nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,
And so I took a little nap and tried to smile politely.

"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a rocking;
'Twas daylight—Brother Bob was up! and oh, that splendid stocking!—*St. Nicholas.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,

And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.
There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birtn,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Aye! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.
We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

CHRISTMAS.

EMMA B. DUNHAM.

Beautiful things for Christmas
Everywhere we see;
Daintiest of the dainty,
Gifts for you and me.
Beautiful things for Christmas,
Prettiest ever seen,
Starry crowns and crosses,
Wreaths of evergreen.

Beautiful thoughts for Christmas,
Birthday of our Lord;
Tenderest thoughts and purest,
Drawing us to God.
Beautiful thoughts for Christmas,
Breathed in carols sweet;
Songs the angels chanted,
We on earth repeat

Beautiful deeds for Christmas,
Generous, prompt, and free,
Help unto the needy,
Acts of charity.
Beautiful deeds for Christmas,
Each a jewel bright,
Adding to the luster
Of the Christmas night.

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

MILTON

NOTE.—The remainder of this beautiful hymn can be found in almost any collection, and as much of it used as is desirable.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this flurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something too 's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;

What on earth can they be thinking?
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door.

Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slily out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask *them* what's the matter
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout, then
All together hear them say,
"Why what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day?"

A THANKSGIVING EXERCISE.

PROGRAMME.

I. Singing.
II. President's Proclamation.
III. History of Thanksgiving Day
IV. Selections.
V. Singing.

The songs may be selected by the teacher, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Harvest Home," and "The Harvest Time is Near," are appropriate. The teacher or a pupil may read the President's Proclamation. The "History of Thanksgiving Day" may be declaimed by one of the boys. The selections then follow, the pupils to whom they are given being called by the number of their selection.

I.—THANKSGIVING AMONG THE JEWS.

Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs and picturesque festivities. For eight days the people ceased their work to "eat, drink, and be merry." During the time millions gathered in and around Jerusalem, for several days living in booths formed of the branches of olive, pine, myrtle and palm, and decorated with fruits and flowers. Grand public pageants were held, and in addition to these every household had its worship, its sacrifice and its banquet.

II.—THANKSGIVING AMONG THE GREEKS.

The Greeks held the grandest feast of all the year in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest; and the Romans, who borrowed most of their customs from the Grecians, also held a grand celebration in honor of the same goddess whose name they changed to Ceres. They went in long processions to the fields, where they engaged in rustic sports and crowned all of their household gods with flowers. Both of these feasts were held in September.

III.—THE FIRST THANKSGIVING BY THE DUTCH ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Thanksgiving Day was first observed about twenty years after the settlement of the country, the Dutch records at the office of the Secretary of State containing proclamations of thanksgiving days in 1645 and 1657 of the Council of New Netherland. William Kieft was Governor in 1645 of the Colony and Director General of the Council, and the first observance of the day was had on Wednesday, September 6, 1645. The proclamation of Petrus Stuyvesant, or rather of the Council of New Netherland in 1657, is longer than the one of 1645, and is more particular in expressing what shall be the manner of the observance of the day, and in forbidding certain secular and worldly activities and pleasures. After enumerating the blessings of the year, the "Director General and Council of New Netherland" proclaim Wednesday, March 7, A. D. 1657, as Thanksgiving Day. The Council charge "our subjects at the place where Divine service is usually held, in the forenoon and in the afternoon, to listen there to God's Word, and then to praise and thank Him for the favors, blessings, and benefits which His Divine Majesty has been pleased to shower on us during the last year, and during the whole period of our life." There was no getting rid of the Second Service in those days! But note the prohibitions that follow; and what could be more explicit?

"In order that these services may be observed with the greatest harmony, the Director General and Council forbid, during the exercises on the said day of thanksgiving and prayer, all pleasures, as playing tennis or ball, hunting, fishing, plowing, mowing, together with all forbidden plays, as dicing, conviviality and such like, under pain of arbitrary punishment, and we admonish at the same time all ministers of the Holy Gospel within our jurisdiction to formulate their sermons and prayers accordingly."

IV.—THE FIRST ENGLISH THANKSGIVING IN NEW YORK.

But the Dutch went, and the English came—and they came to stay. On the possession of New Netherland by the English, Edmund Andros being Governor, the Council sitting on June 7, 1675, ordered:

"That Wednesday ye 23d of this Instant month, be appointed throughout ye government a day of Thanksgiving and Prayers to Almighty God for all His Past Deliverances and Blessings, and Present Mercies to us, and to Pray ye continuance and Encrease thereof."

V.—HOW THE PILGRIMS GAVE THANKS.

The Pilgrim Fathers, after ten months of sickness and suffering, gathered in their first harvest, which consisted of twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and peas, enough to keep them supplied with food for the coming year. For this they devoutly thanked God and made preparations for a feast. Hunters were sent out to procure the thanksgiving dinner, and returned with waterfowl, wild turkey and venison. Then the feast was prepared and Massasoit and ninety of his warriors were present. On the following year there was such a long drouth that the corn and barley were stunted, and famine seemed to stare them in the face. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and for nine hours the people prayed unceasingly. At evening the sun set in clouds, a breeze sprang up, and in the morning the rain was pouring down. The crops revived and there was a bounteous harvest. For this a day of thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford.

The history of this first Thanksgiving is recorded as follows:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out a fowling that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had the fruit of our labor. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At that time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our governor and upon our captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

VI.—THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

The immediate occasion of the first Thanksgiving was the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, in the fall of 1777. Thursday, the 18th of December, was designated, and in compliance with the order of Congress, the army at Valley Forge duly observed the day—the army that had tracked its way in blood. It was ordered by the Continental Congress.

Washington, as President of the United States, issued his first proclamation for the observance of a day of thanksgiving at the city of New York on the 3d of October, 1789, setting apart Thursday, the 26th day of November of that year, "to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be," etc. His second proclamation, dated at the city of Philadelphia, January 1, 1795, designated Thursday, November 26, as a day to be observed for a general thanksgiving by the people of the United States.

Governor John Jay, of New York, thought so

well of Thanksgiving Day that he determined to have one of his own, and accordingly designated Thursday, November 26, 1795.

VII.

Dolly, it's almost Thanksgiving, do you know what
that means, my dear?
No? Well, I couldn't expect it; you haven't been
with us a year.
And you came with my auntie from Paris, far over
the wide blue sea,
And you'll keep your first Thanksgiving, my beau-
tiful dolly, with me.

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's ex-
plained it all,
So that I understand why Thanksgiving always
comes late in the fall,
When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and
the work in the field is done,
And the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in
the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise Our Father, who sends
the rain and the dew,
Whose wonderful loving kindness is every morn-
ing new;
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must
sing and pray,
And think about good things, Dolly, when we keep
Thanksgiving day.

But I like it very much better when from church
we all go home,
And the married brothers and sisters, and the
troops of cousins come,

And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and shout and play,
In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiving day.
—*From "Elsie's Thanksgiving," by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.*

VIII.

On grandmamma's table is waiting for me
A plate with gingerbread piled,
Bread and milk, and berries and cream,
And the mug marked, "For a Good Child."
And I eat my supper and wonder where
That wonderful land may be,
Where the sky is white and the earth is blue,
That on my plate I see.
—*From Willow Warf, by L. M. Cogswell.*

IX.

Thanksgiving! when Effie heard it she knew very well what it meant,
For always at Grandmother Spicer's Thanksgiving day had been spent,
With aunts and uncles and cousins, dogs, cats, and pumpkin pies,
And nuts and apples, frolicsome games, and many a glad surprise.

* * * * * *

Effie had heard her father say, as he had brushed away a tear,
That he wouldn't be able to travel about very much this year,
And the little maiden thought 'twould be a bitter drop in her cup
If the visit to Grandmother Spicer's was to be given up.

For how could they keep Thanksgiving, all alone by themselves,
Even with lots of pies and things spread out on the pantry shelves?
And how could Grandma Spicer give thanks in a proper way,
If none of them went to see her, to help her keep that day?

Thus reasoned the little maiden, who grew very sad and sedate,
As if a puzzle were twisting itself about in her curly pate,
And as she'd been always cheerful, and rather to romp inclined,
'Twas feared that her father's trouble had worried the baby mind.

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving, as searching the place around,
From garret to cellar, from barn to shed, little Effie could not be found;
And all the treasures that had been swept away in the vast abyss,
Though grievous to lose, could not compare with a loss so great as this.

She surely was stolen from them, like poor little Charley Ross
And Lizzie Seldon! God pity the bearers of such a cross!
They sought for her in the dismal swamp, and off by the lonely church;
They looked in the well, and as night came on with lanterns kept up the search.

In a village, some ten miles distant, was Grandmother Spicer's abode;

And the way to it was over a rugged and lonesome road;
And Effie's father and mother drove over to tell their sorrow,
And the reason why, in fasting and prayer, they'd have to spend to-morrow.

But Grandma's eyes had a twinkle in them, as she soberly said:
"Well, now, you're so worn and weary, you'd better go right to bed;
Those only are worthy the sweet who have tasted the bitter drink,
And maybe the dawn is breaking—is nearer now than you think."

They closed the door of their chamber, heavy and sick at heart,
In the festival of to-morrow determined to take no part.
And turning, they saw—what was it?—the old-fashioned trundle-bed—
And there asleep on the pillow, their own little "curly head."

—*From "A Wild Goose Chase," by Josephine Pollard.*

X.

There was once on a time a little boy,
And a small greedy boy was he;
His mother gave him two plums and a pear,
And he greedily ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,
He grew very gloomy and glum;
And muttered, "I think she could just as well
Have made it two pears and a plum."

XI.—THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and dry,
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep;
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.

Tis thou that crownest my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirthe,
And givest me wassaile bowls to drink
Spiced to the brink,
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land
And givest me for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou makest my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day.
All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

—*Robert Herrick* (1591-1674.)

XII.—SHORT SELECTIONS.

(TO BE READ OR RECITED.)

1. "Take thankful the past;
Make, as you can, the sweet remembrance last."

2. "Accept my thoughts for thanks, I have no words:
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language: Lord! behold my heart."

3. "When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received; propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgments as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings."

4. "He that hath nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other."

5. "Do not wait for a special day to be thankful. He who waits for Thanksgiving Day to be thankful will not be thankful when it comes."

6. "Thanksgiving and joy cause singing, leaping, and dancing. It is a lively joy that fills the bosoms of those who have it, and makes them happy."

7. "Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much good for people's looks as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence."

8. "He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the Great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

9. "Few save the poor feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest,
And needful food debarred.

"They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round,
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground."

10. "Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thanket."

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

A CLOSING EXERCISE INTRODUCING TWENTY-THREE PUPILS—EIGHT BOYS AND FIFTEEN GIRLS.

[This exercise may be adapted to any school. If there are too many participants, some parts may be omitted, if not enough more may be added, so that each child can have something to do. An appropriate song may be sung by the school before beginning the exercise. The teacher's desk is then vacated, and so are twenty-three of the pupil's seats. A pupil enters, steps to the teacher's desk and rings the bell. Others now hurry in and take their seats as at the opening of school. The pupil says: "Our teacher sent me to tell you that she will not be able to be here this morning until recess, and that we may keep school all by ourselves, but that she hopes we will improve the time to the best advantage."]

Edgar. (*throwing up his hat.*) Hi! I'll improve my time to the best advantage. Come on, boys; let's have some fun. (*Leaves his seat and walks around.*)

Henry. I think we had better get our lessons first and have them off our minds. Then we shall be ready to enjoy ourselves. My father says: "Work first, play afterward."

Edgar. Pshaw! What's the good of studying? I wish there wasn't any books. I wish there never had been any made, and I had all the money that's been spent for them.

William. A debate, boys! Let's have a debate. *Resolved:* "That it is better to have money than knowledge." Let Edgar lead the affirmative side and George the negative.

George and Edgar. Agreed.

Harvey. Hold on! Let's elect a chairman first, and do things in a business way.

Fred. I nominate Stella Clapper for chairman.

Harvey. I second the nomination.

William. It is moved and seconded that Stella Clapper be chairman of this meeting. All in favor of that manifest it by raising the right hand. (*All vote.*) It is carried. Miss Clapper will please take the chair. (*Stella takes the teacher's chair.*)

Stella. The debaters will please proceed with the question. Edgar Shaw was to lead.

Edgar. (*rises.*) Well, I am afraid this is more than I bargained for, but I think I can show that I am right. I am sure it would be much better to have money than knowledge, for with money you can buy all you need. Knowledge won't buy you a crust of bread if you are starving.

Henry. (*rises.*) Miss Chairman.

Stella. Henry Oliver.

Henry. The gentleman says knowledge won't buy a crust of bread. I beg to differ with him. Knowledge will buy much more than a crust; knowledge is in demand; it brings a high price in the market. Suppose I know how to draw plans for a house; I go to a man who wants to build a house, and tell him how long he must have this wall, and how high that one, how deep his foundation, and how much material he will need. He pays me for what I tell him; I sell my knowledge.

Fred. (*rising.*) Miss Chairman.

Stella. Fred Brown.

Fred. The gentleman has been talking about a trade, not knowledge, such as we are getting here, which I think is what the first gentleman meant.

William. (*rising.*) A man's trade is his knowledge; it is knowledge of the things he has to work with, and knowledge of how to place them so as to accomplish what he wishes to. The knowledge we are getting here is the foundation on which we will build our trades or professions after we leave school.

George. (*rising.*) Yes; but there are thousands of good carpenters and masons and all kinds of workmen who have no education at all, many who do not know how to read, even.

Harvey. Miss Chairman: I beg to correct the last gentleman. He said *good* workmen when he should have said *passable* workmen. They do a certain amount of work in a day and do it well, but a machine would do it as well or better. They do not keep improving in their business and increasing their salary, because they are working blindly. If they had a good stock of knowledge to start with, and then learned their trades, and then kept on reading and improving themselves,

they would become masters of their business and leave the lower places to others.

Charles. Miss Chairman: If it would be in order to introduce the opinions of others in this debate, I would like to quote something from Edward Everett.

Stella. If there is no objection you may do so. (*Charlie rises and declaims.*)

"What, sir! feed a child's body and let his soul hunger; pamper his limbs and starve his faculties? What! plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding places in the sea, and spread your wheat fields across the plains in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and senseless as the poorest clod, and let the spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine? What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam to weave a garment for the body and leave the soul unadorned and naked? What! send out vessels to the farthest ocean and make battle with the monsters of the deep in order to obtain means for lighting up your dwellings, and permit that vital spark which Deity has kindled to languish and go out!"

Mary (*rising.*) Miss Chairman: I have just been reading a very interesting piece about "A Wonderful Storehouse." I would like to read it if there is no objection. (*There being none, she rises to read.*)

Stella. Suppose you come to the platform to read: perhaps all can hear you better. (*Mary goes to the platform and reads.*)

THE STOREHOUSE.

In the field of time stands a wonderful storehouse filled with the rarest of treasures, which are free to all who will go there for them. One of the strangest things about it is that the more there is taken out the fuller it grows. In olden times people did not go to it very often. Some Egyptians went once and came away with the power to build wonderful pyramids, temples, and tombs. Some Phœnicians went soon afterward, and received power to build ships and sail them, so they became famous navigators. The Greeks were frequent visitors of the storehouse, and received great power in sculpture, painting and literature. The storehouse had become very large by that time, but there followed a long time—nearly a thousand years—in which scarcely a visitor entered it, and the whole world became full of sin and misery, and some of the evil men destroyed a part of the storehouse. But after a time people began to go there again for treasures. One man received a wonderful one—the printing press. That sent many people to the storehouse. It began to enlarge rapidly, and the treasures increased. Some of the visitors received knowledge of the laws of weights and pulleys, by which they were able to construct machinery to work for them. Others obtained knowledge of plants and soils, and the power to increase the products of the earth; others power to arrest diseases and to diminish bodily pain. One came away with power to imprison steam and compel it to pull boats and cars and turn wheels; another with power to chain the lightning, and another with power to make this work with steam in turning wheels and pulling cars. Is not this a wonderful storehouse? But what is more wonderful

still, only a few out of the millions of people ever go to it. But more and more are going every year; perhaps the time will soon come when its treasures will be spread all over the world.

Henry. Miss Chairman, I move that if any one else has a selection upon this subject we have the pleasure of listening to it.

George. I second the motion.

Stella. It is moved and seconded that we listen to selections upon this subject, if any one has any to give. All in favor manifest it by raising the right hand. (*All vote in favor.*) Suppose we sing something first.

Mary. Let us sing our school song.

(*All sing.* "Going to School,") or any other appropriate song.

(*While they are singing the teacher, who has been standing unobserved at the door, enters and takes a seat at the side of the room, and at the end of first verse says:* "Go right on; you are improving the time, I see.")

Ellen. I think one of our "Golden Thoughts" is appropriate to the occasion: "Knowledge is like a lighthouse on a dangerous coast."

Minnie. And so is this one from Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece: "A man that is rich in knowledge is rich in all things, for without it there is nothing, and with it what can be wanting?"

Davie. Here is what Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him; an investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

Kate. I have one; I don't know the author: "What benefits come from knowledge? The answer is written on every page of the world's history."

Fanny. Mrs. Burnett says: "Early knowledge is very valuable capital with which to set forth in life; it gives one an advantageous start."

Susan. And this is what the ancient astronomer, Pythagoras, said: "He that hath no knowledge of that which he ought to know is a brute among men; and he that knoweth no more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is a god among men."

Bertha. "Knowledge expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of enjoyment."

Helen. I have something here from Sidney Smith about the "Pleasures of Knowledge," which I will read if it is the pleasure of the company.

(*Reads.*) "It is the ancient feeling of the human heart that knowledge is better than riches. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are passed; to see why nations have risen and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light traveling since the world's creation has never reached us,—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive for this.

"To wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which has swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with the great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation that there is one thing

unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting;—it is surely worth while to pass sleepless nights for this; to give up for it laborious days, to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and in all times.

"A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? With whose happiness does he interfere? Whom does his ambition destroy? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, in the acquisition of knowledge, he does good to all. Therefore, when I say love knowledge with a great love, a vehement love, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which if you are rich and great, will sanctify the Providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render that poverty respectable; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; that which will make you fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above your fellows in all your relations, and in all the offices of life?"

Kate. Miss Chairman, little Nettie Moore knows a pretty verse about knowledge.

Stella. Will you speak it, Nettie?

Nettie (*a very small girl.*)

Deeper, deeper, let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Grace. I know one from the Bible:

Wisdom hath builded her house;
She hath hewn out her seven pillars;
She hath killed her beasts;
She hath mingled her wine;
She hath also furnished her table;
She hath sent forth her maidens;
She crieth upon the high places of the city;
Whoe'er is simple, let him turn in hither;
Come eat of the bread
And drink of the wine I have mingled;
Forsake the foolish and live,
And go in the way of understanding,
For by me thy days shall be multiplied,
And the years of thy life shall be increased.

Edgar. Miss Chairman, I give up. I did not expect I should have to contradict so many wise old philosophers; I yield the point. Knowledge is a very desirable thing but it is terrible hard work to get it. I wish some of those ancient wise men had thought to tell us how we might become wise too.

Mabel. I can tell:

"Little by little," a small boy said,
And each day the littles he stored in his head;
Little by little in learning he grew,
Learning each day a little that's new,
Till at last the world in amazement cried;
"How great is the man—how wondrous wise!"

Carrie. I know another something like that. It is:

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So we may with greatest profit
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make countless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten then and catch them
As they pass us on the way!
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage;
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay;
Then we may by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

Davie. Miss Chairman, may we sing the "Little Frogs at School"?

Stella. If there is no objection.

(*All sing.*)

[If no tune can be found for this, some familiar song may be substituted.] See Little Frogs at School; page 27.

Teacher. I propose that Harriet Ives recite "King Solomon and the Bees." I have heard her recite that nicely.

Harriet.—

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced his royal speech,
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished in sooth,
To know if rumor spoke the simple truth.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand a radiant wreath of flowers ;
The one bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers ;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare production of divinest art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said,
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain
For very rapture ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king,
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."
But still the sage was silent ; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes--
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose ;
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head,
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command ;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter (right) hand !
And so the king and all his courtiers knew
That was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.

—*John G. Saxe.*

Stella. Let us sing the "Honey Bee."

(*All sing*) [If this is not known another may be substituted.]

Down in the clover, gay little rover,
Gathering honey for you and for me ;

Buzzing so gaily, laboring daily,
Oh, how we bless you, dear little bee.

CHORUS.

Bz, bz, bz, bz.
Gaily he flies o'er the beautiful lea,
Bz, bz, bz, bz,
Oh, how we love him, the sweet honey bee.

Seeking with pleasure, life's golden treasure,
When the glad days of summer are here,
He doth remember chilly December,
When no sweet flowers dare to appear.

(*Chorus.*)

Let us take warning in life's glad morning,
Gather a lesson from each passing hour,
Let this remind us, dark days may find us
Seeking in vain a beautiful flower.

(*Chorus.*)

Teacher. You may take time for one more recitation. Suppose Clara recites, "What Might be Done."

Clara.—

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrong,
All vice and crime might die together,
And wine and corn
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.
—*Charles Mackay.*

Teacher. Miss President: I move that the meeting adjourn.

Harvey. Second the motion.

Stella. 'Tis moved and seconded that we adjourn. All in favor manifest it by raising right hand. The meeting is adjourned.

(*Stella takes her seat; teacher takes her place at the desk.*)

Teacher. You have improved the hour so well I will not ask you to do anything more. You may sing, "We Come! We Come!" and then we will take a recess.

(*After the singing, the teacher taps the bell, and a short intermission follows. Then the regular teacher resumes her place, and speeches may follow from visitors, and general matters pertaining to the close of school be attended to, closing with any appropriate song.*)

MEMORIAL DAY.

WHITTIER.

In the month of December many schools will celebrate the poet Whittier's birthday. The books will be laid aside, and a card or banner displayed, bearing the words:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

BORN DECEMBER 17, 1807.

Our Quaker Poet.

This programme is devised for thirteen or fourteen pupils. One method is for seven pupils to stand on the platform and in turn read or recite the prose portions; while at one side a class stands, members of which read or recite the poetic portion in turn.

PROGRAMME:

1. Singing. Hymn from Whittier.
2. The Poet's Boyhood (with quotations.)
3. His First Poem (with quotations.)
4. His Manhood (with quotations.)
5. The Influence of His Writings (with quotations.)

THE POET'S BOYHOOD.

1st Pupil.—Near the town of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, a young lad in rough working clothes, with strong arms and steady eye, toiled upon his father's farm day after day, except the twelve weeks in each year that he spent in school. But his thoughts would often wander far beyond the oxen and the plow. He saw an unknown world over the boundary of those Massachusetts hills, and many times he fell to wondering if the mystery, the beauty and usefulness of that world would ever be known to him. He read and studied what he could, and following his natural bent, at sixteen began to write verses. Although these bore the signs of his scanty education, they often found a place in the newspaper corners, and occasionally were published in the magazines. He afterward described his farm-work in language that is considered very beautiful.

2d Pupil.—

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply chasing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows

The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While peering from his early perch,
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent.

3d Pupil.—The stories listened to around the evening fireside fed his young imagination, while he caught much information from the lively young schoolmaster boarding at his father's house. In those days the teachers "boarded around," and a person of cultivation was a source of happiness to the lonely farmer. How one of these appeared to Whittier as a boy, he afterward described in poetry.

4th Pupil.—

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of a beard.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and love of book.

HIS FIRST POEM.

5th Pupil.—At that time Whittier saw a newspaper once a week; he read the almanac and their small library through again and again. When he was in his nineteenth year, in 1826, Whittier left his first poem under the door of the office of the *Free Press*, a weekly paper then published by young William Lloyd Garrison, in Newburyport. It was many weeks after young Whittier left his manuscript to its fate before he heard from it. He was then working on his father's rocky farm in Haverhill, and his father was a patron of the *Free*

Press. Week by week the paper arrived, and the heart of the young poet sank within him as he looked in vain for his verses. One day he was at work with his uncle Moses, repairing the stone fence by the highway. While so engaged the postman came along on horseback, and tossed the paper to young Whittier. It was opened with trembling fingers. How he hoped against expectation to find the verses there! and it was hope fulfilled; there they were! He says he stood looking at it a long time, and is sure he did not read a word. At length his uncle called him to his senses by bidding him keep at work.

HIS MANHOOD.

6th Pupil.—In 1830 he undertook the editorship of the New England *Review*, and received a training, to which perhaps, much of his latter success is due. In '32 he was called home by the death of his father, upon which it became necessary for him to take charge of the farm for several years. When the slavery question came up Whittier took a decided stand. He wrote much upon the subject, both in prose and verse.

7th Pupil.—

Our fellow countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war.

What ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddened with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh?

What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:

But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

8th Pupil.—In 1835 Whittier was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and although he was always too retiring to enter strongly into political prominence, he was at that time a very useful representative. Then he went to Philadelphia and edited the Pennsylvania *Freeman*. His firm stand in behalf of human freedom led to an attack on the office, which was sacked and burned. Two years later he returned to Massachusetts on account of failing health, and took up his residence at Amesbury with his mother and sister. In 1845 he became associate editor of the *National Era* at Washington, D. C., in which paper "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published. Mr. Whittier has never married and never traveled beyond his native country, preferring a quiet and rural life. He loves the mountains and the sea, and everywhere the beautiful, the good and the just.

9th Pupil.—

FROM "THE SHOEMAKERS."

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours, shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!

As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

10*th Pupil.*—

THE INFLUENCE OF HIS WRITINGS.

While the influence of Whittier's poetry may not be so strong and deep and wide as Longfellow's, it has always been a power for good. Its tendency is to make us happy and contented with the right, the good, and the beautiful in life, and toward giving no uncertain sound when a crisis arises between the right and wrong. He writes with a pure, sweet tone, free from exciting passion, sarcasm or bitterness, and full of love and reverence to God.

11*th Pupil.*—

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

12*th Pupil.*—

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the shadows of my heart
I open to the day.

HIS LOVE FOR NATURE.

13*th Pupil.*—Many are accustomed to think of Whittier, especially in connection with his earlier poems, as the friend of anti-slavery and the defender of the bondman; but a characteristic quite

as strong is his love for nature. The hills, the restless sea, the woods and rivers are all friends and favorites, and much of his life has been spent in their society.

ALL'S WELL.

Pupils in concert.—

The clouds which rise in thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreadful falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depth of blue,
The glaring sunshine never knew!

THAT GREAT MELON CASE.

CHARACTERS.

JUDGE ADDLEPATE.
LAWYER REYNARD, *for Prosecution.*
LAWYER BOVINE, *for Defence.*
EBENEZER WIGGINS, *Defendant.*
JOB MOSES, *Plaintiff.*
HANS BLAUBEN, *Witness for Prosecution.*
HULDAH MOSES, *Wife of Job.*
PATIENCE JONES, *Witness for Defence.*

Judge Addlepate. Ebenezer Wiggins, stand up. You are accused of the heinous crime of purlining watermelons from your fellow-townsman, Deacon Job Moses. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Ebenezer. Wal, Jedge, I reckin as haow you ain't got a goat this time.

Judge. Answer my question as I put it.

Ebenezer. All right, Jedge. Not guilty.

Judge. Proceed with the case.

Reynard I have but little to say in opening this case, as the evidence will make it all clear. I would impress upon this intelligent jury, however, the importance of sustaining the good name of our beloved village. This cannot be done if thieves are allowed to run riot among our neighbors' watermelon vines. An example must be made when a culprit is found. Otherwise the town of Podunkville will become the rendezvous of highwaymen, kidnappers, book peddlers, and perhaps even the deadly bunko-steerer. Who can tell? If you want your granaries pillaged, your pig pens rifled, your apple trees denuded, do not punish this crime! The grief of a father forced to punish the errors of a wayward son, cannot compare with the sorrow of a community which is compelled to administer justice to an erring member. Gentlemen, we have an erring brother in our midst; but our sympathies must not interfere with the prerogatives of the law. The law, gentlemen, must protect this peace abiding community. (*Pause.*) I will not relate the story of this unparalleled iniquity, but will let you hear it from the lips of the injured party himself. Mr. Job Moses, you will please take the stand. (*Job takes the stand.*)

Lawyer Reynard. Deacon, please tell the honorable court and jury your grievance.

Job. I was out on the porch greasin my Sunday boots, jes sundown, when out comes Huldah in a flurry. My wife is a cute 'un, she is, and she's got—

Lawyer Bovine. I object, your Honor. The peculiarities of Mrs. Moses have nothing to do with this case.

Judge. Let the deacon tell his story in his own way. Go on, deacon.

Job. As I say, she is a cute 'un, and has got an eye as can see a hole in a grindstone; so when she said there was suthin' movin' in the melon patch, I know'd she was talkin' sense, and when she talks sense I allus listens. I reckon'd 'twas nothin' but a woodchuck, and so worked on my boot. Says Huldah, "Job Moses, there's suthin' wrong in that melon patch." Says I, "Well, I'll go see." So off I goes, 'spectin' to git a kick at a woodchuck; but it warn't no woodchuck, but Ebenezer Wiggins tryin' to hide behind my prize melon. "Wull," says I, "this is cool." "Not so cool," says he, "as it was last Christmas." "No sass," says I. "What yer doin' here jest night?" "Lookin' fur angle worms to go fishin' with," says he. Says I, "Yer darned fool there ain't no angle worms round these parts, 'ceptin' in the barn yard." Then I see all my best melons was gone but the prize one. "You have been hookin' my melons," says I; "and I am jest goin' to bring your nose to the grindstone afore Squire Addlepate." Now, Squire, you've got my story, and I want jestice. It ain't the worth of the melons as I care about, but jestice I will have; so spread it on thick while you're about it.

Judge. That'll do on that p'int, deacon. You 'tend to your evidence, and I'll deal out the justice.

Reynard. How long have you known the defendant?

Job. I've know'd the hull lot of 'em from the cradle up.

Reynard. Ever had any trouble with any of them?

Job. None ter speak of. Sary Ann Wiggins borrowed a new-fangled butter stamp from Huldah, and never brung it back; but that all blowed over when we gave the pound party to the parson.

Reynard. Were you ever angry at the accused?

Job. Never was, no! Why, only last week when he cum over to the house, Huldah cut a sage cheese, and give him a pint of spruce beer.

Reynard. That is all. You may go, deacon. Now, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I think you will see that the prisoner through pure cussedness has committed this crime. (*Job starts to resume his seat.*)

Lawyer Bovine. Not so fast, deacon. A few questions first. State your age?

Job. I disremember now, but Huldah—

Bovine. Never mind Huldah.

Job. Never mind Huldah? Gosh, I've got to mind her! You'd mind her if she was your wife.

Bovine. How many watermelons were missing?

Reynard. I object. A man cannot remember how many melons he had in his patch.

Judge. The deacon may answer the question.

Job. I disrecollect as to that, Squire.

Bovine. My object, gentlemen, in putting these questions, is to show that the witness is insane.

Job (*excitedly*). See here, Lawyer Bovine, don't you call me insane, or I'll knock that Roman nose of yourn into a dainty pug.

Judge. That'll do, deacon. No abusive language here. Take your seat.

Job sits down muttering: Dang it, no one can't call me insane.

Reynard. Hans Blauben will take the stand. (*Hans stands up.*)

Reynard. Are you not a storekeeper in the next town?

Hans. Dat I vas.

Reynard. Do you know the accused?

Hans. I do, for more as a year.

Reynard. When did you last see him?

Hans. He comes to my store. So I see him.

Reynard. Tell us all about it.

Hans. Vell, dot feller, he come to my store und he say. "Hans, How you sell dat tobacco?" I tells him der brice. "Hans," he says, "I don't got some money." "No shekels." Say I, "Vot you comes here for?" "For inkstance," he say. "I don't got some inkstands," say I. He open vide his mouth mit laughing; I tinks he make fun mit me, und so I go to bounce him oud. Den he asked me vot I vud gif fur vater-melons, und I say I vud gif him a drink uf vhiskey fur vun. Den he says he vill brought me all dose vater-melons I vant.

Reynard. Did he leave the store then?

Hans. He vent strade out mid himself.

Reynard (*rising.*) I will rest my case here. The evidence must carry conviction to the mind of the honorable court and jury. I am done with this witness. (*Resumes his seat.*)

Bovine. Have you ever bought any water-melons from the accused in the manner you proposed, Mr. Blabbing?

Hans. Dot vas not my name, Lawyer Bowpin. It was Blauben.

Judge (*laughing.*) Well, you're even on names, Mr. Bovine.

Bovine (*provoked.*) This is nonsense. Answer my question. Have—you—ever—obtained—any—water-melons from the accused?

Hans. Nein.

Judge. How many?

Hans. I never buys some uf dot feller,

Judge (*angrily.*) Why, you just told us you bought nine. What do you mean, sir? You can't bamboozle this court.

Reynard (*rising.*) Allow me to state, your Honor, that the German word for "No" is similar in articulation to the last digit in our numerical calculation.

Judge. Lawyer Reynard, I am running this court on no dictionary, but on plain common sense. Your explanation is about as clear as mud. Go on with this case.

Bovine. Did the accused tell you he would bring you some water-melons?

Hans. Nein. He got his hand in dose cracker-barrels, and I jumps over der counter—

Bovine. Never mind that. You say the accused never brought you any water-melons, which is all I want to know. Sit down. (*Hans sits down on witness-stand.*)

Judge (*desperately.*) Here, you Blubber. Start your boots from there. Take your seat.

Hans (*in a bewildered manner.*) Bretzels! Vy don't you say get oud ven you mean get oud. (*Reynard conducts him to seat.*)

Bovine. Mr. Wiggins will now take the stand in his own defence. (*Wiggins takes the stand.*)

Bovine. Now, Ebenezer, I want you to tell us why you were in the melon-patch at sundown; and what you were doing there?

Wiggins. Wal, that's as easy as ketchin' eels. The hull thing wus this wise. I've bin a sparkin' Patience Jones for four years. The old folks hev kicked agin it,so we've had to do our courtin'mighty careful. We used ter meet at the school-hus', but old Jones got wind of it, so Patience sez ter me, "Eby, let's do our courtin' down by the Deacon's

prize water-melon." "Kerrect," says I. "I'll be thar." So last night, I slicks up my hair, and starts fur the melon-patch ter see Patience. I hadn't bin waitin' thar longer than you'd wait fur an eel-bite, when down cums the Deacon helter-skelter. "Wal, Eb," says I to myself, "you're in fur it this time, sartin sure." I know'd the Deacon was down on the Jones', and I was afeared Patience would come along jest about that time, but I never thought I'd get in this sort o' scrape. Howsomever, here I am, and that's all I've got to say.

Bovine. Did you ever take any melons from the Deacon's patch?

Wiggins. Nary a melon.

Judge. Why did you tell the Deacon you were hunting for angle-worms?

Wiggins. 'Cause I didn't want ter let on what I wus there for.

Bovine. That will do.

Reynard. You admit you were nosing around the melon-patch?

Wiggins. I wus thar, that's a fact.

Reynard. What were you looking after?

Wiggins. Nothin'.

Reynard (*to witness.*) How about the angle worms?

Wiggins. They're wigglin' yet, I reckin.

Reynard. You admit then that you were not after angle worms in the melon-patch?

Wiggins. That's about the size of it.

Reynard. What brought you there then?

Wiggins. Shank's mare. (Slapping his legs.)

Reynard (*tapping table nervously with pencil.*) Do you grow any water-melons at home?

Wiggins. Grow nothin' but rattlesnakes and blueberries.

Reynard (*in desperation.*) Do you like melons?

Wiggins. I like tobaker a darned sight better.

Reynard. How about whiskey?

Wiggins (*grinning.*) Gosh, I'd rather have one drink of whiskey than the hull dog-goned melon-patch.

Reynard (*exultantly.*) Aha! and you admit also that you were in the Dutchman's store, as he says?

Wiggins. Never denied it.

Reynard. Did you ask him the price of whiskey?

Wiggins. Guess so, but I didn't touch no crackers.

Reynard. Did you hint to him that you would trade off water-melons for whiskey?

Bovine. Hold up, Ebenezer. You needn't answer that question.

Reynard. I insist, your Honor.

Judge. I don't want to see no spokes missing from the wheels of justice. But we can't blame any one for not knowing what he said to that crazy Dutchman.

Reynard. I shall appeal this case on the strength of this ruling.

Judge. You won't appeal any case from this court. The whole thing is going to be settled right here, and pretty quick, too.

Reynard. Very well, your Honor, I have but one more question. (*To witness.*) Why did you choose the melon-patch to do your courtin'?

Wiggins. Now, look a here, Reynard, you've tried to spark Patience yerself, and got left, and I ain't goin' ter stand no more sass from you. Not by a jugful. (*Both lawyers start up excitedly.*)

Judge. (*Raps for order.*) Order. Order in this court. Sit down, Ebenezer. Call your next witness, Mr. Bovine.

Bovine. Miss Patience Jones will take the stand. (*Patience takes stand.*)

Bovine (*continues:*) You have known the accused for a long time, have you not?

Patience. Oh! yes, sir, that I have.

Bovine. Did you ever agree to meet him in the Deacon's melon-patch?

Patience. Yes, sir, I did, and I told Eby—that is (*confusedly*) I said—no, I mean he said—least-wise, we both said—

Bovine. Well! Well! You need not say what you said. I only want to know whether you met him there or not?

Patience. That I did, and I was just going to holler Oo! oot! like an owl, so he'd know I was comin', when I saw the Deacon tearin' down through the melon patch like mad. He grabbed Eby and I almost fainted away, but I turned around and ran all the way home. Pa was just coming out of the house.

Bovine. Hold on! that will do. (*Turning to Reynard.*) The witness is yours.

Reynard. Now, Miss Jones, you may tell us what you said to Ebenezer, when you agreed to meet him in the melon-patch.

Patience (*coquettishly.*) Not much.

Reynard. You must. You're in court.

Judge. Yes! Patience, tell us what you said.

Patience. That's real mean now, Squire. (*Hanging her head.*) If you must know, I suppose I must tell. I told him not to put any grease on his hair. (*Smiles from court and lawyers.*)

Bovine. Never mind, Patience. We've all had our sparking days.

Patience. Can I sit down, now?

Reynard. Not yet. What did your pa say when you came running home?

Patience (*defiantly.*) I won't answer that. Yes, I will, too. He was mad, and he says; "If I catch you with Ebenezer Wiggins, I'll wallop you both; and if that numskull of a Reynard ever speaks to you I'll cowhide him, even if he does bring me up before that old fool of an Addlepate. (*Chorus from lawyers and court:* Sit down Patience, sit down.) (*Patience marches to her seat.*)

Judge. Well, I guess we've had enough for one case, Mr. Reynard; have you anything to say before I give this case to the jury?

Reynard (*rising, with hand in breast-pocket.*) May it please your Honor; the evidence is all in, and it lies with you, gentlemen, to save this village from becoming a modern Sodom.

When, since the days of Eve and the stolen apple was guilt clearer?

That was the first great case on the pages of time. This is the last.

They are much alike. The one stole apples, the other water-melons. As much greater as a water-melon is to an apple so much greater is this crime than Eve's. The one culprit was driven forth from the Garden of Eden. The other must be driven from the peaceful solitude and fields of Podunk. What have we proved? He does not care to eat water-melons, but prefers whiskey and tobacco. He has no money, but makes a dupe of an innocent storekeeper. He does not ask him to swap whiskey for melons. Oh, no! Like the cunning spider, he lures his victim on. The understanding is reached. It is this.—I have no money. You give me whiskey and tobacco, and I'll give you water-melons. But he has no melons to give. Never mind, the honest village Deacon has plenty.

He can get them there at nightfall. Alas! the villainy of it all.

The bargain made, the plan laid, where is the culprit found? In the melon-patch of his respected neighbor. But, perhaps you say, we are convinced he took the melons that are gone, but why did he leave the prize melon to the last? Ah! that shows, more than all else, the inborn wickedness of this criminal heart. Why, then, did he not take the prize melon—the pride of our village, the hope of the Deacon and Huldah? He couldn't, gentlemen; I say he couldn't. It was too big to lug. (*Pauses.*) Very well, you say, what was he doing there then? You, gentlemen of the jury, with your pure hearts can not understand. Let me explain. Have any of you ever been at a ball, where beauty, and wealth, and fashion have gathered; where apple pie and doughnuts, and cider, are as free as air; where in your new dancing pumps you have tripped the light fantastic to the music of an orchestra from the city? I know you have. And when the time came to go home, have you not hated to go? I know you have. Well, the criminal heart has a feeling like that. Ebenezer Wiggins hated to go. He could not take the melon, but he hated to leave it. He staid, and longed for it, and that was his ruin. What more need I say? The destiny of our beloved village is now in your hands. With such a crime as this, unpunished in our peace-loving community, where will you look for your huskings, your barn-raisings, your apple-parings, your quilting-parties, and, lastly, your summer boarders? No! no! gentlemen; this crime must not go unpunished. Remember, remember the future of Podunk is now in your hands. (*Sits down, wiping his face with a handkerchief.*)

Bovine (*rising.*) My eloquent opponent has gone back to the Garden of Eden to help along his case. I shall not go beyond the garden of Deacon Moses. You find there a young man who has grown up among us from the cradle. He is accused of the crime of stealing water-melons. Yet no one has seen him take even a single melon. What, then, was he doing in the melon-patch? Nothing! He has said that. What was he waiting for? For the prettiest girl in Podunk. Is there any crime in that? Is there any one here that wouldn't wait in the Deacon's melon-patch, or even in his frog-pond, for that matter, for Patience Jones? Why, my eloquent opponent here, as the trial has shown, has been waiting for years for Patience Jones, and nobody has accused him of stealing water-melons. Ebenezer has said that he went to the melon-patch to meet Patience. And Patience has said that she went there to meet Ebenezer. What is there more natural than a meeting at the prize melon? There was no chance for either of them to miss it. Is it likely that Ebenezer would have slicked up his hair (without grease, remember) to hook water-melons? Would Patience go there to sit on the fence and see him take them away? That's a likely story! Why, then, should we interfere in this courting affair? They have trouble enough with the old folks. We have all had our courting days, and now let us take our fingers out of the pie. We must look for the guilty party somewhere else. The good name of Podunk must be preserved, but the innocent must not suffer; and never, never will you have another chance like this to show to the world that the course of true love cannot run smooth—no, not even in Podunk. (*Sits down.*)

Judge (*rising.*) The great town of Podunkville has been shaken to its foundation by an earthquake, a whirlwind, a waterspout of crime. You are here to say whether Ebenezer Wiggins did or did not take them water-melons. Never has such an important case been before the court. It must be settled here. I won't have any appealing done. If Ebenezer Wiggins likes whiskey and tobacco, that's nothing against him. We all like 'em. If he goes courting a pretty girl on the sly, you can't lay that up against him. Who wouldn't do that? But when Deacon Moses finds him right in his melon-patch, and a good many of the melons gone, there is something to get a grip onto. The Dutchman's story don't amount to shucks. You needn't take any stock in that unless you want to. But, by jimminy! there is one thing you can't get over. What become of them melons what was stole? Deacon Moses don't know. Lawyer Reynard don't know. Ebenezer won't tell. The Dutchman ain't got them. Then I say again, where be they? There ain't niggers enough in this village to eat 'em all. (*Getting excited.*) What become of them water-melons, I say?

Huldah Moses (*pushes her way into court at this point, crying out:*) What water-melons, Squire Addlepate? What's all this fuss and flurry about? Spit it out, 'cos I'm right here, and I'm goin' to hev my say.

Judge. Sit down, Huldah. This is a court of justice. Somebody's stole the Deacon's melons.

Huldah. Why, the old fool! Where is he? (*Deacon Moses steals his way out.*)

Huldah (*continuing.*) He's got a mem'ry 'bout as big as a chicken's eye. I told him he'd git into a fix with sich a mem'ry as that.

Judge. Do you know where them water-melons is?

Huldah. Why, you old nonsense peddler, that blockhead of a Deacon told our hired man to pick all the ripe ones nigh onto a week ago, and they're all stowed away safe to hum. That 'tarnal idiot's the most forgetfullest man in the hull town of Podunk, and he'll ketch it, too, when I git hum. (*Marches out, muttering:* Just let me git my hands on him.)

Judge. That's all the justice I'm going to dispense with till snow flies. Git out, the hull lot of you! (*Lawyers and others disperse.*) *Curtain.*

MR. MICAWBER.

[From David Copperfield.]

CHARACTERS—COSTUMES.

MICAWBER, *shabby genteel; high collar.*
DAVID COPPERFIELD, *dress suit.*
TRADDLES, *semi-dress suit.*
MRS. MICAWBER, *plain evening dress, rather shabby.*

(*Scene. Copperfield's lodgings. Discovered, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, David Copperfield and Traddles, seated, chatting pleasantly; a table where lunch may be served, rear*).

Mrs. M. As we are quite confidential here, Mr. Copperfield, Mr. Traddles being a part of our domesticity, I should much like to have your opinion on Mr. Micawber's prospects. For corn, as I have repeatedly said to Mr. Micawber, may be gentlemanly, but it is not remunerative. Commissions

to the extent of two and ninepence in a fortnight cannot, however limited our ideas, be considered remunerative.

David C. Very true.

Mrs. M. Then I ask myself this question: If corn is not to be relied upon, what is? Are coals to be relied upon? Not at all. We have turned our attention to that experiment on the suggestion of my family, and we find it fallacious.

Mr. M. (*nods.*) That case is very clearly put.

Mrs. M. The articles of corn and coals being equally out of the question, Mr. Copperfield, I naturally look around the world, and say: What is there in which a person of Mr. Micawber's talent is likely to succeed? And I exclude the doing anything on commission, because commission is not a certainty. What is best suited to a person of Mr. Micawber's peculiar temperament is, I am convinced, a certainty.

Traddles. Most certainly—certainly.

Mrs. M. I will not conceal from you, my dear Mr. Copperfield, that *I* have long felt the brewing business to be particularly adapted to Mr. Micawber. Look at Barclay and Perkins! Look at Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton! It is on that extensive footing that Mr. Micawber, I know from my own knowledge of him, is calculated to shine; and the profits, I am told, are e-nor-mous! But if Mr. Micawber cannot get into those firms which decline to answer his letters, when he offers his services even in an inferior capacity—what is the use of dwelling on that idea? None. I may have a conviction that Mr. Micawber's manners—

Mr. M. Hem! Really, my dear—

Mrs. M. My love, be silent. I may have a conviction, Mr. Copperfield, that Mr. Micawber's man-

ners peculiarly qualify him for the banking business. I may argue with myself, that if *I* had a deposit at a banking house, the manners of Mr. Micawber as representing that banking house, would inspire confidence, and must extend the connection. But if the various banking houses refuse to avail themselves of Mr. Micawber's abilities, or receive the offer of them with contumely, what is the use of dwelling upon *that* idea? None. As to originating a banking business, I may say there are members of my family, who, if they chose to place their money in Mr. Micawber's hands, might found an establishment of that description. But if they do *not* choose to place their money in Mr. Micawber's hands—which they don't—what is the use of that? Again I contend that we are no farther advanced than we were before.

David C. (*shaking his head.*) Not a bit.

Trad. Not the least.

Mrs. M. What do I deduce from this? What is the conclusion, my dear Mr. Copperfield, to which I am irresistibly brought? Am I wrong in saying it is clear we must live?

Trad. Not at all.

David C. A person must, certainly, either live or die.

Mrs. M. Just so. It is precisely that, and the fact is, my dear Mr. Copperfield, that we *cannot* live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up. Now I am convinced myself, and this I have pointed out to Mr. Micawber, several times of late, that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must in a measure assist to turn them up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion.

David C. Perfectly right.

Mrs. M. Very well, then, what do I recommend? Here is Mr. Micawber, with a variety of qualifications—with great talent—

Mr. M. Really, my love—

Mrs. M. Pray, my dear, allow me to conclude. Here is Mr. Micawber, with a variety of qualifications, with great talent—*I* should say, with genius, but that may be the partiality of a wife—

David C. Oh no—

Trad. Not at all.

Mrs. M. And here is Mr. Micawber, without any suitable position or employment. Where does the responsibility rest? Clearly on society. Then I would make a fact so disgraceful known, and boldly challenge society to set it right. It appears to me, my dear Mr. Copperfield, that what Mr. Micawber has to do, is to throw down the gauntlet to society, and say in effect: Show me who will take that up. Let the party immediately step forward.

David C. And Mrs. Micawber, how is this to be done?

Mrs. M. By advertising in all the papers. It appears to me that what Mr. Micawber has to do, in justice to himself, in justice to his family, and I will even go so far as to say in justice to society by which he has hitherto been overlooked, is to advertise in all the papers; to describe himself plainly as So-and-So, with such and such qualifications, and to put it thus: Now employ me, on remunerative terms, and address post-paid to W. M., Postoffice, Camden Town.

Mr. M. This idea of Mrs. Micawber's, my dear Copperfield, is, in fact, the leap to which I alluded when I last had the pleasure of seeing you

David C. Advertising is rather expensive.

Mrs. M. Exactly so! Quite true, my dear Mr. Copperfield! I have made the identical observation to Mr. Micawber. It is for that reason especially that I think Mr. Micawber ought (as I have already said in justice to himself, in justice to his family, and in justice to society) to raise a certain sum of money on a bill. If no member of my family is possessed of sufficient natural feeling to negotiate that bill—I believe there is a better business term to express what I mean—

Mr. M. Discount—

Mrs. M. To discount that bill; then my opinion is that Mr. Micawber should go into the city, should take that bill into the money market, and should dispose of it for what he can get. If the individuals in the money market oblige Mr. Micawber to sustain a great sacrifice, that is between themselves and their consciences. I view it steadily as an investment. I recommend Mr. Micawber, my dear Mr. Copperfield, to do the same; to regard it as an investment which is sure of return, and to make up his mind to *any* sacrifice.

David C. Very self-denying and devoted in you, Mrs. Micawber.

Trad. Very much so, Mrs. Micawber.

Mrs. M. (*rising*) I will not protract these remarks on the subject of Mr. Micawber's pecuniary affairs. At your fireside, my dear Mr. Copperfield, and in the presence of Mr. Traddles, who, though not so old a friend, is quite one of ourselves, I could not refrain from making you acquainted with the course *I* advised Mr. Micawber to take. I feel that the time is arrived when Mr. Micawber should exert himself, and—I will add—assert himself, and it appears to me that these are the means. I am aware that I am merely a female, and that a mas-

culine judgment is usually considered more competent to the discussion of such questions; still I must not forget that when I lived at home with my papa and mamma, my papa was in the habit of saying, Emma's form is fragile, but her grasp of a subject is inferior to none. That my papa was too partial I well know, but that he was an observer of character, in some degree, my duty and my reason equally forbid me to doubt. (*Exit Mrs. M.*)

David C. Mr. Micawber, what a treasure your wife is!

Trad. She is a perfect jewel.

Mr. M. Thank you, gentlemen! thank you! There are few women like her; with her assistance I feel that something must turn up.

Trad. Unquestionably something will turn up.

Mr. M. Certainly, gentlemen! It's only a question of time. Something is bound to turn up. Ah, Traddles, that girl of yours is a treasure. Isn't she, Copperfield?

David C. She is indeed incomparable.

Trad. Thank you, gentlemen. I am very much obliged to you; she is the dearest girl—

Mr. M. And how about you, David? Ah, my boy, how is D.?

David C. D. is quite well, thank you.

Mr. M. Ah, gentlemen, when that advertisement has caused something to turn up, I shall look for a handsome terrace at the west end of Oxford street, fronting Hyde Park. I have had my eye on it for some time. (*Enter Mrs. Micawber.*)

Mrs. M. Mr. Copperfield, with your permission I will serve the tea.

David C. My home belongs to my friends tonight. (*They seat themselves at table. Mrs. M. pours tea and serves bread and butter.*)

Mr. M. Uncommonly enjoyable this.

Trad. Oh, very.

Mrs. M. (*aside to David.*) Is Dora tall or short?

David C. (*blushing.*) Now, Mrs. Micawber, you are hardly fair.

Mrs. M. Ah, you need not deny anything to your dearest friend.

Mr. M. Emma, my dear, I am more than ever satisfied that something is going to turn up.

Mrs. M. It must, Wilkins. (*All eat in silence and finish.*)

Mr. M. Mrs. Micawber, we must have a song.

Mrs. M. Wilkins, you know I never sing in company.

David C. Do, just for our little circle.

Trad. By all means. We are not *company* here.

Mr. M. Not at all, my dear. Give us something —may I say sentimental.

Mrs. M. Really I--well--just to please our dear Traddles and Copperfield. (*Sings any suitable song. David C. and Traddles applaud.*)

Mrs. M. Now my dear, we must be going. (*They prepare to go.*)

Mr. M. Copperfield, you are a splendid fellow for entertaining. You're a gay young chap. (*They say good-night and exeunt.*)

David C. Traddles, Mr. Micawber doesn't mean any harm, but if I were you I wouldn't lend him anything.

Trad. My dear Copperfield, I haven't anything to lend him.

David C. You have a name, you know

Trad. Oh, you call *that* something.

David C. Certainly.

Trad. Yes, to be sure. I'm very much obliged to you, Copperfield, but I'm afraid I've loaned him that already.

David C. I hope there will be nothing wrong about it.

Trad. I hope not. In fact, I think there will not, because he said it was provided for. Good-night, Davy. (*Exit Traddles.*)

David C. Provided for! that's Micawber. (*Curtain.*)

THE ASSESSOR.

SCENE. *Room in a farmer's house. Enter farmer Beatem and the assessor.*

Beatem. Take a seat, mister. Now then—who might you be, any way?

Assessor. My name is Perkins—Charles Perkins.

Beatem. Waal now, is that so? I guess you ain't no kin to the Perkinses down by Posey's Ford, be yeou?

Assessor. Slightly related, I believe. Old Jack Perkins down by the ford is a second cousin of my father's.

Beatem. Then you 're a son of Tom Perkins—fat Tom, we called him.

Assessor. Exactly—the same.

Beatem. Waal dew tell, is that so? Heow is Tom?

Assessor. All right. Good for years yet.

Beatem. I vam. Who'd a thought it? I'd like to see Tom again. Many a scuffle Tom and I have had. He was about the best rastler in that kyounty. I held him pretty even though, and we could never quite settle which was the best man.

Assessor. I've often heard father speak of his wrestling.

Beatem. Tom was jes' like a brother to me. We

went to spellin' school together. I remember as well as yesterday the first time your pap went sparkin' of your mam, Huldy Jones.

Assessor. Ah, you have a good memory, I see, Mr. Beatem.

Beatem. Your pap moved aout to this State the same spring I did. Let me see. It 's nigh onto thirty-five year, I guess. I tell you, Mr. Perkins, your pap and I was two of the poorest men that ever come West. Mollie and me hadn't nothing in the house but three plates, three knives, two forks, two cups and sassers, and one spoon. We 'd a straw bed and coverled, and all the clothes that we had was on our backs. Dang my boots if they wasn't. (*Laughs.*)

Assessor. I've heard father say, often, that those were trying times.

Beatem. Waal they was, *I tell you.* We carried corn on a critter's back thirty mile to mill. It took a good two days to go to mill and back. I suppose your pap has got a right smart property since then.

Assessor. He has done reasonably well. Your farm and your stock indicate that you are pretty well off for this world, too.

Beatem. I reckon I hadn't ought to complain. Yeou don't see no finer cattle, I kalkilate, than ourn. I've got the best kyows on the creek.

Assessor. Do you keep much stock, Mr. Beatem?

Beatem. Waal yes, considerable. We've about as much as Bub and myself can tend. We've twelve kyows, an' nine head of horses, an' I guess close rubbin' onto three hundred head of sheep. Milkin' the kyows, and makin' butter an' cheese is a sight of work, sides tendin them sheep. Sheep is pesky critters. (*Enter Mrs. Beatem and Bub.*)

Beatem. Sallie, this is Mr. Perkins, Tom Perkins' boy. (*Mrs. B. shakes hands with him.*)

Mrs. B. Goodness me! Tom Perkins' boy. I haint seen your pap for ten year, or sich a matter. How is he?

Assessor. He is well.

Beatem. I am sorry Tom moved down into the other kyounty. We haint seen him since. If I might ask, be you married?

Assessor. I am.

Beatem. Where do you live?

Assessor. I moved up into this township last spring.

Mrs. B. I do say. Why, we never heerd tell of it.

Bub. Why, mother, didn't you hear about that Perkins man that moved into Snooks' old house?

Beatem. Yes, you heard of it, Mollie. You've forgot. Bub told us, yeou know.

Mrs. B. I 'spose I heerd it, but my memory ain't as good as it was twenty or thirty year ago. Bub remembers everything.

Beatem. Bub, have you turned the kyows to pasture?

Bub. Sally's doin' that.

Beatem. Bub, how much milk did old Spot give when she was fresh?

Bub. Two tin buckets full.

Mrs. B. Old Brin's just as good a cow any day.

Beatem. I reckon if anything, she's a leetle better for butter, but I 'spose there ain't a dime's difference between them. I wouldn't take a fifty dollar bill of any man's money for either on 'em. (*Enter Sarah.*)

Sally. Pap, all six of the colts has jumped into the cow pasture.

Beatem. That's the way it goes. Them colts will pester the life out of me. Bub, we must fix that fence after plantin'.

Assessor. Mr. Beatem, as time is precious, perhaps I had better state my business.

Beatem. Out with it, then! I 'lowed when I saw you comin' you was some city feller with patent-rights or somethin' of the kind. But I guess Tom Perkins' boy wouldn't go round swindlin' his neighbors with patent rights.

Mrs. B. Maybe he's got sewin' machines.

Assessor. No, ma'am; I am—

Bub. He's got them oil chromos, I'll bet a dollar.

Assessor. You are much mistaken! I am not a peddler.

Sally. Mother, if he's the book agent that's round, I want a book full of battles like the one Sis Jones got.

B. I guess we don't want no book; times is too hard.

Mrs. B. The last one we bought the kiver came off in less than six weeks, before the children was through readin' it. An' they ain't hard on books, either. The feller he came round again sellin' picters, an' he actually wouldn't take it back.

Assessor. Madam, I am not a book agent. I am the township assessor.

B. (*Jumps up excitedly.*) How's that, Mr. Perkins? Jack Willard was elected, accordin' to my count.

Assessor. But he appointed me as his deputy. That's how it is.

B. (*Gruffly.*) Wa'al, why didn't you tell your business? I must begin to git to my work.

Assessor. (*Produces blanks for the returns.*) We will proceed at once. I will not read the explanation to you in full, but will read you the affidavit. (*Reads rapidly.*) I do solemnly swear that I will enumerate to the best of my knowledge and belief

all my property of every kind whatsoever, as hereinafter mentioned, viz., chattels, moneys, loans, bonds, securities, etc., etc.

B. (*Testily.*) Hold on! I wouldn't give a straw for the man whose word aint as good as his oath. I'll not swear, I reckon.

Assessor. Very well! We'll proceed without the oath. How many milch cows have you?

B. Nine.

Assessor. Excuse me, Mr. Beatem, but I understood a few minutes ago that you had twelve milch cows.

B. Dang it! Three of 'em is dry!

Assessor. Exactly. (*Writes.*) Twelve milch cows and three of them dry. (*Laughs.*)

Sally. No that aint right. There's twelve milch cows and three dry cows.

B. Sally, you go into the kitchen. Jes hold your tongue when older folks than you be is talkin'! (*Exit Sally.*)

Assessor. Exactly! (*Reads.*) Twelve milch cows, three dry cows; worth, say $32 apiece. Is that right?

B. (*Gruffly.*) I kalkilate it is.

Mrs. B. Mr. Perkins, you've no idea what a loss it was them four cows to go dry. It made a big hole in the butter, I tell you. The mules knocked down the fence and let the keows into the green oats an' eight of them never got over the gorge an' we had to put them dry.

B. Mollie, hadn't you better see to the kitchen. (*Aside.*) Dang it all, women can't keep their tongues. (*Exit Mrs. B.*)

Assessor. Mules! Ah, mules are unruly animals. How many mules, Mr. Beatem

B. Only four.

Assessor. Worth say $60 apiece?

B. (*Snappishly.*) They aint worth it. Mules is cheap.

Assessor. You have very fine stock, Mr. Beatem, and doubtless your mules are no exception, but we will compromise at $50 per head. How many horses?

B. Ten! Worth about $60 per head on the average, I reckon.

Assessor. Cheap horses! Any for sale at those figures? I want a good team.

Bub. Why, Pap, you was offered $400 for the black colts last week.

B. Bub, when I'm talkin you jes' keep your mouth shut. Git out now and no back talk! The 'Sessor an' me can tend to this business. Go to haulin' rails to mend that fence. (*Exit Bub.*)

Assessor. We'll say $85 per head for the horses all round. Will that do?

B. (*Hesitatingly.*) Wa'al, I reckon it'll have to.

Assessor. You said two hundred sheep, I believe. Say one dollar per head. Anything else?

B. Eight hogs, worth a matter of $15.

Assessor. Well, pork is cheap. (*Writes.*) Is that all the live stock?

B. I don't think of any more.

Assessor. Your daughter mentioned some colts; six, I believe.

B. Well, by dang, my memory is getting bad! I done forgot them. (*Laughs.*) Put in the six at $120.

Assessor. Call it $150. (*Writes.*) What is your household furniture worth?

B. We aint very stylish here. We've nothin' but cheers and tables an' bedstids, and sich. I 'low the hull kit is worth about $200, countin' the stuff in the best room.

Assessor. What is the value of your farm machinery?

B. One hundred dollars, or sich a matter. Hain't got much. (*Enter Sarah.*)

Sarah. Ma'am wants to know what time it is by your watch. The clock's stopped.

Assessor. Oh, yes; one watch. (*Writes.*)

B. (*Angrily.*) Dang that clock, I'll smash it finer'n powder the next time it stops! Sally, don't bother us. (*Enter Bub.*)

Bub. Pap, which yoke of oxen shall I take to haul them rails?

Assessor. Oxen! Quite true, we forgot them. How many yoke?

B. (*In a rage.*) Two yoke; put it down! Bub, you're a fool. Mr. 'Sessor, put *that* down too. One taxable fool. (*To Bub.*) You young imp! when I send you out why don't you stay out till you're sent for? Go! (*Exit Bub. Sound of instrument heard in adjoining room.*)

B. (*Aside.*) I wish that organ was in Egypt.

Assessor. I was not aware that your daughter could play. If there's anything I like it's music. What is your instrument worth?

B. You aint going to tax that too, be you? It aint no good and ought to go in free.

Assessor. Couldn't do it. The directions are clear. Read them. (*Hands paper to B.*)

B. I paid $200 for it, but it ain't *worth* nothing. It's all a piece of nonsense.

Assessor. Really, Mr. Beatem, hadn't you better call in your family to assist you in listing your property? Your memory is so very bad.

B. No, dang it all. Thanks to your meddlin' you've got it all. (*A pause. The assessor writing in his book. In a loud key.*) I say you've got it all.

(*Assessor still continues writing. Still louder.*) Dang you man, why don't you go? Are you waiting for more live stock to grow, so you can 'sess it?

Assessor. Not at all! not at all! Thank you, Mr. Beatem, for the very full returns I've got. Good-day! (*Exit. Curtain.*)

SQUEERS' SCHOOL.

[From Nicholas Nickleby.]

CHARACTERS.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, *an Usher in Dotheboy's Hall.*
WACKFORD SQUEERS, SR., *Master of Dotheboy's Hall.*
WACKFORD SQUEERS, JR., *his son.*
SMIKE, *a servant.*
BOYS, *pupils at Dotheboy's Hall.*
MRS. SQUEERS, *wife.*
FANNY, *her daughter.*

COSTUMES.

NICHOLAS—*Shabby genteel costume.*
SQUEERS—*Shabby black suit; stock; red crop wig.*
WACKFORD—*Boy's plain suit.*
SMIKE—*Ragged and tattered costume.*
BOYS—*Ragged and dirty.*
MRS. SQUEERS—*Slovenly wrapper.*
FANNY—*Plain dress. Red curly hair.*

SCENE I.—(*A schoolroom. Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, Fanny and Wackford discovered.*)

Mr. Squeers. Well, my dear, what do you think of him by this time?

Mrs. Squeers. Think of who?

Mr. S. Of the young man—the new teacher—who else could I mean?

Mrs. S. Oh! that Knuckleboy. I hate him.

Mr. S. What do you hate him for, my dear?

Mrs. S. What's that to you? If I hate him, that's enough, ain't it?

Mr. S. Quite enough for him, my dear, and a great deal too much, I dare say, if he knew it. I only asked from curiosity, my dear.

Mrs. S. Well, then, if you want to know, I'll tell you. Because he's a proud, haughty, consequential, turned-up-nose peacock.

Mr. S. Hem! He is cheap, my dear; the young man is very cheap.

Mrs. S. Not a bit of it.

Mr. S. Five pound a year.

Mrs. S. What of that; it's dear if you don't want him, isn't it?

Mr. S. But we do want him.

Mrs. S. I don't see that you want him any more than the dead. Don't tell me. You can put on the cards and in the advertisements, "Education by Mr. Wackford Squeers and able assistants," without having any assistants, can't you? Isn't it done every day by all the masters about? I have no patience with you.

Mr. S. Haven't you? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squeers, in this matter of having a teacher, I'll take my own way, if you please. A slave driver in the West Indies is allowed a man under him, to see that his blacks don't run away, or get up a rebellion; and I'll have a man under me to do the same with our blacks, till such a time as Wackford is able to take charge of the school.

Wackford. Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man, father?

Mr. S. You are, my son.

Wack. Oh my eye, won't I give it to the boys! Oh, father, won't I make 'em squeak again! (*Mr. and Mrs. Squeers laugh. Squeers gives him a penny.*)

Mrs. S. He's a nasty, stuck up monkey, that's what I consider him.

Mr. S. Supposing he is, he is as well stuck up in our schoolroom as anywhere else, isn't he?—especially as he don't like it.

Mrs. S. Well, there's something in that. I hope it'll bring his pride down, and it shall be no fault of mine if it don't.

Fanny. Who is this proud Knuckleboy that gives himself such airs?

Mr. S. Nickleby; your mother always calls things and people by their wrong names.

Mrs. S. No matter for that, I see them with right eyes, and that's enough for me. I watched him when you were laying on to little Bolder this afternoon. He looked as black as thunder all the while, and one time started up as if he had more than got it in his mind to make a rush at you. I saw him, though he thought I didn't.

Fanny. Never mind that, father. Who is the man?

Mrs. S. Why, your father has got some nonsense in his head that he is the son of a poor gentleman who died the other day.

Fanny. The son of a gentleman?

Mrs. S. Yes, but I don't believe a word of it. If he's a gentleman's son at all, he's a foundling, that's my opinion.

Mr. S. He's nothing of the kind, for his father was married to his mother, years before he was born, and she is alive now. If he was, it would be

no business of ours, for we make a very good friend by having him here; and if he likes to learn the boys anything besides minding them, I have no objection, I am sure.

Mrs. S. I say again, I hate him worse than poison.

Mr. S. If you dislike him, my dear, I don't know anybody who can show dislike any better than you, and of course there's no occasion, with him, to take the trouble to hide it.

Mrs. S. I don't intend to, I assure you.

Mr. S. That's right; and if he has a touch of pride about him, as I think he has, I don't believe there's a woman in all England that can bring anybody's spirit down as quick as you can, my love. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.—(*Same as Scene I. Mr. and Mrs. Squeers discovered.*)

Mr. S. Now then, are you going to sleep all day, up there?

Mrs. S. You lazy hounds!

Nicholas Nickleby (*outside*). We shall be down directly, sir.

Mr. S. Down directly! Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less. Where's that Smike? Smike!

Mrs. S. Do you want your head broke in a fresh place, Smike?

Mr. S. Confound his impudence! Nickleby!

Nick. Well, sir. (*outside.*)

Mr. S. Send that obstinate scoundrel down; don't you hear me calling?

Nick. (*outside.*) He is not here, sir.

Mr. S. Don't tell me a lie. He is.

Nick. (*outside, angrily.*) He is not; don't tell me one.

Mr. S. We shall soon see that. I'll find him, I warrant you. (*Exit R. Enter Nickleby, R. Squeers comes back. Exit Mrs. Squeers, L.*) What does this mean? Where have you hid him?

Nick. I have seen nothing of him since last night.

Mr. S. Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?

Nick. At the bottom of the nearest pond, for aught I know.

Mr. S. D—n you, what do you mean by that? Boys! (*Boys come in and huddle together.*) Do any of you know where Smike is?

Boy. Please sir, I think Smike's run away, sir.

Mr. S. Ha! Who said that?

Boys. Tompkins, please sir. (*Squeers rushes at Tompkins and takes him by the collar.*)

Mr. S. You think he has run away, do you, sir?

Boy. Yes, please sir.

Mr. S. (*whips boy.*) There. Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I should be glad to have a talk with him. Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose?

Nick. (*quietly.*) I think it is extremely likely.

Mr. S. (*sneering.*) Oh, you do, do you? Maybe you know he has?

Nick. I know nothing of the kind.

Mr. S. He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?

Nick. He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would have been my duty to have warned you in time.

Mr. S. (*tauntingly.*) Which, no doubt, you would have been very sorry to do.

Nick. I should indeed. You interpret my feelings with great accuracy. (*Enter Mrs. S.*)

Mrs. S. What's all this here-to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery?

Mr. S. Why, my dear, the fact is, Smike is not to be found.

Mrs. S. Well, I know that, and where's the wonder? If you get a parcel of proud-stomach teachers that set young dogs rebelling, what else can you look for? Now, young man, you just have the kindness to take yourself off to the other room, and take the boys off with you, and don't you stir out of there till you have leave given you, or you and I may fall out in a way that may spoil your beauty, handsome as you think yourself, and so I tell you.

Nick. Indeed!

Mrs. S. Yes; and indeed and indeed again, Mr. Jackanapes; and I wouldn't keep such as you in the house another hour, if I had my way.

Nick. Nor would you if I had mine. Now, boys!

Mrs. S. (*mimicking him.*) Ah! Now boys! Follow your leader, boys, and take pattern by Smike, if you dare. See what he'll get for himself, when he's brought back; and mind! I tell you that you shall have as bad, if you so much as open your mouths about him.

Mr. S. If I catch him, I'll only stop short of flaying him alive. I give you notice, boys.

Mrs. S. If you catch him, you are sure to; you can't help it, if you go the right way to work. Come! Away with you! (*Nickleby and boys exit L.*) He is off. The cow house and stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road, too.

Mr. S. Why must he?

Mrs. S. Stupid! He hadn't any money, had he?

Mr. S. Never had a penny of his own in his life, that I know of.

Mrs. S. To be sure, and he didn't take anything to eat with him, that I'll answer for. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. S. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. S. Then of course he must beg his way, and he could not do that nowhere but on the public road.

Mr. S. That's true. (*clapping his hands.*)

Mrs. S. True! Yes; but you would never have thought of it, if I hadn't said so. Now if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open, and asking questions, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.—(*Same as Scenes I. and II. Nickleby and boys discovered.*)

Squeers. (*outside.*) Lift him out. Bring him in; bring him in!

Mrs. S. (*outside.*) Take care. We tied his legs under the apron, and made him fast to the chaise to prevent his giving us the slip again. (*Mr. and Mrs. Squeers enter L., dragging in Smike between them.*)

Mr. S. Is every boy here? Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! to your desk, sir. (*Nickleby goes to his desk, R.*) Smike, you hound, have you anything to say for yourself? Nothing, I suppose? Have you anything to say? (*flourishes whip.*) Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.

Smike. Spare me, sir!

Mr. S. Oh, that's all, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha! that's a good 'un.

Smike. (*faintly.*) I was driven to do it.

Mr. S. Driven to do it, were you? Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose—eh!

Mrs. S. A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog. (*cuffs him at every word.*)

Mr. S. Stand aside, my dear. We'll try and find out. (*He raises whip and strikes Smike once, who screams.*)

Nick. (*loudly.*) Stop!

Mr. S. (*drops Smike.*) Who cried stop!

Nick. I. This must not go on!

Mr. S. (*trembling with rage.*) Must not go on!

Nick. No, I say must not; shall not. I will prevent it. You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it on yourself, not I.

Mr. S. (*screaming.*) Sit down, beggar! (*seizes Smike.*)

Nick. Wretch, touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven, I will not spare you, if you drive me on!

Mr. S. (*brandishing whip.*) Stand back!

Nick. I have a long series of insults to avenge; and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practiced on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head! (*Squeers gives a howl and*

spits on Nickleby, who snatches whip from Squeers. Nickleby knocks Squeers down and chastises him. Mrs. Squeers tries to drag Squeers away by his coat tails. Fanny and Wackford pitch on to Nickleby.)

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Boys.	Wack.	Nick.	Squeers.	Mrs. S. Fanny.

DIRECTIONS FOR AN ART EXHIBITION.

The art exhibition consists of a regularly printed list of paintings, in imitation of the catalogue of an art gallery, or collection of pictures or sculptures, each article referred to in the catalogue being duly numbered to correspond with the description in the printed list.

Some of these descriptions are accompanied with poetical quotations, and usually bear the name (imaginary, of course) of the artist.

The collection consists of articles or objects which wittily and ludicrously fulfill the conditions laid down for them in the catalogue, and display a large amount of ingenuity and inventive humor. Without any aid further than the comparison of the works of art upon the catalogue with their corresponding objects, this is a very amusing exhibition, but under the management of a good "showman" the effect is exceedingly mirth-provoking.

For church fairs or charitable objects, the art collection should occupy a separate room, and a considerable amount may be realized by a small admission fee, or by the sale of the catalogues.

The following catalogue will furnish sufficient material for an hour's amusement, but can be extended by any one.

The articles to be exhibited in connection with the foregoing catalogue should be neatly arranged on a continuous row of tables or low shelves, each article having a ticket with its corresponding catalogue number attached to or in front of it. If there is a regular showman in attendance, it would be advisable to cover up with a napkin or cloth such articles as have any description or quotation relating to them in the catalogue, the article to be uncovered at the close of the explanation; this adds greatly to the intensity of the "sell."

AN ART EXHIBITION.

CATALOGUE OF WORKS OF ART.

Now on Public Exhibition.

☞ Visitors are respectfully prohibited from touching the Works of Art.

1. The Meet of Her Majesty's Hounds...*Hunter.*
2. Water Scene.

"And I hear
Those waters rolling from the mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur."

3. The Maiden's Joy.....*Bachelor.*
4. Motherhood.....*E. Glade.*

"Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
There, in its cool and quiet bed,

She set her burden down and fled.
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there."
—*C. S. Caverley.*

5. Borrowed Plumes.....*Wig.*
6. Out for the Night.....*Anonymous.*
7. Maggie's Secret.....*Rossetter.*
8. Somebody's Luggage.....*S. Canty.*
9. Eusebius.....*B. Linkers.*
10. Happy Childhood.....*Wackford Squeers.*
11. Not Such a Fool as He Looks...*The Exhibitor.*
12. The Last of the Army.....*Beech.*

"They left the plowshare in the wold,
The flocks and herds without a fold,
Resolved to fight—come weal or woe—
To perish—or defeat the foe."

13. The Skipper's Home. A domestic scene.....*M. A. Gotz.*

"After a voyage over distant seas,
At home again, the skipper takes his ease."

14. Ananias and Sapphira. A striking picture of retribution.....*L. Eyre.*
15. The Last Man.....*Col. Seller.*
16. The Light of Other Days.....*Flint.*
17. A Prison Scene.....*La Trappe.*

"Look on the captive! Through his dungeon grate
Feebly and cold the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if the sunshine loathed the sight."

18. The Lost Scent .....*A. Rome.*

"See the swift hounds, to earth their noses bent!
The hare has baffled them—they've lost the scent."

19. Interior of China.....*L. Adle.*

> ' The almond-eyed Celestial dwells
> In homes as blest
> As ours."

20. The Belle of the Season.....*Carver.*

> " The waiting throng upon the pier,
> How they rejoice,
> Her melting, dulcet tones to hear,
> Her welcome voice !"

21. The Beauties of Old Age..*Rouget de Rinquelle.*

> " How lovely are the Autumn tints,
> The sere and ruddy leaf !"

22. The Sweets of Childhood.....*S. Hugar.*

> " The dimpled cheek, the gleeful prattle !
> Pleased with a doll, a whip, a rattle !"

23. Horse Fair.....*After Rosa Bonheur.*
24. A Brush between Two Cutters.....*Hare.*
25. Caught in a Squall off Yarmouth.....*Fisher.*
26. The Last of " Poor Dog Tray."....*Barker.*
27. The Midnight Hour.....*C. Lock.*
28. True to the Core.....*Greening.*
29. " Spring, Beautiful Spring."....*Mayne.*
30. Tears, Idle Tears ; an imaginative picture.....*Strong.*
31. The Midnight Assassin.....*B. Sharpe.*
32. Family Jars.....*Potter.*
33. Never Too Late to Mend.....*S. Titch.*
34. Past Healing.....*Kobler.*
35. The First Sorrow.....*Smalchild.*
36. Saved.....*S. Kinflint.*
37. Lost.....*Miss Sing.*
38. The Death of the Camel.....*After Goodal.*

39. A Good Fellow Gone.....*M. I. Slade.*
40. A Waterfall ; an ideal scene.....*Lothair.*

" See the cascade, whose feathery spray
Sparkles in the light of day !"

41. The Fancy Ball.....*A Child.*

" Brilliant costumes in halls of dazzling light,
Bright eyes and witching smiles."

42. The Water Carrier.....*C. Rowton.*
43. Cain and Abel. An ante-diluvian sketch.*Adam.*
44. Matching the Carpet.....*Streichholz.*
45. The Old Veteran.....*H. A. Vanner.*
46. A Fruit Piece.....*Corey.*
47. Down in the Canebrakes.....*Miss Nancy Dill.*
48. A Bad Spell of Weather.....*By a Student.*
49. A Drawing Subject.....*Strong.*
50. Shells of the Ocean.....*Dorlon.*
51. A Tale of the Sea.....*Hooker.*
52. The Unmarried Colonel.....*Cobb.*
53. The Faithful Detective. Loaned by the Police Department.....*Hunter.*
54. The Andes.....*Church.*
55. The Outcast.....*Moeler.*
56. Babes in the Wood.....*Fowler.*
57. Can't be Beat.....*S. Windle.*
58. Ruins in China.....*C. A. Reless.*
59. The Family Athlete.....*Beecher.*
60. "A Terrible Temptation".....*T. Rapp.*
61. A Monument of Greece.....*S. Chandler.*
62. Camp-Fire.....*Lawrence.*
63. Paradise. After Milton.....*Morrissey.*
64. Links of Mystery.....*McCreedy.*
65. A Perfect Foot.....*R. Ule.*
66. Mementoes of the Great.....*C. Lincker.*
67. Members of the Bar.....*Babbitt.*

68. Drive in the Wood.....*N. Ayler.*
69. A City in Ireland.....*Corque.*
70. The Four Seasons..... *C. Astor.*
71. Reflection; a study of nature.....*G. Lars.*
72. Things to Adore.....*A. Locke.*
73. Views of Brussels.....*C. Arpet.*
74. Scene on St. Patrick's Day.....*Murphy.*
75. A Regular Bore.....*G. M. Let.*
76. The Mother's Friend.....*W. Inslow.*
77. The Bridal.....*C. H. Arger.*
78. Lot's Wife.....*S. Alt.*
79. Rose of Castile.....*Unknown.*
80. View of Cologne.....*Lubin.*
81. The Absorbing Subject.....*S. Ponge.*
82. A Little Indian.....*Maize.*
83. Kids at Rest.....*G. Loves.*
84. The Tax Gatherer.....*C. Law.*
85. Youthful Impression.....*B. Urch.*
86. Commentator on Acts.....*E. Rose.*
87. Noah's Son.....*H. Amm.*
88. A Good Match.....*Lucy Fir.*
89. Falling Dew.....*N. Otes.*
90. The Candidates.....*Unknown.*
91. A Boy's Ambition.....*S. Have.*
92. The Young Man's Horror.....*M. Itten.*
93. What a Blind Man Saw in Europe.....*N. Ort.*
94. The Sower of Tares.....*N. Eadel.*
95. Internal Improvements.....*Ayres.*
96. When Shall We Three Meet Again...*Unknown.*
97. The Pointer; an art sketch.....*Goout.*

Articles Needed.

1. A piece of liver.
2. A leaky can of water.
3. A plain (wedding) ring.
4. An egg, uncovered after the quotation in the catalogue has been recited.

5. A lady's false front hair.
6. An extinguished candle (or lamp.)
7. A grey hair labeled "her first." (A hair from a grey horse's tail, coiled up and tied with a thread.
8. A comb and a paper collar.
9. A pair of spectacles.
10. A thin rattan.
11. A ticket on which is written "The Exhibitor." He explains that the article is one which he does not quite understand, and proposes to pass on immediately to the next.
12. A shoemaker's last, to be uncovered after the quotation has been read.
13. A piece of decayed cheese. Uncovered after reading the quotation, the exhibitor adds, "How skippers revel in decayed old cheese."
14. Two lyres, cut out of gilt paper.
15. Nothing. Explained that the last man will be seen going out just as the exhibition closes.
16. An old candlestick and candle in it; and a tinder box.
17. A mouse in a trap, uncovered after reading the quotation.
18. An empty perfume bottle, upside down.
19. A China soup tureen, on its side, showing inside view.
20. A dinner bell, with "Sea View Hotel" in white letters upon it, uncovered after the quotation has been read.
21. A wig, a set of false teeth. A pair of spectacles.
22. A syrup jug.
23. A handful of oats and a wisp of hay.
24. A tooth-brush lying between a razor and a jack-plane.
25. A red herring.

26. A sausage. The exhibitor will warn the visitors not to whistle while passing this article.
27. Nothing but the ticket number. The exhibitor explains that the "midnight hour has not arrived, but if any gentleman will wait until it does (which will be punctually at 12 P. M.) he is welcome to do so."
28. A rosy-cheeked apple.
29. A coil of watch-spring.
30. An onion.
31. Nothing. The exhibitor says he misses this object from its place, and if any ladies or gentlemen should find it, they will oblige greatly by returning it. He states that the missing object was a very fine specimen of a lively flea.
32. A pickle jar and a preserve pot.
33. A boot patched all over.
34. The fellow to the previous boot completely ragged, and past renovation.
35. A broken doll.
36. A money box, containing a few cents.
37. Nothing. Explain that it is "lost," and has not yet been found.
38. A straw. Explained that this is the identical "last straw" that broke the camel's back.
39. An odd new glove.
40. A lady's chignon, with a delicate spray of feathery leaves.
41. A child's soft ball, with a cover of various colors.
42. A small pail.
43. A walking- stick and a hand bell.
44. A half-burnt parlor match inserted in a piece of carpet.
45. The stump of a smoked out cigar.

46. An apple core.
47. The worn-out seat of a cane-bottomed chair.
48. The word "Wether" written on a card.
49. A porous plaster, or a blister.
50. An oyster shell, and a clam shell.
51. The tail of a fish.
52. A peach stone with a *single* kernel displayed on its half shell.
53. A fine tooth comb.
54. Pictures of Andrew Jackson and of Andrew Johnson. The cover of the novel "Handy Andy" may be added to the above portraits, if *handy*.
55. An old tooth.
56. Two wooden dolls.
57. A turnip.
58. Pieces of broken chinaware.
59. A tumbler.
60. A mouse trap baited with a piece of cheese.
61. A tallow candle.
62. A piece of camphor.
63. Two dice.
64. Half a dozen sausages, not cut apart. The mystery connected with these is their contents.
65. A foot rule.
66. Cinders and clinkers from a furnace.
67. A bar of soap, divided into quarter sections retaining their positions, but slightly separated to show their divisions.
68. A nail partly driven into a block of wood.
69. A wine cork.
70. Samples of pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar.
71. A looking-glass.
72. A door-knob, a lock, a bolt, and a door-key.
73. Pieces of Brussels carpet.

74. A shocking bad old silk hat.
75. A gimlet. The exhibitor will apologize for the non-appearance of the Hoosac Tunnel, which had been sent for specially for the occasion, but up to the latest hour had not arrived.
76. A bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
77. A horse's bridle.
78. A pile of salt.
79. Cakes of Castile soap arranged in rows.
80. A bottle of cologne.
81. A sponge.
82. A small sample of Indian meal.
83. A pair of kid gloves.
84. A claw for drawing tacks.
85. A rattan, a ruler and a birch-rod.
86. A potato laid on the blade of an axe.
87. A ham.
88. A parlor match.
89. A promissory note, whose date of maturity is the day after the exhibition.
90. Two or three dates lying in rock candy.
91. A razor and a shaving cup.
92. A mitten.
93. No article at all. He saw nothing.
94. A large needle.
95. A box of pills.
96. Two toy donkeys.
97. A hand on an upright rod, pointing toward the door.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHADOW PICTURES.

Shadow pictures well rendered are very amusing. They can be given on a stage, platform, or in

a parlor with folding doors, or even with a single door. On a stout wooden frame fasten a sheet previously immersed in water and well wrung out, drawing the sheet tightly.

Have ready a low lamp (best placed in a pan or box of sand) and place it four or five feet back of center of sheet, putting out all other lights.

Persons on the stage and not acting must keep back of the light. When an actor comes upon the stage he should go back of the light and jump over it sideways, as this will give him the appearance of having dropped from the ceiling. In going off he must jump over the lamp sideways.

Chairs and articles of furniture should be placed as near the sheet as possible without touching it. Actors should keep their sides to the sheet under all circumstances.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SCENE I.—Young man, long curly hair, swallow-tailed coat, large buttons, knee breeches fastened with large bows, slippers with large buckles, high collar or ruffle at neck, cuffs turned back at wrist or large ruffles; he sits at a desk with quill pen in hand, thinks deeply for a moment, takes ink and writes; reads letter slowly and nods approvingly, folds paper, strikes table with hand; boy enters. Young man rises, gestures earnestly; boy takes letter and goes out. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.—Young lady sits in arm chair, appears engaged in thought; boy enters, salutes lady, and presents tray, from which she takes note; boy retires, lady reads note. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.—Young man enters dressed as be-

fore, wearing three-cornered hat; he walks with head down and hands clasped behind him. Young lady enters from opposite side dressed for a walk, her eyes on the ground. Parties meet at center of stage; both show astonishment; lady seems frightened; they gaze for a moment and clasp hands. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE IV.—Gentleman and lady seated; he takes ring from pocket and puts it on her finger. (*Curtain.*)

THE MISER'S SUPPER.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

THE MISER—*Shabby dress coat.*
SERVANT—*In shirt sleeves with apron.*
BOY—*Concealed under the table.*

Properties.—Plate; knife and fork; plate of meat; a large tin dish-cover; glass full of molasses and water; tube of glass or macaroni bent in the form of a syphon; newspaper; bag of tin money; piece of money with a long horse-hair or black sewing-silk attached to it; a candle set at the end of a long white stick so as to make it three feet long; two short eatable candles in candlesticks (these candles are cut from an apple, with pieces of almond for wicks); an empty glass; a chair; a trick table; a tame cat with the boy under the table.

The trick table is easily made. Take a common pine wood kitchen table. In the center cut a square trap hole, hinged to open downward, and fastened when closed by a button underneath. Near the right front corner bore an auger hole large enough to admit a candle through it. Procure a common

tin flat candlestick, cut away the bottom of the center tube, and fasten the candlestick on the table so that the center tube corresponds with the auger hole. This allows the long candle to be pushed up and down through the tube of the candlestick. At the commencement this candle is wedged so as to project about two inches above the candlestick. Make two more auger holes near the candlestick. Paste a piece of cloth over the top of the table, cutting through carefully where the auger holes are, and around the central trap-door. Next fasten a strip of wood along the front and side edges of the table, projecting about half an inch above the level of the table top; on this strip hang a cloth of the same color and material as the table-cover, and reaching to the floor.

SCENE.—*A poverty-stricken chamber. The trick table in center.* (*Enter Miser*).

Miser. Looks cautiously around, starting at the sound of his own footsteps, with a bag of money hidden under the breast of his coat. Assured that no thief lurks in hiding, he places his bag of money on the trap in center of table, covers it with his hat, and then paces gloomily up and down front of stage.

Boy. Under the table, opens trap and removes the bag of money. *Enter Servant.*

Servant. Places chair at right end of table, goes off (*left*) and returns with plate, knife and fork, and glass, which he arranges on right end of table. Summons the miser.

Miser. Looks at plate and glass. Finds them empty. Points to his mouth to show hunger.

Servant. Strikes his left palm to show he must have money.

Miser. Removes his hat, and finds the money

gone. Astonishment and terror. Replaces his hat on the trap. Falls on his knees suppliantly. Starts up, collars the servant and accuses him of having stolen it.

Boy. Opens trap under the hat and replaces the money.

Servant. Shakes him off, protesting that he is innocent, pulls out all his pockets. Nothing there.

Both. Search all round the room, and are about to fight. Confusion around the table.

Servant. Accidentally swings his arm over the table and knocks off the hat, discovering the bag of money just where the miser left it.

Miser. Astonishment and joy. Takes a piece of money (with the horse-hair fastened to it, the end of which he secures in his left hand), hands it to servant over the glass.

Servant. Accidentally lets it drop in the glass. (The coin begins to jump up and down in the glass, moved by the hair in miser's hand.)

Both. Alarmed, tremble at the knees, watching the bewitched coin, which soon becomes motionless.

Servant. Takes up the glass. The coin jumps out and disappears (invisibly jerked up and caught in miser's left hand.)

Miser. Hands servant another coin.

Servant. Takes the money, goes off (*left*), and returns with newspaper. Strikes a match and lights the candle.

Miser. Takes newspaper from servant, sits down; and, holding the newspaper close to the candle, commences to read.

Boy. Pushes the candle very slowly upward; holds it at its extreme height for a moment and then as gradually lowers it to its first position, and wedges it again.

Miser. As the candle ascends he is absorbed in his paper, and rises with the candle, until he has to sit on the top rail of the back of the chair, with his feet on the seat. As it descends, he as gradually descends with it to his place.

Boy and Miser. Repeat the same action.

Servant. Goes off (*left*), returns with glass of molasses and water.

Miser. Takes glass, sips it, smacks his lips with delight, and places it near one of the auger holes, and resumes his paper.

Boy. Puts the glass syphon up through the auger hole, inserts the short end in the glass, starts it running by sucking on the lower end, and empties the glass, catching the liquid as it flows down in a bowl or tin cup.

Miser. Lays down his paper, yawns, motions that he will take a drink, rubs his breast in anticipation, raises the glass to his lips, and finds it empty ("business" of looking all round and under the glass to find the liquor.)

Servant. Goes off (*left*), and returns with plate of meat, puts it on the center trap, places the tin dish cover over it, and taps miser on shoulder to call his attention; gives miser knife and fork in his hands, tucks a napkin under his chin, and bows.

Boy. Empties the plate through the trap.

Servant. Lifts the cover. The plate is empty. Astonishment and "business" of looking very carefully all over the plate and cover, inside and outside. Replaces plate and cover, and goes off (*left*) for more.

Boy. Replaces the meat in the plate.

Servant. Returns after a fruitless search for more. Hesitates what to do, lifts the cover again, and finds the meat all right. Covers it up again,

and rubs his hands with satisfaction; motions to miser (finger in open mouth) nods, that there is something to eat at last.

Boy. Draws the candle down and extinguishes it. Also withdraws both the plate and meat through the trap.

Servant. Seeing the light has gone out, runs off (*left*), and returns with the two eatable candles. He lights one.

Boy. Pushes the long candle up again into its place.

Servant. Perceives the original candle, blows out the lighted eatable candle, and lights the original again. Places the eatable candles on the table, and lifts the cover. Finds both meat and plate are gone, replaces the cover.

Both. Frantic astonishment at the meanness of this last trick.

Boy. At a signal given by the miser, the moment before he overturns the cover, puts a small cat through the trap, under the dish cover.

Miser. Is so hungry that he picks up the two eatable candles, and eats them. Still hungry, he reaches out for the regular candle to eat that also, overturns the cover, and a cat jumps out.

Both. Miser and servant thoroughly scared, escape, one on each side of the stage, with knees bent and long burlesque strides, and arms swinging alternately. (*Curtain.*)

THE HUNGRY CHINAMAN.

CHARACTERS.

CHINAMAN—Hungry and moneyless, in search of a meal.

RESTAURANT KEEPER—With a very mixed bill of fare.

WAITER—Too active to wait long.

CARPENTER—With such a saw as you never saw before.

COSTUMES.

Chinaman, small, thin person, tight drawers; short sack coat, with short sleeves; Chinese cap, brim turned up; a long pigtail; long moustache (made of soft cord;) and short, thick shoes, pug nose, oblique eyes made by paint.

Restaurant Keeper portly, wears an apron and plain Chinese costume; no hat, hair smooth on his head, with pigtail and moustache.

Waiter, a thin-legged person (long stride) neither coat nor hat; a short apron; head ludicrous Chinese style.

Carpenter, no coat, a square paper cap.

Properties: Large saw with exaggerated teeth. Bill of fare: A strip of strong paper, six inches wide and three feet long, with different designs cut out in succession, for instance: A string of four or five sausages, a frog, a fowl, a pig, a nice pair of rats, a snake, a cat, a dog, half a dozen eggs, and as much as will fill the paper in length, of such humorous subjects as the fancy may suggest. Articles corresponding with the bill of fare, made of pasteboard. Restaurant checks, consisting of a square paper with $14 cut in it.

SCENE. The right edge of curtain should be trimmed with Chinese cornices; and from the upper part a swinging sign, with the words, RESTAURANT —NO TRUST, cut in it; required shapes out of stout paper and pin them to curtain. (*Light in "first position." Enter Chinaman over light.*)

Chinaman staggers from extreme hunger, press-

es hands on stomach, points with finger to open mouth, sadly shaking head, and waving hands. Catches sight of the restaurant sign and shows delight, dances, throws up and catches his hat, etc.; summons Restaurant Keeper, by stamping twice with foot, majestically beckoning with one arm and then stands with folded arms, waiting.

Restaurant Keeper enter (*right*), bowing and rubbing his hands.

Chinaman demands food (*stamps twice and points with finger to open mouth*), and then points with hand (*off right*), as if instructing him to go and fetch something to eat.

Restaurant Keeper unrolls a long bill of fare, points to the different articles for Chinaman to select.

Chinaman selects a great variety, and exhibits signs of impatience.

Restaurant Keeper turns to go (*off right*), and receives a kick from Chinaman.

Chinaman manifests severe internal pangs of hunger, points to open mouth, rolls on the ground on his stomach, and a variety of other contortions. (*This should be the result of careful practice, as the shadow can be made to assume most ludicrous and impossible positions, if ingenuity be exercised.*)

Waiter enters (*right*), empty handed, and is received with a fury of impatience by Chinaman, who finally chases him off the stage (*left*), follows him, and both reappear immediately (*over light*) in flight and pursuit, and the waiter escapes (*off right.*)

Chinaman, exhausted, puffs and blows, shakes fist (*off right*), and finally sits down, squatting (*left of stage, facing right.*)

Waiter enters (*right*), with a basket full of the articles Chinaman has ordered, and sets it down in front of him.

Chinaman signs impatiently to waiter to hand over the food quickly, and receives, one by one, a large number of objects from the waiter, which he swallows, rubs himself down the breast and shows signs of delight. (*The act of swallowing is accomplished by passing the object just behind the shadow of the open mouth, and letting it drop down at the side of the performer, where it can remain flat on the ground, and may be used over and over again, at the option of performer.*) At last he comes to a big rat, which he holds up by the end of its long tail. At this rather less delicate morsel he hesitates, measures his open mouth with his fingers, and compares with size of rat. After some doubt, he crams it (apparently) down, but chokes; after a protracted struggle, he swallows, and shows symptoms of great relief. (*During this time the performer must manage to stuff out the front of his drawers with a cloth, previously laid flat on the ground; so that, when he gets up, his insides will appear to have benefited by his repast.*) He now gets up, throws basket (*over light*), and then kicks waiter (*over light*), and dances around, delighted to find that his stomach is in better condition.

Restaurant Keeper enters (*right*) compliments him on his improved appearance, and politely requests his money, handing Chinaman a $14 restaurant-check.

Chinaman as politely receives it and gracefully bows Restaurant Keeper out. (*Exit Restaurant Keeper, right.*) He then regards the card with astonishment, pulls both pockets inside out, feels all over himself, looks in his shoes—can't find a cent; first appears greatly troubled, then stands in attitude of deep thought (*left hand on right elbow, head bent down a little, and right forefinger tapping forehead.*)

Restaurant Keeper enters (*right*), demands his money (*holds out left hand, palm upward, and taps it with back of finger of right hand, also palm upward.*)

Chinaman conveys him the information that he has none.

Restaurant Keeper indignantly and peremptorily demands it, working himself up into a passion, threatening Chinaman.

Chinaman falls on his knees and begs to be spared.

Restaurant Keeper won't hear of it; calls (*claps his hand three times*) for waiter, who enters (*over light*) and orders him to fetch the carpenter (*points upward and goes through motions of sawing.*) Exit waiter (*left*), returning immediately (*same way*) with carpenter. (*Light transferred to "second position."*)

Restaurant Keeper signs to carpenter that Chinaman has eaten till his stomach has swelled, and then won't pay, and explains by signs that he wants carpenter to cut him open, in order to get his food back again.

Chinaman, horror-stricken, implores mercy, Restaurant Keeper obdurate. Chinaman faints (*center of stage*) from terror. Exit Restaurant Keeper (*right.*)

Carpenter with a great deal of preparation, with the assistance of waiter, who holds Chinaman's legs down, commences to saw him open longitudinally.

Positions—Chinaman, lying full length on ground, head to right. Waiter (*left*), kneeling, with hands on Chinaman's feet, carpenter (*right*), with left hand on Chinaman's forehead, holding his head down, saw in right hand, going through motion of

sawing ,apparently going deeper at each cut. (*This action takes place at side of, and not on Chinaman; the saw will thus appear to penetrate.*)

Waiter, laughing, picks up all the articles that Chinaman swallowed (*now lying flat by Chinaman's side*), one by one, looks at them and throws them over light. (*While this is going on the cloth must be withdrawn from Chinaman's drawers, so that his stomach will have shrunk to its former meager dimensions.*)

Chinaman during this operation occasionally gives a twitch or start, as if in pain.

Carpenter then goes off (*left*), returning with a stout twine, and long (*wire*) needle, and immediately goes through the motion of sewing up Chinaman's much-abused inwards, at conclusion of which all exeunt (*left*), except Chinaman. (*Light to "first position."*)

Chinaman gradually recovers; rubs his eyes, as if he had been dreaming. Gazes with dismay at his reduced stomach, and after a little by-play of uncertainty what to do, gets slowly over the light. (*Curtain.*)

PANTOMIME.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

Curtain rises, disclosing parson in his study engaged in writing. Parson is an elderly man, high collar, black tie, glasses, dressing gown. Noise outside as of tying a team. Knock at door. Parson rises, opens door. Enter wedding party of bride and groom, and two or more couples besides. Groom dressed in white pantaloons, quite short, heavy boots, swallow-tail coat, large collar and

gaudy tie, straw hat. Bride dressed in any bright colored dress, many ribbons and bows attached, gaudy shawl, old style hat; bride holds immense bouquet in one hand and apple or candy in the other. Others dressed oddly. All chewing gum.

Parson places chairs for party and stands rubbing his hands ready to do their bidding. Groom whispers to bride who alternately nods and shakes her head, then seems angry and rises to go; groom pulls her back into chair and whispers to her; she seems pleased, nods assent, offers groom her apple. Groom bites apple and nods to the parson to go ahead. Parson motions them to stand, adjusts his glasses, takes book and motions parties to join right hands. Bride's hands are full and she doesn't know what to do; drops her bouquet and groom picks it up; she then drops apple but hastens to secure it. Groom offers her bouquet, but as she cannot take it he fastens it to his coat and they join hands. Parson asks questions, groom assents, bride hesitates, but after some coaxing nods assent.

Parson then shakes hands with each and introduces them to the company, who all shake hands. Groom takes money out of his pocket to pay parson; bride sees the amount and takes it from groom, intimating by her motions that the sum is too large. Groom takes out one small piece from his pocket, borrows another from one of the party and offers them to parson who accepts them with looks of disappointment, but bows his thanks. Party retire.

MORNING AT HOME.

Morning: Large kitchen, two tables, wash tub, a churn, wood box, wash bench, with basin, comb, brush, etc.; these articles arranged in the most

convenient manner around the room. At one of the tables is the mother with flour, eggs, dishes, etc., preparing her baking. At the same table is a girl preparing pumpkin for pies. At the other table a daughter is washing dishes, teaching a little eight-year old girl to wipe them. Another girl is at the washtub and another churning. A young miss at the wash bench washes the face and combs the hair of a school urchin. A boy comes in with an armful of wood, another brings a pail of water and places it by the tub. At these last acts the curtain falls.

The characters are all dressed in neat print dresses, sleeves neatly pinned above the elbows, large blue or checked aprons; the mother has a neat morning cap. The girls with hair simply arranged, no disorder in work or dress. All are happy, and *may* keep time in work with song.

GOING TO CHURCH IN 1638.

Number: Eight or more, according to size of the stage. Men dressed in short pants, high boots, or boots reaching nearly to the knees; short sack-like coats, with a belt, a broad linen collar, a broad brimmed, high pointed hat. Two or three men wear short cloaks, the right side thrown over the shoulder. Each man carries a gun either in his right hand or over his right shoulder. The preacher has a black robe falling to his feet, a low cap, white collar, a book in his hand. His wife walks by his side, has an old-time bonnet, a black dress, full skirt, large white handkerchief round her shoulders and crossed in front. The women all dressed in plain gowns, some with only the hood of the cloak on their heads, others with plain, old-style bonnets. Two or three children in quaint

old fashions. A part of the men placed in advance and part in the rear to afford protection to the women and children.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Queen Elizabeth, rich, dark dress, red hair, dressed high, high headdress, high ruff, page bearing her train.

At right, stand several courtiers facing queen, who, attended by maids of honor, advances slowly from left. At middle of stage is placed a large mirror, the sides and ends of which are covered with pieces of dark cloth, so arranged as to represent pool in the road. Queen advances to pool, stops and looks. Sir Walter advances quickly from courtiers, springs across pool, kneels, spreads cloak, and bows to queen as if to say, "You can now pass."

NOTE—Costumes of courtiers and maids of honor can be obtained from illustrated histories.

DIOGENES AND HIS TUB.

Diogenes, a very old man, barefooted, bareheaded, with an old blanket thrown around him sits in front of an old tub.

Alexander in military costume, with several soldiers, stands in front of Diogenes.

Alexander. (*to Diogenes.*) Have you any boon to ask?

Diogenes. Yes. Get out of my sunshine!

Alexander. (*speaking to his soldiers.*) Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.

THE SICK CHILD.

Scene. A little girl dressed as a woman, sits holding a large doll. She holds a handkerchief to her eyes with one hand, and is sobbing. The physician,

a small boy, dressed to represent an elderly man, stands by with watch in one hand and baby's wrist in the other. On the table are spoons, cups, vials, etc. A doll's cradle can be placed near by.

TABLEAUX.

I. Single Blessedness.

Scene. A bachelor's room. Table covered with books, papers, hats, coats, etc.; room very disorderly. Bachelor in easy chair, in dressing gown, etc., smoking a pipe or cigar, his feet elevated. He looks contented.

II. Not So Blessed.

Scene. Bachelor in same room. A pair of badly torn pantaloons lie across his lap; he is trying hard to thread a needle. Ragged clothing of various kinds is hanging on chairs. He looks forlorn.

III. Blessed Beyond Measure.

Scene. A room displaying perfect order and comfort. Books and papers neatly arranged. A lady seated by work basket, mending stockings. Opposite her sits the former bachelor, neatly dressed, reading.

AMERICA.

Goddess of Liberty in usual costume, seated on a raised dais, back of center of stage. In front, at left, stands Agriculture, represented by a gentleman dressed as a farmer, straw hat, coat off, pantaloons inside of boots. At his side are any conven-

ient farming implements, as hoe, spade and rake, resting on a plow, while in his hand he holds a scythe.

In front, at right, stands Commerce, represented by gentleman in business suit, one hand resting on a large globe, while at his side are bales and boxes of goods.

In front, at center, sits Science, represented by elderly gentleman, seated at a low table on which are placed a telescope, a pair of small balances, test tubes, minerals, and an assortment of apparatus used in teaching science.

At right of Goddess stands Justice, with scales in one hand and the other pointing upward. At right of Justice and in front, stands History (Clio) with pen and scroll in hand, and at her feet several large books.

At left of Justice stands Household (Vesta) with lighted torch in one hand and wreath or shield in the other.

At left of Vesta, and opposite History, stands Plenty (Ceres) with fruits grains, and flowers at her side, and a cornucopia of grain and flowers in one hand and a basket of fruit in the other.

At right of Liberty, and in background, stands a soldier. Opposite the soldier stands a pioneer with an axe on shoulder.

On throne with Liberty Uncle Sam in typical costume, may stand admiring his children.

NOTE—Goddess, Justice, History, Household and Plenty, are dressed in white, with drapery and hair flowing.

DAME HISTORY'S PEEP SHOW.

This novelty can be given in any hall or parlor, affording instruction and amusement. A curtain

of black cambric must be drawn across the middle of the room by a rope at the top and bottom. A round hole is cut in the center of this curtain, eight feet in diameter, or as large as the room will allow, leaving a margin of at least one foot at the top and bottom. A curtain of some bright color, large enough to completely fill the aperture while the scenes are changed, must hang upon rings, on a wire, directly behind the black curtain. The light must come from the top or sides, and in order that it may not shine through the black cambric a blanket should be placed behind the lamps. Dame History sits outside the black curtain in a high chair. She wears a black quilted skirt, red over dress, long, black-pointed waist, high ruff, very high cap, and spectacles. She has in her hand a long cane with which she points out the characters; at her left is a small table covered with books, upon which is a bell which she strikes as a signal to draw away the bright curtain, and exhibit the scenes, as she describes each one. The speeches may be changed to suit the capacity and taste of the hearers.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Dame History's Speech: "My friends, I shall show you this evening one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, who by her simple faith accomplished seeming impossibilities. Joan of Arc, a peasant maiden, the daughter of a poor shepherdess of Domremy in France, rescued her country from the invading English, and won for her unfortunate monarch, Charles VII., the title of Charles the Victorious. You will see her first as in simple peasant costume she carries water for the horses, at the stable of the inn."

Scene First.—The bright curtain is drawn away, and a girl of fine face and figure appears, dressed in a rough woolen skirt, white waist and high black bodice, bearing on her head a large unpainted pail.

The Dame then proceeds with her speech: "This wonderful maiden was so carried away with love and sympathy for her unfortunate country, that she dreamed night and day about it, and fancied that angels appeared to her often, informing her that she was destined to lead the army of the king to certain victory, to deliver the city of Orleans, which was surrounded by the English, and to crown the king at Rheims."

Scene Second.—The curtain is again drawn, and Joan is kneeling before an angel, who points upward; behind her, another angel bends forward in blessing from an elevation. The angels are personated by blonde ladies dressed in flowing drapery, with large wings made of puffed tarletan stretched on wire frames.

Dame History continues: "After much suffering from delay and abuse, the energy and truth of the maiden finally convinced many of her most determined opponents, and, after a long and dangerous journey through a country overrun with robbers, she was at last brought before the king, who was driven to desperation by his many defeats. At the court she was subjected to the most trying examination by the dignitaries of church and state, but no threats or persuasions could make her change her belief in her angel visitors, or her prophecy of certain victory. Even the weak king was encouraged by her determination, and she was fitted out with a suit of armor and placed at the head of the army. She believed that her sword and banner were presented by her guardian angels."

Scene Third.—The scene here presented represents her clad in a suit of silver armor, which is made by covering button moulds with silver paper and sewing them as thickly as possible on a close fitting black waist and short skirt; the helmet is made by covering a wire dish-cover with silver paper, and the long stockings are also covered with silver paper. The angel on her right is presenting a sword, and the one on the left holds a white banner ornamented with *fleur de lis*. In the angel scenes a coil of magnesium wire should be burned before common reflector to add to the effect.

The speech continues: "After many hard battles which the unlettered shepherd maid conducted with the skill of a veteran general, the enemy gave up the siege of Orleans, and the king was publicly crowned at Rheims, precisely as had been foretold by the visions.

"Joan now felt that her mission was accomplished, and wished to return to her native village, and to the humble life which she loved. But the soldiers who had been sustained by her courage refused to carry on the war without her, and she finally yielded to the persuasion of the court, to accompany the army against all her convictions of duty. After many reverses the brave maiden fell into the hands of the English, who used every means to convict her of witchcraft, as they wished to rid themselves of the disgrace of having their greatest generals beaten by a girl only eighteen years of age. They therefore tried in every way to injure her, by employing a spy to visit her in prison, and by seeking evidence against her in her native village. Though they could find nothing against the poor girl, whom they kept in the vilest prisons, subjected to every hardship, they condemned her to a cruel death at the stake."

Scene Fourth.—In the next scene Joan stands upon a box; chained to a high stake surrounded with faggots. Her eyes are raised toward heaven, and wear a look of patient resignation. The front part of the box on which she stands is covered with red cloth, a lamp is lighted behind it, and a thick smoke is made by burning wet straw in a small iron furnace, which is managed by a man who kneels at the side representing the executioner.

The speech continues: "In this dreadful trial, the heroic maiden, only nineteen years of age, showed the wonderful courage and trust which had sustained her through so many dreadful scenes. Years afterward all France rang with her praises, and she is now reverenced and admired by all nations, as a heroine such as the world has seldom known. More than four hundred years after her death the anniversary of her march to the delivery of Orleans was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony annually. A procession of citizens visited the scenes of the various battles around the city, led by a youth in the military dress of the fifteenth century, bearing a white banner; and at another portion of the ceremony he was loaded with chains to denote the captivity of Joan of Arc. A free school for girls was established in her native village by Louis XVIII. in memory of her services and goodness, and a monument was erected to her memory, crowned by a statue of herself as she appeared in martial attire."

Scene Fifth.—The curtain is now drawn aside for the fifth time, exhibiting the statue of Joan of Arc, personated by a young lady of the same size as the other, dressed in white cloth in the same style as the armor; the sword and banner are

covered also with white cotton cloth, and the face is chalked. She holds the sword in her right hand, the banner in her left. For this scene the light must be rather dim, and if the lady stands still the effect is perfect. The Dame concludes her speech as follows:

"You have seen to-night a noble example of the success which always attends upon duty faithfully done, and you will rejoice that you live in an age when such a dreadful fate as the death of the poor Maid of Orleans could not be possible. Still you will admire her wonderful courage and her devotion to her duty and her country, and at the same time see that history almost always, in the end, makes the right appear and true nobility seldom fails to be honored."

The next specimen is of a more humorous nature, and will serve as a contrast to the stern realities of Joan of Arc.

JOHN SMITH.

Dame History's Speech: "Doubtless you have all heard of John Smith; you may possibly have met with some one of that name. If not, you need only look in the directory and you can take your choice out of a few hundreds of that individual. But we seldom find that John Smith ever did anything worth mentioning; in fact, about the only John Smith that ever succeeded in making his mark (from which we infer that he couldn't write) lived a great many years ago, and was the first of that name among the early settlers of Virginia. It did not take much to settle any part of Virginia in those days, though it caused General Grant considerable trouble to settle matters there later. In the days I refer to there was plenty of room for

the settlers to spread themselves in. John Smith spread so much that he fell into the hands of a tribe of Indians, who, notwithstanding he politely handed them his card, collared him and led him off captive. He had never been so much collared in his life, and the Indians were also colored."

Scene First.—The curtain is drawn up and discovers John Smith, dressed in corduroy shorts, high boots, hunting coat, and a slouched hat, struggling in the clutches of two Indians, dressed in Indian leather costume, with bead leggins and moccasins, feathers in their hair, and war-paint on their faces. Both have tomahawks raised threateningly. The curtain closes, and Dame History proceeds:

"These harmless children of the forest thought he was a lottery ticket agent, and was playing his little game to take them in, so they took *him* in, and marched him off as a trophy to their chief Powhatan. It took considerable marching up hill and down hill, and John took it very ill indeed, but they reached Powhatan's quarters at last as you see."

Scene Second.—The curtain is withdrawn and discovers Powhatan, reclining upon a sofa, with a cigar in his mouth, and a large eye-glass held up to his right eye; Smith, still held firmly by the two Indians, is crouching down before Powhatan, offering him his card; the two Indians, each pointing with his disengaged hand at Smith. Powhatan is waving Smith off with his left hand, and points with his right to an Indian who is leaning on an immense club. The curtain closes, and Dame History proceeds:

"Smith made an unfortunate mistake in displaying his card. Powhatan had never seen any card

like *that*, and he mistook it, probably, for a *joker* or some other new innovation on the right bower of the period; his first and natural impulse was therefore to discard all his heart suit, and order Smith up, with clubs for trumps, and he did. The Indians laid John down gently and affectionately on his back, with his head sweetly reposing upon his lunch kettle. You must recollect that among the first families of Virginia, no one was ever less than a captain; every boy was a captain as soon as he was weaned, and our friend Smith had never been promoted, but was a captain still. Powhatan, judging from appearances, concluded that Smith was at least a colonel; he therefore decided to waft him up the golden stairs by clubbing him on the head, a trick he had learned from the policemen of the period. He had also learned among other things in his early days, when he was eating peanuts at Sunday school, that the only way to get at a kernel is by smashing the nut.

"By Powhatan's orders, the head masher of the tribe was summoned; the same Indian you saw in the last picture with his club. He had already lifted his club, and was taking steady aim for John Smith's devoted head, when Pocahontas, a beautiful maiden of the tribe, rushed forward with uplifted arm and moved a stay of proceedings."

Scene Third.—The curtain opens and discovers the well-known group of Pocahontas saving John Smith. As soon as the curtain is closed, Dame History continues:

"Pocahontas came in just at the nick of time, and John Smith was saved. Powhatan relented, and gave Smith his liberty. History does not state whether he had the small-pox, but he certainly was very much pitied at the time—by Pocahontas."

☞ Other events of history can be represented easily by children, which, besides furnishing amusement for the hour, will stimulate a desire for obtaining more knowledge of the subject, and fix in their minds facts already learned. The interval between the scenes can be filled by a brief description of the personages represented, or a sketch of the period.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(Illustrated Ballad.)

CHARACTERS.

THE BRIDE.—*White dress and veil, wreath, also a faded wreath.*

LOVELL.—*Knee-breeches of white paper cambric, coat faced with same, ruffled shirt, white cravat, white wig and beard for last scenes.*

THE BARON,
FOUR GENTLEMEN *or* BOYS, } *same as* LOVELL, *excepting bright-colored breeches and facings.*

FOUR LADIES *or* GIRLS.—*Silk train dresses, powdered hair.*

THE BARONESS.—*Black dress in same style.*

SIX LITTLE CHILDREN *in ordinary dress.*

PROPERTIES.—*One table, one chair, two boxes. Front, side and lid of chest, four and one-half feet long, two and one-half high; the lid is hinged, as usual, to the back; the four sides of the chest are not nailed together, but merely held together by hooks and eyes at each corner inside. The sides must be unhooked for the last scene to allow the chest to fall to pieces.*

At rise of curtain the bride and Lovell stand in center of stage at back, the baron and baroness at the left hand of Lovell. The others stand in two lines at side, gentlemen at right hand of partners. They dance as follows: Head couple for-

ward and back, sides forward and back twice and bow, grand right and left. The pianist must play the melody, and as the bride and Lovell meet at head of the stage, the singer must twice sing the chorus, "O, the Mistletoe Bough." At the word "bough," the couples join right hands and bow, first to partner, then to opposites, in exact time with music. The song then begins, the same dance coming in as marked.

The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.

LOVELL *leads his* BRIDE *forward and points up.*
They go backward to place, he points to sides of stage.
Sides forward and back, bow, and begin the dance, which goes on as above.

(*Dance.*)

The baron beheld with a father's *pride*,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company,

LOVELL *leads* BRIDE *to* BARON, *who salutes her; he then leads her to center of stage and puts a ring upon her finger.*
They look tenderly at each other, and remain in center, hand in hand, until chorus, when they bow first to each other, then to sides.

CHORUS.

O, the Mistletoe bough!
O, the Mistletoe bough!

All bow as before.

(*Dance.*)

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began

BRIDE *comes forward, stretches out her hands wearily, places left hand on* LOVELL'S *shoulder, who also comes forward; she points over her shoulder and runs off at the right. Dancers cross and go out.*

Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, " O where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
O, the Mistletoe bough !

LOVELL *expresses despair.* BARONESS *comes forward, places her right hand on his shoulder. They salute each other, then bow to audience at chorus.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*Chest in center, table tipped over at right of stage, chair on floor at left. The melody is played.* BRIDE *enters hastily; first hides behind the table, then decides to enter chest, draws up chair and steps in. The chorus is then sung, and the* BRIDE *lets the lid fall heavily at last note.*

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.

The dancers enter slowly, pause a moment, then cross and exit.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—CHILDREN *are playing " Thread the Needle," in time to the melody ; they stop suddenly, two of them point to right of stage.*

And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
" See ! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
O, the Mistletoe bough !

LOVELL *appears at right, dressed as an old man, and crosses the stage slowly.*

He bows his head and weeps, then salutes the CHILDREN, *who bow to him and then to audience.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE IV.—*Same as* SCENE III., *except that the chest is unhooked at corners, and the faded wreath inside.*

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay moldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !

Old man slowly enters, and attempts to raise the lid, pushes the right corner and chest falls. He holds up the wreath with trembling fingers. Gazes with horror on the chest. Turns to audience and points toward it. He kneels, and at last note of

O, sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring! and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
O, the Mistletoe bough!

chorus falls on ruins of the chest.

[*Curtain falls.*

ZEKLE'S COURTSHIP.

[Illustrated Ballad.]

CHARACTERS.

FIVE MALES. FOUR FEMALES.

Back of the stage are two screens, forming wall. On one of these are bright tins; to the other is attached a wooden fire-frame and hearth, with iron andirons, laid with skillfully painted logs; behind is a small lamp, in red glass bowl. On the fire-frame stands a bright lamp, and above it hangs a rusty musket, and a couple of crook-neck squashes. Upon this side is an entrance, with braided door mat, and near by, a chair for Zekle to play with when he "loiters on the mat." Across the room sits Huldah, in a simple, old fashioned white gown. She is peeling apples out of a large tin pan upon the table, into an earthen bowl, held in her lap, one foot upon a stool; tallow candle on table. This play requires four assistants who do not act, and who must be thoroughly acquainted with their duties. Their positions, and the positions of all the actors, must be assigned before the curtain rises. There is a narrow curtain, which slides upon a rod at the side of the stage next Huldah, and behind her is the entrance into this room. Here stands Huldah's ma, "a-sprinklin' clothes agin to-morrer's

i'nin'." Hair "pugged up" behind, short gown, skimp skirt; basket of clothes and tin basin before her, and in the basket the white crape shawl and straw hat, trimmed with huge white satin bows, which Huldah has on in the last tableau. In the front grooves are two screens, representing outside of house. In one of these is a window, with turkey-red curtains, exactly opposite the kerosene lamp on fire-frame, which sends a bright light through the ruddy curtains; against the house a breadth of white cloth is "rucked" up, so as to look like drifted snow, and another breadth, laid smooth, represents a hard-beaten path. All the costumes used should be carefully copied from old plates, unless real antique suits can be obtained. A good reader delivers the poem in a slow and emphatic manner, carefully timing his rendition to the arrangement of the various tableaux. The curtain rises upon the outside of a farmhouse on a moonlight night. Everything "white and still." Footlights turned down.

Reader.—

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you kin look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow, on field an' hill,
All silence, an' all glisten.

[*Enter Zekle. Walks slowly across stage, and "peeks in thru' the winder."*]

Reader.—

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder;
An' there sot Huldy, all alone,
With no one nigh to hinder.

TABLEAU I.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in,
There warn't no stoves (till comfort died),
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles on
  Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crook-necks hung,
  An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm that Gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord, busted.

The very room, cos she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin':

'Twas kin' o' kingdom come to look
  On sech a blessed creetur,
A dog-rose blushin' by a brook,
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

[*Zekle straightens, and clears his throat.*]

He was six foot o' man, A1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

[*Zekle turns toward audience, throws back shoulders, and scratches back of head, pitching hat over eyes.*]

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em;
Fust this one, an' then that, by spells,
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly, like curled maple.

[*Exit Zekle, whistling softly.*]

The side she breshed felt full o' the sun,
  Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no voice had sech a swing
  Ez his'n, in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hundred ring,
  She know'd the Lord was nigher.

[*Two assistants draw cotton cloth off stage; two draw scenes open; Zekle removes kerosene lamp from fire-frame.*]

An' she blushed scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnit
Felt somehow, thru its crown, a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

TABLEAU II.

That night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' know'd it too,
A-raspin' on the scraper.

[*Huldah looks off, and appears to listen.*]

All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks on burnt-up paper.

[*Enter Zekle. There must be good pantomimic action through the following scene, illustrative of the text.*]

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the sequel;
His heart kep' goin' pitty pat,—
But *hern* went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her chair a jerk,
Ez tho' she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'poze?"
"Wal—no—I come dazignin'—"
'To see my ma?"

[*Narrow curtain drawn aside, revealing*]:

TABLEAU III.

"She's sprinklin' clo'es,
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

[*Narrow curtain slipped back.*]

To say why gals act so and so,
Or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean Yes, and say No,
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't a told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, mister;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An', — wal, he up an' kist her.

[*Having kissed her, Zekle draws chair up, sits, and lays arm across back of chair. Huldah looks down bashfully, biting fingers. Enter Ma, stands with up-raised hands.*]

TABLEAU IV.

When ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
Huldah sot, pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'round the lips,
An' teary 'round the lashes.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight fur all expressin',
Till mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

CURTAIN.

[*Two assistants draw off two scenes; two more table, stool, and mat. Huldah puts on shawl and hat; Zekle places chairs for himself and Huldah; four members of choir come in, each with a chair; leader brings in bass-viol; minister pushes on pulpit. All fall into position.*]

For she was just the quiet kind,
Whose naturs' never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer wind
Snow hid in Janooary.

And her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is

[*Curtain rises.*]

TABLEAU V.

they was cried
In meetin' come next Sunday.

[*Arrangement of Tableau V.*]

ZEKLE.

TWO MEN-SINGERS.

LEADER. MINISTER.

HULDAH.

TWO WOMEN-SINGERS.

[*The leader stands by his bass-viol, listening with a pleased look to the minister, who holds up the publishment of the intended marriage, at arm's length, to read. Zekle looks very bashful; first man-singer leans forward and whispers in his ear. Second man-singer and first woman-singer whisper, she pointing with a fan at Huldah. Huldah turns back on Zekle, and droops head modestly on one side. Second woman-singer half rises to look across at the blushing couple.*]

CURTAIN.

TABLEAU VI.

[*All stand. Minister "deacons out," two lines at a time, the following verse. Choir sing, while Zekle and Huldah are covered with confusion, and utterly unable to carry their parts.*]

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
And now I'm in, I'll never stray,
But thank my stars I've found the way

CURTAIN.

TELL-TALE.

A CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

TELL.—A HISTORICAL BURLESQUE.

SCENE I.—*A small boy sits upon a sofa covered with a red shawl to represent a throne; on his head he wears a gilt paper crown, and holds a dust-brush in his right hand as a scepter. Six guards surround the throne, each holding some domestic weapon, such as broom, shovel or tongs, and all have shawls draped over their left shoulders.*

Gessler. Bring forth the prisoner!

(*The guards go out and bring in a very small boy, dressed like the others, with his hands tied tightly behind his back.*)

Gessler. Your name?
Tell. Will he Tell.
Gessler. Will *you* tell? Indeed you will.
Tell. I told you, Tell.
Gessler. Are you ready for your sentence?
Tell. Aye; if it be short.
Gessler. Bring forth the infant captive.

(*Two other guards go out for a very large boy, who sits down on the sofa by the side of* GESSLER.)

Gessler. Rise! thou imp of treason.

(*The boy stands with folded hands.*)

Gessler. Having long desired to see your wondrous skill with the long bow, I will grant you life and liberty if you will shoot an apple from his

head. I have chosen a little one as his head is small, that your credit may be great if you win. (*The guards place a large cabbage on the* SON'S *head, and lead him to the end of the room.* TELL *is unbound, a bow is put into his hands, and a single arrow, which he breaks, and calls for more. He selects one, and conceals a second in his vest pocket. After putting on a pair of spectacles he shoots; the boy shakes his head and the cabbage falls.*)

(*Tell embraces his* SON; *the arrow falls from his pocket.*)

Gessler. Archest of archers! why was this concealed?

Tell. To slay you, tyrant, had I slain my boy! (*Tell shoots at* GESSLER, *and escapes, pursued by all.*)

TALE.—A HISTORICAL LEGEND SUBSTITUTE.

SCENE II.—*A party of children enter and arrange themselves around an arm-chair in a graceful group. A little* GIRL *says:* "Now I will go and get grandpa to tell us a tale." *She goes out and soon returns, leading an old man, whom she places tenderly in the chair. She then says:* "Now, grandpa, we are all ready;" *and the old man relates the story of the battle of Bunker Hill or any other tale or legend.*

TELL-TALE.—OR, THE OLD-FASHIONED QUILTING-PARTY.

SCENE III.—*Six or eight girls in old-fashioned caps, kerchiefs, high combs and old dresses, with white aprons, sit around a bed-quilt rolled over two poles, and supported on chairs.*

Miss Smith. I tell you, ladies, Mrs. Johnson ought to be turned out of the society, for they say she steals everything she can, and rejoices in it, too!

Mrs. Lewis. Now, Miss Smith, I think you ought to be careful how you tell such stories about her. I am sure she appears very well, always. Do you not exaggerate a little without intention?

Miss Smith. Exaggerate! How you talk! I shouldn't wonder. Do you think I am deaf? Miss Brown told me all about it, her own self.

Miss Brown. Now, Miss Smith, you know I did not say all that! I said I heard Miss Jones say that she did not think it wrong to steal, if you wanted to.

Miss Jones. You ought to be ashamed, Miss Brown! I only said she must be watched, for I fear her principles are weak on the side of accumulation; yet she did not disapprove of it by any means, as Miss Smart says.

Miss Smart. I never did! I only said Miss Prim said she knew Mrs. Johnson loved to take what did not belong to her.

Miss Prim. Now, ladies, all I ever said was that Miss Chief said she heard her say so herself.

Miss Chief. Ladies, in order to see how a story would grow, I did say that I heard Mrs. Johnson say, over and over again, that she loved to "steal," which is quite true; for I heard her practicing a hymn, and she kept singing, "I love to steal! I love to steal!" more than a dozen times before she was satisfied to finish the line: "I love to steal awhile away."

Mrs. Lewis. Now, ladies, you can see how a very great matter will come from very small beginnings, and let us all beware how we tell tales without being careful to ascertain whether they have any foundation in fact. But tea is ready, so let us all go out to use our mouths to a better purpose. (*Curtain.*)

KNIGHTHOOD.

A PANTOMIMIC CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

KNIGHT.

The knight dresses himself as Don Quixote, a basin upon his head for a helmet, a poker for a lance, a fireguard for a shield, and so on, making out his armor as he best can.

He enters the room marching, followed by his very fat squire, Sancho Panza, dressed in a motley costume. As they enter, a lady kneels to the knight, and clasping her hands, mutely implores his aid to defend her from a cruel tyrant who holds her captive. As the knight raises her, the cruel tyrant rushes out from behind a curtain to carry her away. The knight shakes his lance at him, and the tyrant, completely vanquished, falls to the earth. Leaving him there, the victorious knight leads the lady respectfully by the hand off the stage to perfect freedom. Sancho Panza struts after, turning to shake his fist at the conquered tyrant.

HOOD.

In the next scene, a lady enters with an immense ugly *hood* upon her head. Two other ladies, advancing to meet her, seem surprised, and point to the hood. Suddenly she turns back and holds up a large placard, upon which is written, "The Latest Fashion!" The ladies lift their hands in dismay, and faint into each other's arms.

KNIGHT-HOOD.

The whole word "*Knight-Hood*" is performed by Don Quixote knighting a youth. Ladies fasten on his spurs, tie his scarf and belt, buckle his hel-

met and hand him his shield. He kneels. The Don touches him on the shoulder with his sword. He rises, and a scene of congratulation, in dumb show, follows. Then the whole party advance, and form a

GRAND TABLEAU.

R. C. L.

TWO LADIES, DON QUIXOTE, YOUNG KNIGHT.
SANCHO PANZA, SQUIRE OF YOUNG KNIGHT.

Kneeling. *Kneeling.*

This may be made very laughable if grotesquely costumed and tragically performed.

DRAMATIC.

A CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

DRAM.

An artist, sitting by a table on which is an empty plate, a bottle, and a few brushes. Picture frames, and other furniture of a studio, are arranged around the room. He speaks in burlesque of Hamlet's soliloquy.

"To be or not to be,"—life's dreary dream is o'er,
And dark despair stands shuddering on the shore,
Pointing in terror to that dreadful bourne
From which, alas! there can be no return.
Come then, dark dram of poison handy,
Of strychnine made, called pure French brandy,
Lift the black veil! thou dark and dreadful dram;
Teach me what fate—what life is—what I am;
And why this curse of genius has been given
To crawl on earth and only dream of heaven;
For round my mind the changing colors play

Bright as the radiance of departing day ;
And forms of beauty ever fill my mind,
Which to my canvas will not be confined—
Bright fleeting visions which should trace my name
With the great masters ! But one moment stay !
They had no names till they had passed away !
And when, to-morrow, they will find me here,
Will tardy fame mourn o'er my early bier,
And glory toll my mournful funeral knell?
What ! no bread here ? "Plate, oh, thou reasonest well."

[*Drinks from the bottle. Lady enters, and knocks away the dram from his lips.*]

Lady.—"What can have tempted you to this?"
Artist.—"Living in misery to dream of bliss ;
That which makes folly wise, and wisdom folly prove ;
The burning cold and freezing heat of love ;
But you can make me happy ! Let me trace
The changing glories of that lovely face ;
The blush-rose mingling with the pure white lily."
Lady.—"To paint my face ! How can you be so silly?"
Artist.—"Next week the dreadful critics come to see
If to their clique I can admitted be.
Oh, let me paint that face which haunts me ever !
And if they don't pronounce the picture clever,
Othello's occupation's gone! and then
I never will attempt to paint again."

Curtain.

ATTIC.

The same room as before. One of the picture frames is placed upon the table near the edge, the top of the frame leaning against the wall. A black shawl is pinned to the back edge of the frame, and the lady stands behind the table so as to show her head and shoulder in it, the rest of her body being concealed by the tables. Three critics enter, and express their disgust at being invited to such a miserable attic—as if any picture worth having could be produced in such a poor place. Then they proceed to find fault with it in every way,

criticising the drawing, color, etc. The lady keeps still as long as possible, then bows to them from the frame. The artist laughs at them, and the critics retire in confusion. *Curtain.*

DRAM-ATIC.

A manager sits at a small table at left of stage, and many applicants for engagements for the next dramatic season arrive, each one in turn giving a specimen of his powers. A tragedian, Irish, Dutch, comedian, ballet-dancer, and many others present themselves.

THAT DREADFUL BOY.

CHARACTERS.

MR. T. FORD, MRS. FORD,
ROSE FORD, AUGUSTINE BAKER,
DICK FORD.

This play does not require a curtain. Stage is set with center table, on which are kerosene lamp, slate, and books. Chairs on either side. Chair, R. L. *corner. Sofa* L. U. *corner. Entrance on each side.* (*Enter Mr. F.,* L., *newspaper in hand. Turns up lamp.*)

Mr. F. (*loq.*) Deuce take this light! (*Enter Dick.*)

Dick. Deuce can't take it, father. [*Mr. F. sits,* L. *of table.*]

Mr. F. Why can't it? (*Opens paper.*)

Dick. 'Cause the light's so *high.* The deuce can't take anything higher than itself. [*Crosses, and sits in chair,* R. *of table. Takes book and slate.*] Say, father, which would you rather do, go through square root or get married?

Mr. F. What nonsense!

Dick. I say so too! I believe I would rather get married. (*Figures on slate all the while he is talking.*(Oh, dam it all!

Mr. F. What are you saying, sir?

Dick. Just what the miller said when they asked him how he'd prevent the water of the river escaping. Said he, "Dam it all!"

Mr. F. Well, well, tend to your books. (*Dick turns chair around, back to table, and tips up, with slate resting on knees.*)

Mr. F. Dick, don't joggle the table.

Dick. Say, father, why was the man that got up this 'rithmetic like a pig?

Mr. F. Give it up. Why was he?

Dick. He was good on the *square root.* (*Enter Mrs. F.*, R., *crosses to sofa, and sits. Dick lets his chair fall upon its front legs with a loud bang.*)

Dick. I say, mother!

Mr. F. Stop joggling this table, and tend to your sums. (*Dick without rising turns his chair around to face the table.*)

Dick. But I want to ask mother a problem.

Mrs. F. Very well, my boy, ask it. I'll answer if I can; but I am not good at arithmetic.

Dick. Well, here goes! S'pos'n you had some hag of an old maid aunt visit you all of a sudden, when there was visitors here—the way they do in stories, you know—what should you do?

Mrs. F. Treat her well, I hope. But I have no old hag of a maiden aunt.

Dick. Well, some dowdy relation or other.

Mrs. F. I don't think I have a single relative that is dowdy. There is Uncle Jones' family, they are *very* nice. There are Cousin Arabella Blaine, and Aunt Potiphar, they are rather above the

common. (*Rises and comes down, resting hand on husband's chair.*) You have not a single disagreeable relation, have you, Benjamin?

Mr. F. (*lays down paper.*) Not one but what I should feel well pleased to see at any time. How is your cousin, Emily Turnipseed, from Maine?

Mrs. F. Oh! Emily Turnipseed! She is only a second cousin, any way. I never saw her, but I presume she is passable.

Dick. Has a harry of a name, though.

Mrs. F. Yes, it's a dreadful name! And living in an out-of-the-way village in Maine, as she does, she may be a ridiculous old woman; but she is really not so very old, and well off.

Mr. F. Leave you some money when she dies, won't she? (*Mrs. F. crosses to chair,* R., *and sits. Speaks while going.*)

Mrs. F. Oh! I don't believe she knows much more about me than I do about her. (*Sits. Enter Rose,* R. *Crosses to sofa.*)

Dick. Frills and flounces! Goodness gracious! Where are you going, Rose?

Rose. I am going to—stay at home. (*Sits.*)

Dick. Is Gus Baker coming?

Rose. I expect him.

Dick. Well, then, I'm going to quit this. Might as well try to get my lessons in a hurrah's nest. (*Exit* R.)

Mr. F. Here's something good in this paper about light. Wish I had some. (*Fusses with lamp.*) Rose, you must boil up this fixture, or the wick, or something. The lamp evidently needs cleaning.

Mrs. F. Yes, Benjamin.

Rose. (*speaking at the same time.*) Yes, papa.

Mrs. F. Why, it seems light enough to me.

Mr. F. Well, then, keep still. I can't read with

everybody moving about. You'll be telling me I'm growing blind next. (*Takes off glasses and wipes them.*) Here's the piece. It is called—

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT, BUT NO LIGHT MATTER.

Mr. Jones, sitting down to the tea table this evening, asked Mrs. Jones what made her biscuits so unusually light. She replied that she used Pratt's Lustral Oil, the great light-producer. Her son James thereupon remarked that probably Flapdoodle used the same on his hair, which made him so light-headed. The young medical student who boards at Jones' said this could hardly be, as Flap's hair was as dark as a pocket, while the use of Pratt's Lustral Oil would doubtless make it as light as a feather. Just then Bridget reported that the chore boy objected to working after dark, as the lantern was too heavy to carry around with him. Jones replied, "Fill the lamp with Pratt's Lustral, and it will be light enough." Then Miss Anna affirmed that the use of one lamp, filled with this famous oil, made her room as light as a cork.

Pretty good, I call that!

Rose. An advertisement of Pratt's Lustral, isn't it?

Mr. F. I don't know. Pretty good whatever it is. (*Knock heard.*)

Voice outside. Lor! ye needn't show me the way!

Mr. F. Who can that be? (*Rose rises.*) (*Enter,* L., *woman in flowered gown, gay shawl, enormous bonnet, goggles, and yellow curls hanging over face.*)

Woman. How de do, Rosy? (*Seizes Rose's hand, and shakes it violently.*) I s'pose this is my cousin, Rose Ford, ain't it? (*Mr. and Mrs. F. rise.*)

Rose. My name is Rose Ford.

Wom. So 't is. Wal, Rosy, kiss your relation that's come all the way from Maine to see ye. (*As woman tries to kiss Rose, she draws away.*)

Rose. I think there must be some mistake.

Wom. No mistake at all! I'm your second cousin, Emily Turnipseed, from Maine.

Mrs. F. Is it possible!

Mr. F. We are happy to see you, Miss Turnipseed. (*Shakes hand.*)

Wom. So this is yer husband, is it? How de do, Benjamin? Slick-lookin' man, ain't he?

Rose. He's my father.

Wom. What! Sakes alive! *This* ain't my little cousin Rosy, is it? (*Advancing to Mrs. F.*) Wal, how time flies; seems as though 'twas only yesterday you was married. (*Shakes hand.*)

Rose. (*comes down,* R. *Aside.*) Oh, this is terrible! What shall we do?

Mrs. F. Take off your things, won't you?

Wom. No, I guess not. I've got to go down town and see after my trunk pretty quick. I left it in a grocery store, for I didn't know whether you had a spare room or not.

Mr. F. Certainly, certainly. Let me send for your trunk.

Wom. There was a mighty slick lookin' clerk in there; didn't know but he might be sweet on your darter. So I says to him, "Do you know Benjamin Ford's darter, Rosy?" Says I, "She must be big enough to have beaux now," says I.

Rose. O, mother!

Mrs. F. I don't think Rose knows the grocery clerk.

Wom. She don't! Now, I wonder at it. If there was sich a smart lookin' feller a-clerkin' in our town, all the girls would be a-settin' caps for him. Have you got a beau, Rosy? (*Crosses to Rose.*)

Mr. F. Ahem! Have you had any supper, Miss Turnipseed?

Mrs. F. Ah, yes! Pray, come down to the dining room, Cousin Emily.

Wom. Laws no! I ain't hungry! Why, I brought along a big basket of provisions, enough to lasted me for a fortnight. Didn't know how long I should be a gettin' to New York; thought 't was 'bout as fur off as Eurip. There's a hull chicken I hain't teched in that basket. I left it to the grocery store. Told the man I didn't know how well off Benjamin Ford might be, but thought likely he'd be thankful enough for victuals to stop his young ones' mouths.

Mr. F. (*Aside to Mrs. F.*) Good heavens! What shall we do with her?

Mrs. F. (*Advancing to Woman.*) Won't you go up into the nursery, and see the children? They will be pleased to see you.

Wom. Massy sakes, no! I can't bear young ones. (*Bell rings.*)

Rose. Oh, that is Augustine! What shall we do?

Wom. Hey? What did yer say? (*Enter Mr. Baker.*) Eh? Who's this a-comin'?

Mrs. F. Mr. Baker, Miss Turnipseed. (*Mr. B. bows.*)

Wom. Did ye say he was a baker? Why, he's dressed slicker'n that feller in the grocery store. You have some good lookin' chaps in this town. Should think Rosy 'd got married afore now. Set down on the soffy, mister. I want ter ask ye how they make baker's bread. That's something I always wanted ter know. (*All sit—Mr. B. and Woman on sofa; Mr. and Mrs. F. at table; Rose, chair,* R.)

Mrs. F. You have made a slight mistake, Cousin Emily. This gentleman's *name* is Baker—Mr. Augustine Baker. He is studying for the bar.

Wom. Bartender! Want ter know! Well, I

never should have thought it. Sorry ter hear yer a bartender, young man. Bartendin's a mighty low sort of business. Better go home with me an' buy the Wiggins place. Got any money?

Mr. B. You are still laboring under a mistake. I am a lawyer.

Wom. A lawyer? Wuss'n' wuss! I never seed a lawyer afore.

Mr. B. This is a very fine evening, Miss Rose.

Rose. Lovely. Does the band play in the Park?

Wom. (*sighs, and draws toward Mr. B.*) Oh! you do make me think so much of my old beau, Joseph Stiles. He warn't a hansum man, and he had a wart on his nose, but he was a dredful good sort of a critter. Yer mother warn't a Stiles, was she? (*Moving up.*)

Mr. B. (*moving off haughtily.*) My mother was a Belknap.

Wom. Lor! Ye couldn't speak prouder if she was a bell-handle! Wal, I don't care whether she was a bell-mat or a door-mat, you're a real pretty feller. (*Edges closer.*) Joseph Stiles never looked so hansum as you, even when he had on his good clothes. What store do you buy your clothes to, now? (*Edging nearer.*)

Mr. B. (*edging off.*) Miss Rose, would you like to walk in the Park?

Wom. Oh! don't go till I've given ye one kiss. (*Throws herself into Mr. B's arms.*) For Joseph's sake!

Mr. B. Thunder! Take the woman off! (*Rises abruptly, with woman clinging to him. Rose screams and runs off,* R. *Mr. and Mrs. F. try to unclasp woman's arms. In the scuffle, bonnet and false curls fall off, revealing Dick. Dick snatches off goggles, and laughs immoderately.*)

Mr. B. Dick, you scoundrel! (*Exit hurriedly*, R.)
Mr. F. Dick! You sir! (*Marches Dick off by ear. Exeunt*, L.)
Mrs. F. O Dick! how could you? (*Exit* L.)

NOTE—The spectacles used upon the stage should always have their glasses removed.